

## WHERE CAN THE JOLLY BACHELOR GO NOWADAYS

Closed Are the Doors of Hospitality and Wedded Friends  
Now Forget Former Benefactions.

"They're wasting an awful lot of sympathy over map makers, bartenders, retired quartermaster-generals and munition makers in these after war days," growled the elderly and unmarried misanthrope last in the dismal grill room of his club which once tinkled with highball telele and vibrated with the diapason of the happy if, instead of footstep of the old guard.

"But, I ask from the bottom of my heart, what about the bachelor?" His head sunk forward on his starched shirt front; still he hopelessly endeavored to guard himself in the basements of the nocturnal conviviality that was.

"The poor bachelor, the poor old bachelor," he muttered, as tears of self-pity forced themselves to the corners of his unhappy and strangely sober eyes. He pushed aside a decoration of desecrated colored juice of the highly ethical York State grape that sat on the club "wine" list as "The Cherub's Dream."

"More bitter to his expensive epicurean tongue than the philosopher's fatal draft of hemlock, he shuddered.

No One to Flirt With.  
"The bachelor—how is he—and not?" he continued. "Where can he go? What can he do? Who cares for him, who smiles with him, who dances with him, who flirts with him, who forgets, in the lather of the jocular grin, that he is old and fat and wrinkled, and cold, and triple repeating his ancient jokes?"

"I tell you, son," he continued in tragic earnest. "It is a menace to the country, socially, industrially, economically and spiritually, this infernal desertion of the lonely bachelor since the banishment of the good old days and the bad old nights."

"The young married man goes home after his day's work, and in the intoxicating bliss of the kisses of his fair young wife and the coming of the baby forgets that drinkless, friendless, dreary vacuum of time between the

closing of his desk and opening the front door of the apartment.

"The old married man misses little his sip of port and the bits of free lunch before stepping up the elevated steps, for he knows that silver threads among the gold will glisten for him in a happy home where grandchildren, or at least a loving Pomoranian pup, will enliven the eventide.

But the bachelor—what does he face? Not a single bona fide brass rail between the battery and his lonely apartment or, still worse, lodging house. There is nowhere to go for dinner, for in this day of food profiteering none but the lower classes can afford hospitality. If one is invited by the real people, one dares not accept, knowing that he is dooming his misguided hosts to a strike below stairs. Aprons are royal miment when worn for cookings sake, you know.

Eleven Dinner Dates a Week.

"There was a time when I was good for eleven dinner invitations a week," he reminisced, with a temporary glistening in his weary eyes. "A cocktail or two before we sat down, a few more then, some burgundy—some burgundy, it used to be—a cordial or two, and then in the drawing room the long, languorous glasses of old Scotch and soda in real Havana tobacco smoke. How the ladies would giggle at those after-benedictine yams, which were always expected of the bachelor—nothing indecent, you know, but just delicate enough.

"Do you realize what that meant economically to the nation; we enjoyed dinners, luncheons, week ends which would have cost us from \$50 weekly to \$200, even in the days before profiteering became universal and honest. Our hosts employed extra servants and spent much for our favorite foods. For years we bachelors never spent a penny for our entertainment. We were not compelled to return hospitality—it was our share to provide the wit, the olat, the praise of well-selected wine and the snappy compliments on gowns and coiffures.

"During the great drives in the war for recruits for foreign aid, for welfare work, who gave more liberally of their time and talents than the bachelors—helping the debilitated, escorting that matron, without prejudice or favorite to limitless rallies, banquets and benefits. The married men were too absorbed in their work to foot the bills, I tell you! It was we bachelors—spiritual warriors that we were—who won the war from the

"We eat alone and get dyspepsia—you know dyspepsia is the curse of any nation. We buy cigars now—cigars, they may be—made on Mulberry street from tobacco raised on Chatham Square.

"Remember what we did in bygone years for the domestic life which now—a Frankenstein of our own making—bites the hand that passed over the ring to the groom at three o'clock weddings. How we braced up the timorous of heart at jolly farewell banquets. When young men became tongue-tied, we prompted them; when girls were threatened with spinsterhood, we anxiously obliged them at no little self-denial as we flattered them and drove jealous swains to rash proposals.

"I tell you, the family life of America was built up by its heroic bachelors; now an ungrateful nation in return charges us extra on our income taxes for our pains.

"We have sacrificed our gay days on a bareheaded march for our younger friends, and now, married, they leave us out in a cold, dry miasma on the inhospitable steps of the Old Men's Home!

"Think of the theatrical stars made famous and successful by the attentions of the jolly old bachelors, who johnnied at stage doors in the good old days.

"Ten bachelors dancing attendance has made many a girl piquette from the third on the second row to the right to the centre of the spotlight down stage! But will they have a thing to do with us fellows?—not so you could notice. Only the amber glow of a full wineglass makes us roseate across a supper table now, and all the show girls have married lieutenants and captains and generals and petty officers and welfare workers!

And there isn't any wine!

"Nothing to do now, sonny, but crouch in a club alone, and grumble. Nothing to drink but ginger beer and nothing to eat but coffee house meals and friddle cakes!

"What's that? The lid off in Cuba and Jamaica? Well, I know, but I gave my Palm Beach suits to the Belgians, and those places will be packed and jammed this winter with a lot of married men on business trips for the Latin American trade as an excuse.

"Won't you have a soft older rickety? No? I'll say so, too. Good night!"

Americanism Won.  
(Times Tribune.)  
When the Great Chicago strike was on the first real test between Americanism and the domination of Bolshevik—then in the germ—was made. And Americanism won.

Some Talker.  
(Nashville Banner.)  
Lady Astor talked her way into Parliament. She had better be cautious, or she may talk herself out of Parliament. The gift of super-attentance and its booming features.

## BAD COLD LEFT HIM WITH BRONCHITIS

However slight a cold you have you should never neglect it; if you do it can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected. Bronchitis is one of the most common affections of a neglected cold, and neglected bronchitis the most general cause of consumption.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is just the remedy you require to cure the bronchitis. It does this by loosening the phlegm and mucous, and stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts and thus prevents it becoming chronic.

Mr. R. P. Sunblad, Francis, Sask., writes:—"I had a very bad cold which left me with bronchitis. I tried several cough remedies and oils of all kinds, but they all failed. At last I got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and after using two bottles I have never had a sign of bronchitis since. I therefore can honestly recommend it for coughs and colds."

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's. The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees in the trade mark; price 25c and 50c. Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

reap with our gift of maintaining morale.

"And now look at us! Deserted by those we cherished, cheered and shared with in the good things of life. Our older married acquaintances are becoming misers gloating over the boys of their cellars. The younger ones drop their eyes and slyly explain that they must preserve their private stock as a legacy for the next generation.

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## St. Stephen

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Leeman are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter at Chelmsford Memorial Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lockhart are guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Nesbitt at their home on Porter street. Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Role are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Sarah Snider, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Frank Todd, has returned to her home in New York.

Miss Martha Harris entertained friends very delightfully at breakfast on Wednesday evening of this week, at her home on North street, Calais.

Mr. Frank Ross has returned from a visit with friends in Skowhegan, Me., and is boarding at the Queen Hotel. Mr. Ross expects to leave early in the New Year for Florida, where he will spend the winter.

Miss Josie Malone entertained the members of the Standard Mission Circle for sewing on Tuesday evening of this week at her home on Porter street.

G. A. Lockhart of St. John, was in town for a few days this week.

Mrs. C. P. Housley, long recovered from her recent illness and is able to be out again; her friends are glad to learn.

Mr. Frank Grimmer is quite ill at his home on King street.

Messrs. W. R. Carson, J. A. Upham and D. A. Nesbitt left on Thursday last for Toronto to consult with Lord Leverhulme in the interests of the soap factory here.

## The Logic in the Case.

(Hamilton Herald.)

The anti-vaccination principle and spirit are revealed in the following declaration by that crank paper the Ottawa Citizen:

"The people of Ontario cannot intelligently submit to the control of a medical hierarchy any more than they could submit to control by a state church."

"Whatarrant nonsense! The 'medical hierarchy' meant are the medical officers of health and the boards of health. Their mandates cannot be subverted."

It is so, then the medical health officers and the boards might as well be sent about their business. When a health officer tells a householder that he must clean up his filthy premises, that householder, if he prefers to have his premises filthy rather than clean, should not "submit to the control" of the medical official, and should dare to disobey.

If the householder is punished for his disobedience, then the "medical hierarchy" is guilty of persecution and the incident becomes material for shrill protest and invective.



Look for  
This Sign!

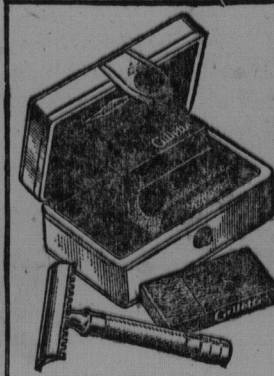
Buy His  
Christmas  
Gift  
There!

You can choose a dozen gifts that will please a man at the moment he receives it. But there is nothing to compare with the Gillette Safety Razor for day-after-day, month-after-month, year-after-year service and satisfaction.

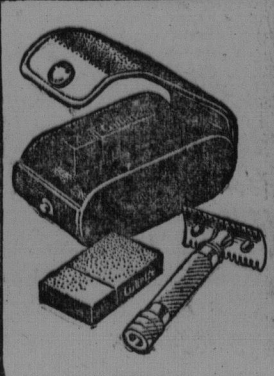
The Gillette is a friend to him every morning—a constant reminder of your thoughtful gift—a time saver—a cleaner shaver.

Where can you buy the Gillette?

At any store with the above sign in the window. Other dealers can supply you, too, if you inquire.



Three  
Favorites  
\$5.00 the Set



No Christmas gift will please a smoker more than a box of finely flavored cigars.

All the comforts of Christmas are not complete without the after-dinner smoke for the men.

When it comes to buying cigars for gifts or for the after-dinner smoke, we are prepared to give you the necessary service. The ladies are particularly invited to come here. We will render the necessary help, for we are familiar with the tastes of this city's smokers, and carry a stock of the best selected brands.

We also have a full line of pipes, cigarettes and smoking tobaccos.

And, best of all, every dollar spent in this store reaches the limit of its purchasing power.

**Charles Baillie**  
70 King Street, St. John, N. B.

## Corona Chocolates

For Christmas Gifts

No better choice can be made than a one-pound, two-pound, or five-pound package. Attractively boxed. All varieties.

THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

**Corona Company, Limited**

Manufacturers of Fine Confections

277-293 Union St.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Xmas Gifts

**C.G.E. Electrical Goods**

**Make a Happy Christmas Last the Whole Year Through**

Frivolous Gifts are soon forgotten. A reliable Electrical Appliance, in addition to making a most appropriate Christmas Gift, will bring pleasure to the recipient for years to come. Give a C.G.E. Electrical Appliance this year.

1. Coffee Boiled in Coffee Spotted. An Electric Percolator will make delicious Coffee right at the table. They can be had in 4, 6, or 8 cup sizes. Beautifully Nickel Plated with Ebony handle, 6 cup size, Price \$11.00.
2. Water Boiler. Will boil a pint of water in eight minutes. Used extensively in sick rooms and for warming babies' food. It can also be used for heating shaving water. Price \$12.00.
3. The Sunlight Rays and Cherry Glow of an Electric Heater can be had at the snap of a switch. For heating the bedroom, children's room or any room in the house an Electric Heater is indispensable. Price \$18.00.
4. Four Heat Electric Grill. Will cook an entire meal for three people at the table. It will boil, fry, toast or stew perfectly. Used extensively by people living in Apartments. Complete with three Nickel Plated Pans. Price \$15.00.
5. "Sovereign" Iron. Every woman needs an Electric Iron. To take the hard work out of ironing day. The "Sovereign" Iron has a superior sole, extra cool handle, and is perfectly balanced. Complete with stand, plug and six feet of cord. Price \$15.00.
6. "Home Motor." By simply placing this motor under the hand-wheel of a sewing machine, it is instantly converted into an electric self operator. Speed is regulated by degree of pressure placed on self starter, which can be put in any convenient position on the floor. Price \$15.00.
7. Premier Vacuum Cleaner. This cleaner is equipped with a Brush just inside the nozzle, which enables it to get all the dirt without injury to the carpet. An extra thin hose allows it to get into out-of-way places. Price \$49.00.
8. "Home Motor." By simply placing this motor under the hand-wheel of a sewing machine, it is instantly converted into an electric self operator. Speed is regulated by degree of pressure placed on self starter, which can be put in any convenient position on the floor. Price \$15.00.

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