

Lament of the Unpaid.

Dedicated, with a sincere fellow-feeling, to the shipyard workers.

It's very hard, and so it is, to do without your pay.

The grocer's, butcher's, baker's bills pile higher every day; The kiddies' boots are badly worn, the rent is overdue.

And goodness gracious only knows what we are going to do.

We cannot take the movies in, we cannot buy an ice.

I'm humming 'baeco from my pals—which isn't very nice.

I'm half afraid to go out nights, and when I take a trip

I sneak along the side-streets, my creditors to slip.

The missus says she needs a hat, a fur-lined coat as well,

And various other little things it wouldn't do to tell.

I'm needing lots of things myself, but what's the use to cry,

I tell her we will get them in the sweet bye-and-bye.

This frenzied-finance business may look all right in books,

But it doesn't always operate as easy as it looks.

But we have figured out a scheme which beats it—if they'll let's—

We're going to try to live upon the interest of our debts.

WM. CRAIG.

WEATHER REPORT FOR LAST MONTH

It Rained Less This Year Than Last But There Was Some Snow.

There was only 8.09 inches of precipitation here during the month of October, according to the official figures furnished by F. Dowling, meteorologist, this morning. There was 8.94 inches of rain and .05 inches of snow. The total compares favorably with last year's which was 19.56 inches.

The highest temperature was on October 11, 69 degrees above, and the lowest, 30, was on October 17. The mean temperature for the month was 44.4 above zero.



TIMBER SALE, X 2324.

Sealed tenders will be received by the Minister of Lands not later than noon on the 9th day of December, 1920, for the purchase of Licence X 2324, to cut 2,250,000 feet of spruce, cedar and hemlock on an area adjoining Lot 1936, Selwyn Inlet, Q. C. I. District.

Two (2) years will be allowed for removal of timber.

Further particulars of the Chief Forester, Victoria, B. C., or District Forester, Prince Rupert, B. C.

NAVIGABLE WATERS PROTECTION ACT.

R. S. C. Chap. 115.

MARITIME FISHERIES LIMITED, of Haysport, British Columbia, hereby gives notice that it has, under Section 7 of the said Act, deposited with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa, and in the office of the District Registrar of the Land Registry District of Prince Rupert at Prince Rupert a description of the site and the plans of wharf, salmon cannery and cold storage plant proposed to be built in the Skeena River at Haysport, British Columbia, in front of District Lot 4445, Range 5, Coast District, British Columbia.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication of this notice Maritime Fisheries Limited will under Section 7 of the said Act, apply to the Minister of Public Works at his office in the city of Ottawa, for approval of the said site and plans, and for leave to construct the said wharf, salmon cannery and cold storage plant.

DATED at Prince Rupert, B. C., this 24th day of September, A. D. 1920.

MARITIME FISHERIES LIMITED.

By Messrs. Patmore & Fulton, Solicitors.

CAMPAIGN FOR ELECTION OVER

Hayes Says Not Less 368 Votes out of Possible 531 for Republicans.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Both the Republican and the Democratic party leaders look with confidence on the election which is taking place throughout the United States today.

Mr. Hayes, the New York leader of the Republicans, expressed the conviction that Harding would have no less than 368, probably 395 electoral votes out of a possible 531.

A Hobo and His Friends

An address to the fraternity by the Chief Hobo.

Ingratitude is still the "unhappy hearted fiend," the "ugliest sin if all"; and to cleanse my soul from this foul stain, I wish, even if my thoughts be poor and my language limp and straggling, to slacken the strings that are tugging at my heart, and place a stone on the cairn of gratitude which is long overdue to an abiding friendship.

Friendship was the theme of the Gods. It inspired the muses on Mount Parnassus. It fed the souls of the seers and sages. It is both divine and human. It is greater than love; for love is often selfish. Love is often one-sided; but friendship is based on temperamental affinity. It is mutual. Love is blind and inexplicable. Friendship is voluntary and rationally explained.

Had I the pen of a ready writer, now that my soul is in a liquid state, I would run my feeling into a prose-poem; or sing out in measured dulcet notes, the sweet story of an abiding friendship.

But, even when my heart is on fire, my pen is cold and irresponsible. It just runs straight on; and my little tale may be spoiled in the telling.

Two Close Friends

I have two close friends—one is Canadian. She is ever with me. The other is Scotch. She only shares my friendship on the road. But both are true and both are passionately devoted. Their loyalty has been tested beyond measure and abides.

The Canadian friend is delicately built. Her appearance is fair—fair as the moon. Her head is black as the raven and glossy as a diamond. Her movements are soft and gentle. Temperamentally she is vivacious; I would say "Frenchy." Atmospheric conditions affect her greatly. She is not talkative, but when I return, like "the minstrel old," hungry and weary, she sings her sweet native songs. First she hums the airs that are too sweet to be recorded. Every mood of my soul she seems to understand. If the fire burns low and I am sad, she sings a sweet lullaby. If the room is gay, and the wood in the fire is red and white, she pipes the song to the gay airs of "Old Virginia." Sometimes, when hurrying, she has "jazz" music, but she never fails. She is never dull; and, like the nightingale, she sings because she must.

Temperamentally Dull

The Scotch friend is temperamentally dull. She is not so impressive. She is somewhat taller; and not so delicately built. Her complexion is dark like the olive. She is more patient than the Canadian. She is not as expressive; but she is never irritable. I never knew her to complain. She never "boils over," as does my Canadian friend. I prefer her fellowship for travel. She is my boon companion on the road. She has no gift of song, but she shares my common load. If the crowd were great she would,

mentally dull. She is not so impressive. She is somewhat taller; and not so delicately built. Her complexion is dark like the olive. She is more patient than the Canadian. She is not as expressive; but she is never irritable. I never knew her to complain. She never "boils over," as does my Canadian friend. I prefer her fellowship for travel. She is my boon companion on the road. She has no gift of song, but she shares my common load. If the crowd were great she would,

for my sake, go under the seat or on to the rack. I have left her for hours in the depot as off I went to see to the city sights; but she murmured on my return. Once when the crush was great at a depot, a porter broke one of her ribs. I was incensed with rage; but she was uncomplaining. Sometimes Despised.

Both are fearless in their attachment. The other night they contributed much to the entertainment of my other friends. Yet whilst I heard the praises of

one after another being sung, no one sang the praises of my friends. To them no toast was raised. Indeed my guests often despised their presence as if they were the meanest things on earth.

So, in a moment of inspiration, stung by this lack of appreciation, I penned this little expression of gratitude for loyal friendship and true comradeship on the road.

Loyalty and devotion are not peculiar to the great. They walk with the humble and live in the homes of the lowly. They are

often absent from the rich man's drawing room and present in the poor man's kitchen. They are the virtues of the common people. They forsake the castle to share the fellowship of the miner, of the lumberjack and of the hobo.

My Canadian friend is my little tin kettle; and my Scotch friend is my little kit bag. Long may they live together.

THE CHIEF HOBBO.

There may be something you want. See the classified column

Music IS Necessary

Music for everybody

IN the cottage and the mansion; on the farm and in the town—everywhere—the language of Music is inwardly understood by all.

Not the written notes of music; some people understand them and others don't.

But every normal human being understands those pleasant harmonies that fall upon the ear, penetrate the soul and interpret all the emotions of sorrow or of joy.

Then, why stint yourself in music?

Winter's coming! Long, cold evenings will soon be here. Snow and sleet and Jack Frost's icy breath will keep you in the house.

But—with plenty of Music you'll want to stay indoors—and every hour will be enjoyable.

Prepare now!

Go to your nearest Music Dealer and let him show you what modern science has done to make Music easy to have in plenty.

Choose Musical Gifts this Christmas

McCutcheon's Drug Store
Ormes Drug Store
Prince Rupert Music Store
Chas. W. Teetzel, Singer Shop

McRae Brothers, Ltd
W. W. Wrathall
Walker's Music Store

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED

WHAT'S PRESSING ON YOU PHIL—SOMETHING HEAVY ON YOUR FOREHEAD—

WHY—I'VE GOT A MONTH OFF AND I'M HANGED IF I KNOW HOW TO SPEND IT?

EH—? Y'DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPEND IT—?

SAY BOY, YOU'D NEVER BE BOTHERED THAT WAY IF YOU WERE MARRIED—IT'S ALL FIGURED OUT BEFORE YOU START!

HOWZAT?

WHY THE BOSS TELLS YOU WHEN TO GO—YOUR 'ROLL TELLS YOU HOW FAR TO GO—AND YOUR WIFE TELLS YOU WHERE YOU WANNA GO!!!

FARZ