IT PAYS TO BUY FURS AND JACKETS FROM US.

We Sell Up-to-Date Goods at Matchless Prices. Here are a Few Hot Sellers for Cold Weather

CLOTH JACKETS.

No. 55—Ladies' Jackets, made of very heavy Melton. A stylish and serviceable Jacket, well worth $6.00. OUR PRICE $4.85.

No. 66—Ladies' Jackets, made of extra heavy Boucle Cloth, double stitched seams, deep storm collar and well lined throughout, worth $7.50. OUR PRICE $6.00.

No. 88—Ladies' Jackets, made from heavy Wool Kersey, fronts faced with Silk, Silk Velvet Collar, colors Black and Green; will compare favorably with dry goods stores' $13.50 Jacket. OUR PRICE $11.

Ladies' Kid Mitts, extra value, 50c and 75c.

Fur Collarettes,

Storm Collars and Caperines like the above. We carry the largest stock in Kingston, and many of the various combinations cannot be had elsewhere. A Beauty is our Collarette Combination at $5.

Our Men's Hats at $1 are wonderful value. See our $1 Hat.

LADIES' FUR COATS

at popular prices Raccoon, Electric Seal, Astrachan and Wallaby. Prices $15 and up.

S. S. Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets we make to order.

Look Here! Men's Lined Kid Gloves, choice, only 50c a pair.

FUR RUFFS

and Cluster Scarfs like the above cut in all the fashionable furs ranging in price from Two Dollars to Twenty-Five.

We Can Save You Money on Fur Trimmings.

FUR LINED CAPES.

For many years we have lead the trade in FUR LINED CAPES, and are among the largest manufacturers of these goods in Ontario.

The popular length this season is 30 inches, with a very Full Sweep. We make them with Scarlet, Green and Black Coverings, trimmed down the front, with a deep Storm Collar of Fur to match.

Our prices, any color cloth, with serviceable Fur Linings and Trimmings, are $16.50, $20.00, $25 and $38.

We can save you money on FUR LINED CAPES.

GEORGE MILLS & CO.

THE JEWISH NOSE.

"QUID VETAT RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM?"

A.

The Jews not musical? But it appears
To me they're even noted for their ears.

B.

"Their ears," you say. "I always thought the Jew
Was noted for his nose most, whilst a few
Had all but a proboscis, which outgrew
Anything noselike upon me or you."
Still such has happened 'mongst us Gentiles too.

(Jew overhearing them).

Yes, Jews are famous always for their noses
Since the blest days of the immortal Moses,
Yea, long before, when Rachel having cooked
That rich ragout for Isaac, Jacob hooked
Poor Esau's blessing, which, in vulgar prose,
He slyly hooked by following his nose,
And handed down both traits the sequel shows,
For as great Samson's strength lay in his hair,
So in our noses we the magnet bear,
That draws to us the precious ore that flows
Into our coffers, hooked from Gentile foes
Unblest, unhonored by our lordly nose.
This nose throughout from Beersheba to Dan,
No less than through all time and changes, can
Its genuine Semitic kinship show
From Royal David downward to "Old Clo."
For, like a red flag to a bull unfurled,
This nose a challenge is to all the world.
Why, sirs the very pyramids display,
Clear as if painted only yesterday,
This nose of noses, as though neither time,
Force of environment, nor change of clime
Could work change here, as tho' the primal cause
Lay central always among nature's laws,
And nature, having fashioned such a beauty,
Had keenly felt an aesthetic duty
To thus continue to the end of time
An organ so ideally sublime,
No little pretty, pert, retrousse nose,
Nor flat and winged as on the Calmuc grows,
Nor chastely chiselled like the dainty Greek,
But a good, strong, projecting, honest beak,
A nose that shows, except to Gentiles blind,
The bent and largeness of a manly mind.
For the big, manly nose throughout 'tis rules,
Hence Wellington and Cromwell were no fools;
For though but Gentiles, yet, great-nosed, they made
Not a name only, but a name that paid—
Paid in good golden guineas—paid, but what
Compared to all that fell to Rothschild's lot,
For theirs, though big, yet lacked the eagle bend—
The true persistent set that links the end
With appetite to spur it, till it gains
All fruits of earth, and from its hidden veins
Draws the rich ore, which means all things in one;
For money is, when to its roots we've gone,
Accumulated energy—a store
Laid up of work and its results, before
It need be used; but just as gases packed
In coal or powder look as though they lacked
All power of movement, till they prove, let free,
Their fearful force of latent energy,
So money can on Ossa Pelion pile,
Or pitch the pyramids into the Nile,
The Jew is, then, the wise man, for he knows
That out of money every good thing grows.
So Rothschild thought—and energetic, bold,
A Jew of Jews, cast in the very mould
Of the sly Jacob—heaped up piles of gold,
And—calmly to weigh matters always used—
Thus at one fearful crisis Jew-like mused:
"Napoleon, Wellington, indeed! Who cares
Which wins or loses! Only if it squares
With this dear Rothschild's interest is what I
Ask myself frankly, and forthwith I fly
To Paris or to London, as the scale
Inclines to either side . . . But oh! that hail
Of leaden death—the old guard crushed; and now
Blucher upon them; then no choice but bow
To despot destiny; the fields all soaked
With Frenchmen's blood, and all the highways choked
With dead and dying; while, with small remorse,
They're chased and trampled by the Prussian horse,
Who, with drawn swords, like demons, them pursue
Flying pellmell; for now 'tis "sauve qui peut."
Yes, it is England's innings! So, in spite
Of wind and waves, I cross the seas to-night.
Such mighty issues hang on speed that I,
Cost what it will, on lightning's wings must fly,
And buy up shrunken stocks to swell once more
Almost to bursting, when from shore to shore
The shout is heard of triumph, after I
Have turned to my account their victory."
He did it too, and made himself a power,
That grows and widens to the present hour.
Such is the great Semitic nose, which gold
Scents from afar, instinctive as of old,
And needs but to be followed, as 'tis bent,
Prone to the earth with secular intent,
Leaving to fools, for whom such things were meant,
The bubble fame and all such empty things
As the poor poet in his folly sings.
But money rules the world! Money is king,
And tzar, and sultan; brings men hope and spring,
Gives us society, friends, clothes and food,
And lands and houses, and all earthly good,
Pleasures and dignities; yea, once for all,
The whip hand of the world! This 'tis is gall
To all the feeble strugglers of mankind
Who, lacking our good noses, drop behind,
But men affect to scorn us, they whose sires
Half naked savages of gross desires,
Who on an equal footing of brute right—
The savage 'gainst the savage in fair fight—
Fought each dependent, in their deadly feud,
As slain or slaying, on his foe for food;
Or who for sea life grubbed then in the sand,
Or roots and fruits sought ready made to hand
By cunning Nature . . . . . .
But how wide the space
That marks off these from Abram's lordly race,
We the descendants of that princely man,
That mighty sheik, that noble Abraham,
The friend of God, who with his own trained bands—
Domestics all — rescued from royal hands
His nephew Lot, and for his gallant act
Refused all guerdon, left all spoils intact,
Save what he gave to those, who, in this raid
'Gainst the four kings, had given timely aid.
But what a contrast now! through ages long
Our Jewish people, crushed by fearful wrong,
Pelted and peeled, insulted, spat upon!
. . . For not believing what they yet could not
They flung them into dungeons there to rot,
Insulted, tortured, murdered, dispossessed,
Who sought, like Noah's dove, in vain for rest,
Still through the vigor of the blood and brain
(More numerous than ever) we remain,
In spite of all things, always still the same,
Through the grand nose we take in such a flood
Of vital air to aerate the blood,
That sends its pulsing currents through our brains,
And so the vigour of our race maintains,
Which is so marked that fain the Gentiles would
Our competition, yea, ourselves exclude,
Thus have we been taught in the school of life
For our own private good alone to strive—
The Abrahamic generosity
Washed clean out of our souls, so far as ye
Could do it for us, and if we stand aloof
From all the world, what it is but a proof
That the perversion of the best — accursed
By blighting circumstance, is at times the worst
And if we cater for ourselves alone,
'Tis that our nature, forced by you, has grown
Into this rigid set, as hard as stone,
As 'tis to-day, 'tis not inherent vice
Of nature does it, but as into ice
Water is forced by the cold outer air
Withdrawing heat. And so 'tis scarcely fair,
To charge to us what you have cultured there
And, hardened thus, we think but of ourselves,
And treat the world just as the world deserves,
But in all walks of life it is the same,
And we stand foremost in the rolls of fame;
With Moltke, Mendelssohn and Beaconsfield,
In music, war and statesmanship we wield
The sceptre readily; while in the van
Of thinkers of the world stands out one man,
Spinoza—need I name him—half-divine,
His treasured works a deep, exhaustless mine,
From which men draw to gild, at second hand,
With his rich ore their works, and so command,
(Immortal shade!) attention to their own,
And so to share the honors of thy throne,
For how could half-nosed Gentiles reach a height,
To which the Semite mounts by innate right?
Thus in war, music, statescraft, thinking, and
In physic too, with Jenner we command;
While yet our wealth has, in the public view,
Into a proverb passed, "rich as a Jew,"
Thus, standing on a pinnacle of power,
The Hebrew is top-sawyer of the hour,
Blest then be noses! Not the stunted things,
Of which the poet of the Gentiles sings,
That petty index of a feeble mind,
Devoid of character or bent, inclined
To nothing in particular; but ours
Is bent with purposive specific powers,
Then, Gentiles, bow submission and confess
Your grand mistake, and curse no more, but bless;
This nose it is that does it all I guess.

A.:

We thank you, Mr. Jew, nor shall we speak
Of it again, as though a playful freak
Of jesting nature; whereas all she could
With skilful hands she did, in serious mood,
To make your nose a paragon of noses,
Such as bedecked the face of "holy Moses,"
Blest be the Jew, then, wearing on his face
This lordly emblem of his princely race.

Jew:

The Jew, you see, is wise, since always found
Wherever 'tis a question of a pound,
When nineteen shillings and eleven pence soon
Find themselves in the pockets of this coon—
The well lined pockets of the cunning Jew,
Whose itching palm soon clasps the odd penny, too,
'Twas thus we fought of old for very life,
And, through heredity, keep up the strife;
Though, to be frank, 'twas never 'gainst the grain,
But an old instinct deep in blood and brain.
And now that fair play is the rule for all,
Will "Old Clo" e'en—gone so long to the wall,
Though with a nose of special size and shape—
His portly person in good broadcloth drape;
While Rothschild regally lends kings the gold
To thrash their foes or subjects grown too bold;
For nothing can be done until 'tis known
If Rothschild will consent to make the loan,
And so uphold the pillars of their throne.

A.:

Yet on one point I with you scarce can go,
You say your nose a beauty is, but, oh!
May it not be a question, if 'tis so?

Jew:

Utility is beauty, as is shown
By Socrates referring to his own
Wretched apology for a human nose,
If smelling be its end, urged he on those
He argued with, mine is a beauty then,
Handsome as his—that stalwart prince of men,
Young Alcibiades, whose nose I've shown
To be in nothing better than my own,
If his can smell no better; for we've got
No certain standard to assure us what
Is beauty absolute and what is not.
So much is in the seeing. Hagne's wen
Balbinus thought — so different are men —
A [illegible]ial charm, although to you and [illegible]
S[illegible] seems the acme of absurdity,
Women now bustled, once were hooped, once slim,
With each shape beautified by fashion's whim,
Yet let one of the slim sort but alight
'Mid dancers hooped, oh, cry they, what a fright!
For change of custom makes a change of sight,
Long used to the rich glossy black man face,
How poor, thought Stanley, our pale Northern race,
So our fine noses to the Aryan eye
Their beauty lose, since looked upon awry,

A.

But Socrates, though only with a nose
Of Aryan make judged rightly I suppose.

Jew:

So far so good for him! Albeit he
Not having our grand nose he could "not see
Beyond his nose"; for he had not our sense
So keen of scent for gold, but was so dense
In this respect, that he preferred to stray
Through Athens' market place the live-long day
Wrangling, forever wrangling, to no end
Challenging with logic keen each to defend
The thought he uttered, and, by acting so,
He made of each a fool and, so, a foe,
Buttonholing all he met, this prince of bores,
When he should be at home to do the chores.
Xantippe's temper! Bah! Why, such a muff
To spoil ten thousand tempers were enough!
For, blest not with our nose, full half his days,
Spent in such fooling by this Socrates,
Might have been spent in adding pence to pence,
And pound to pound, had he our common sense,
But, having not our nose, what can you do
But relegate such to the vulgar crew
Of men who lack the instinct of this Jew,
And hence, while Rothschild honored lived and [illegible],
Rolling in money, men could not abide
This meddlesome disturber, but decreed
His death to satisfy the public need.
His nose 'twas was at fault. With such how could
He single-eyed pursue his private good,
But must keep mixing up incongruous things,
His own good with his fellows, as though "rings"
To eat up each his fellow, do not prove
The marrow of our souls is pure self love,
Or something very like it; while they who
Their private ends unflinchingly pursue,
Wholly resolved to feather their own nest,
Are in life they who are succeed the best,
Philosophers may tell you what is due
By man to man, but, ah, twixt me and you,
Believe it not that, in our place, they'd do
The thing so pretty, which they preach to you.
Hurrah for noses then, strong, clear outlined,
The speaking organ of the stalwart mind,
Great nature's signpost on the face of what
In prodigality we Jews have got,
'Tis only envy in the Gentile "cus"
Of our great noses make him scoff at us,
Could we be rich and great, do you suppose,
Had we been fashioned with a lesser nose?
Then look with reverence on this nose, and pray
Your's may be blessed with such a nose some day.

J. A. ALLEN.

NAPANEE MILLS.

A New Superintendent—Many Ill With Fever—A China Wedding

Napanee Mills, Oct. 25. — Parker Boyer, while braking on the Cement company yard engine had the two first fingers of the left hand badly crushed. This company keep their employees insured, a good thing. Mrs. John Granger has just recovered from a fever; her husband and brother in law are laid up with the same disease, Marshall, the brother, is very low. Ada Carscallen is around again after an attack of fever. Miss Susie Heney, Deseronto, spent Monday and Tuesday with Flossie Dunlap. Mrs. Harvey Martin and Mrs. Andrew Ramsay spent Thursday in Kingston, visiting Mrs. Martin's brother, who is ill in the hospital. Visitors: Miss Lottie Ming, Napanee, and Miss Minnie Gilpin at Mrs. Morgan's, Miss Alma Reid at Mrs. George Dunlap's; Miss Minnie Kennedy at her sister's, Mrs. J. McGuire. John O'Brien, jr., Tamworth, has been employed as book keeper in the paper mill.

Dudley E. Hill, Napanee, has undertaken the superintendence of St. Jude's Sunday school here, in place of Mr. Hopper. Mr. Hill will also help with the parish work. Although here but a short time he is winning all hearts. The children are delighted with their "new superintendent." On Monday evening, 24th inst., Mr. and Mrs. C. Fox entertained a few of their friends, it being the twentieth anniversary of their marriage, and consequently their china wedding. An elegant supper was served, after which the guests spent a delightful evening; everyone wishing Mr. and Mrs. Fox many years of joy and prosperity. The presents were numerous and beautiful.

Henry Harrington has moved to Fred Card's farm. Miss Maggie Russell, ill for years, is unable to leave her bed; although nearly helpless she does not suffer. Her peculiar illness was caused by a lightning stroke. All along she has been patient and uncomplaining. It would be well for the fretful and impatient to visit her; those who do so come away feeling better for it.

Abernethy

Is selling the cheapest and best boots, shoes and rubbers of any house in the city.

NAPANEE CHEESE BOARD.

Many Sold At 8 3-4c.—Some Wedding Cakes Preparing.

Napanee, Oct. 27. — Another sunless day, and dripping continually, was the record of yesterday. The cheese board was slimly attended by buyers in the afternoon on account of the moisture. Seven hundred and fifty white and 500 colored October cheese were boarded; 8¾ cents bid for all, and nearly all changed hands at that figure. The schooner Mary unloaded coal for G. G. Dafoe and the Annie Minnes for C. E. Bartlett on Saturday. While the workmen were unloading the schooner Mary a scaffold collapsed, throwing Edward Maracle and Edward Fields a distance of twenty feet. Fields alighted on his feet and escaped serious injury. Not so with Maracle, however; he fell on his side and received a rather serious injury to his hip and back. Chief Adams spied a couple of fellows on Tuesday driving recklessly through the streets. He quickly had them under his protecting arm. Too much "O be Joyful" was the cause. They hailed from Deseronto. A fine of $1.50 and costs, amounting to $1.60, was imposed. Inspector Burrows reports that in the back townships, where he was this week, the fall of rain last week was the greatest in many years. Detective Greer, Toronto, is in town again. He comes unannounced, and leaves as unceremoniously. His presence causes no comment now at all; in fact, this town feels almost like claiming him as a resident, he is such a familiar figure on the streets. What his business is, is known only to a trusted few.

Clarence Warner and bride, Providence, R. I., are visiting his mother, Mrs. Sydney Warner, John street, and a host of other friends in town, and receiving congratulations on every side. Happening to drop into A. E. Kikley's shop one day this week, no less than three wedding cakes, in various stages of completion, were to be seen. One three storey cake, handsomely iced and decorated, was for a Camden East wedding, the invitations for which are out. Another four-storey cake will grace the table of a Napanee couple ere many days, and the third will go to Conway to be sampled.

The Late E. Gilday, Portland.

E. Gilday, Portland, passed peacefully away on Sunday morning. Deceased had been ill for some time, and medical aid was of no avail. Mr. Gilday was a worthy member of the English church and Masonic order. During his illness he showed implicit confidence in his Heavenly Father. In life and death he exemplified the beauty and reality of the religion of Jesus Christ. It was a great trial for him to think of leaving his kind and loving wife, with whom he spent fifteen long years of blissful wedded life, but even this earthly attachment was given up and he calmly waited for God's messenger to take him home. His end was peace. He leaves a wife, one sister and four brothers to mourn his loss. His wife and friends have the sympathy of the community. The funeral took place from his late residence on Monday afternoon, thence to the English church, led by the brothers of the Masonic order, Rev. Mr. Grout, Newboro, officiating.

Jas. B. McLeod, agent for Laxa Liver Pills.

FIT-REFORM CLOTHING

THIS BRAND WITH RETAIL PRICE STAMPED BY THE MAKERS ON EVERY GENUINE GARMENT.

The People are better Judges of Art than the Artists.

ARISTOTLE.

o o o

The people are better judges of clothes than the tailors!

The least part of clothing is the fabric from which it is made, and the cut of it.

The most part is its expression, and its fitness to the wearer's taste, as well as its fit to his person.

The least part is all the tailor can provide in the selection of the suit.

The most part is what none but the prospective wearer can choose for himself.

A man's clothes are part of his identity, just as are his whiskers, his accent or his gait.

The tailor can only fit the form, but the owner of that form can clothe it, from ready-made "Fit-reform" garments, so as to fit his ideals also.

Half the Custom Tailor's price is enough for us—$10, $12, $15, $18, $20 per suit.

Your money back if dissatisfied.

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Nearest Agencies—D. W. DOWNEY, Brockville,
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