

THOMSON COMPANY

SHOES

Listen good people. Our Shoe department is one we are proud of. We have given this department special attention. It is second to none in this section. We sell shoes of solid leather and correct shape.



Men, women, and children's. Our prices will be so low that it will be cruelty to your feet not to buy them.



HATS AND CAPS

First floor.

Men and boys, you all need new fall headwear and that being the case, you had better see about getting a new one right away. Our stock is made of the newest and noblest shapes for all. Right this way for a new Hat.

BIG FALL OPENING!

Oct. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

THE NEW HATS FOR AUTUMN WEAR

The advance styles are here and ready for your viewing. They are stylish, nobby, swell. The very cheapest number is good style, and our prices will be a big saving to you.

DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS

All the new Dress Goods and Trimmings are here. We have searched the Northern markets. We have bought something of what we considered best. You will find old friends, some new weaves, and here and there new finish. Come and see, feel, and judge for yourself.

THE VOICE of the PEOPLE

It has spoken, and in unmistakable tones, that Thomson Company is preeminently the people's great shopping center. The style pendulum of this big store keeps correct fashion time all the year round, regulated by the whims of demic Fashion and the change of seasons.

OUR GOODS

are away up in quality, away down in price. This is why this store does the largest business of its kind in the vicinity. Come and see us; we'll gladly show you through.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT On second floor.

Every suit a fashion plate, and we have them in any style you like—and remember our clothes are particular-made clothes—no slop work—they are correct in cut and pattern; they fit, and our prices are a source of revelation to all. When can we expect you?



THOMSON COMPANY

Phone 46

The People's Store

POINTS AND PARAGRAPHS ON TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Under this head will be printed from time to time noteworthy utterances on themes of current interest. They will be taken from public addresses, books, magazines, newspapers, in fact wherever we may find them.

Wherein the Negroes Get Justice and the White People Do Not.

Some people are urging that negroes do not get justice in our courts. The which is all wrong. It is the negroes chiefly who do get justice, for they are often convicted and sometimes hung. The whites are the ones who do not get justice, they are often turned loose and seldom hung.

No Compromise With Public Plunderers.

There can be no compromise with public plunderers. Unrelenting exposure and punishment is the only honorable course. Public corruption cannot be stamped out by gentle methods. It must be hit hard whenever and wherever it shows itself. Any pandering to boodle influence must be discountenanced by an honest citizenship.

The Woman Who was High and Mighty at Home.

There was a woman at one of the local hotels who used to sit up and tell how high and mighty she was when she was at home. That is a bad sign. Two things every man should do. He should travel so far from home that there will be no chance for anyone to hear of his people and he should keep his mouth shut about his folks. Then he will see himself trimmed to his level, whatever that may be. But the woman—she just talked and talked, and, as a sign of pundit caste she left out the t in often as carefully as one would say prunes and prisms. She didn't like anything down here at all. Somehow she wasn't popular. People met her, but didn't ask her to come to pink teas or encre parties. There was nothing particularly wrong with her. She just didn't take. She had lots of fine dresses, but she never got a chance, at close quarters, of making other women's clothes look cheap. So she berated Charlotte in high scorn. And, again, the town wasn't hurt; but they found out after awhile that the lady really learned to sneer at home. She was just clinging to the outer fringe of society—a malcontent who must jibe and be marked—and yet jibe again. There is a little point in the story. But you can't fool anybody even if you do prate about your bigness at home. The Lord and inheritance place a brand on people, and there can be but one classification for any man or any woman.

Humility as Expounded By Old John "Gergen" Graham.

Never do I see one of these fellows swelling around with their petty lacrony pride that I don't think of a little experience of mine when I was a boy. An old fellow caught me lifting a watermelon in his patch one afternoon, and instead of cuffing me and letting

me go, as I had expected if I got caught, he led me home by the ear to my ma, and told her what I had been up to.

Your grandma had been raised on the old-fashioned plan, and she had never heard of these new-fangled theories of reasoning gently with a child till its under lip begins to stick out and its eyes to fill with tears as it sees the error of its ways. She fetched the tears all right, but she did it with a trunk strap or a slipper. And your grandma was a pretty substantial woman. Nothing of the tootsy-wootsey about her foot, and nothing of the airy-fairy trifle about her slipper. When she was through I knew that I'd been licked—polished right off to a point—and then she sent me to my room and told me not to poke my nose out of it till I could recite the Ten Commandments and the Sunday-school lesson by heart.

There was a whole chapter of it, and an old Testament chapter at that, but I laid right into it because I knew ma, and supper was only two hours off. I can repeat that chapter still, forward and backward, without missing a word or stopping to catch my breath.

Every now and then old Doc Hoover used to come into the Sunday School room and scare the scholars into fits by going around to each class and asking questions. That next Sunday, for the first time, I was glad to see him happen in, and I didn't try to escape attention when he worked around to our class. For ten minutes I'd been busting for him to ask me to recite a verse of the lesson, and when he did, I simply cut loose and recited the whole chapter and threw in the Ten Commandments for good measure. It sort of dazed the Doc, because he had come to me for information about the Old Testament before and we'd never got much beyond "And Ahab begat Jahab," or words to that effect. But when he got over the shock he made me stand right up before the whole school and do it again. He patted me on the head and said I was "an honor to my parents and an example to my playmates."

I had been looking down all the time, feeling mighty proud and scared, but at that I couldn't help glancing up to see the other boys admire me. But the first person my eyes lit on was your grandma, standing in the back of the room, where she had stopped for a moment on her way up to church, and glaring at me in a mighty unpleasant way.

"Tell 'em John," she said, right out loud before everybody. "There was no way to run, for the elder had hold of my hand, and there was no place to hide, though, I reckon I could have crawled into a rat-hole. So to gain time, I blurted out:

"Tell 'em what, mam?"

"Tell 'em how you come to have your lesson so nice."

I learned to hate notoriety right then and there, but I knew there was no switching her off onto the weather when she wanted to talk religion. So I shut my eyes and let it come, though it caught on my palate once or twice on the way out.

"Hooked a watermelon, mam."

There wasn't any need for further particulars with that crowd and they simply howled. Ma led me up to our pew, allowing that she'd tend to me Monday for disgracing her in public that way—and she did.

That was a twelve-grain dose, without any sugar coat, but it sweat more cant and false pride out of my system than I could get back into it for the next twenty years. I learned right there how to be humble, which is a heap more important than knowing how to be proud. There are mighty few men that need any lessons in that.

TROUBLE OVER DOGS.

A Paper That is Bothered Over Its Mascots—A Dog as a Traveler.

The Observer has no end of bother with its dogs. Trouble began a few years ago when a greyhound that was owned jointly by Mr. Walter Brem and the paper, was killed by a street car. Since then every pup that has made its home in this establishment will insist upon being stolen or having exciting adventures. The Great Dane that carried its 160 pounds around the shop got into a habit of suddenly rising with a typewriter table on his back for the purpose of devouring folks, and was finally presented to the Philadelphia baseball team. A feist with a pedigree which was presented by General Julian S. Carr, of Durham, died linergly of nervous dyspepsia, and the dog now owned by the Observer—Trouble is his name, and he is a fix terrier—has a passion for traveling on the train. He belonged to Dr. R. C. Bunting, of Gastonia, at one time, and every week or so he gets on the cars and goes over to see Dr. Bunting. Recently he was grabbed by an enterprising stranger just as he was about to alight from the train at Gastonia and carried to Mt. Airy, Ga.

Chief of Police Irwin went to work on the case with his usual obliging spirit, and located the dog, which will return home and resume the dignified duties of a mascot.

Mr. Archer Buys a Farm.

Mr. Samuel Archer, known far and wide as "the sheep man," last Wednesday bought Mr. N. P. Watt's farm five miles from town, in Cool Spring township, and will establish a sheep ranch on it.

The farm contains about 400 acres and the purchase price was \$5,000, but with the addition of crops, etc., really amounts to about \$6,000. Mr. Archer has been for some time looking for a location near Statesville on which to establish his sheep business. He is very much enthused in his work and on his account and for the benefit it will be to the community and the country we very much hope his venture will be a success.

Gastonia Banking Co.

Gastonia, N. C.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$75,000.00

State Bank Incorporated May 13, 1903

STATE AND COUNTY DEPOSITORY

OFFICERS

JNO. P. LOVE, President R. C. G. LOVE, Vice Pres. JAS. A. PAGE, Cashier

DIRECTORS

R. C. G. LOVE JNO. P. LOVE SUGAR LOVE ROBT. A. LOVE

YOUR TAXES!

I will meet you at the following places for the purpose of collecting your taxes for 1903:

Table with columns for location, day, and time. Locations include Gastonia, Lowell, McAdenville, Belmont, Stanley Creek, Cherryville, Gastonia, Dallas, Mt. Holly, Nimsville, Mts. Island, Lucie, Alexis, Crowder's Creek, Pleasant Ridge, Bessemer City, Union, S. Point Ford's store, Hardin Mills, High Shoals, Patterson's school house, Baker's Mill, Dilling's Mill, Fuller's Store, Landers' Chapel, and Carpenter's Store. Days range from Monday to Friday. Times range from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Remember the date. Don't fail to meet me there. C. B. ARMSTRONG, Sheriff.