

The Home Circle Column

Pleasant Evening Reveries.—A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide

CRUDE THOUGHTS FROM THE EDITORIAL PEN.

PASS ON THE PRAISE.

"You're a great little wife and I don't know what I would do without you." And as he spoke he put his arms about her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And forgetting all, she sang as she washed the dishes and sang on as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain and sang also, and two houses were happier because he had told her that sweet old story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang the butcher boy who had called for the order heard it, and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man hearing it thought here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented.

And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and as she swept around the back door, the cool air kissed her cheeks, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home with a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So because he kissed and praised her the song came, and the influence went out and out.

Pass on the praise.

A word and you may make a rift in the cloud, a smile and you create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand and you may repress a soul from hell.

Pass on the praise.

Does your clerk do well?

Pass on the praise.

Tell him that you are pleased, and it he is a good clerk he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better tell him again. Thus you see, good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and "mother." Don't plead, "Hear me mother, you were a kind mother, and smoothed away many a rugged path for me."

Those ears cannot hear that glad admission. Those eyes cannot see the light of earnestness in yours. Those hands may not return the embrace you wish to give.

Why call so late? Pass on the praise today.

WHAT WE OWE MOTHERS.

How much we owe to the mothers of the world all biography teaches us. In the memoirs of every great and good man the first figure which rises before us is that of the mother. We see her watching by the sick-bed, listening to the childish prayer, assisting in the childish games, encouraging the childish studies, moderating youthful ardor by the counsels of experience, inspiring hope and energy in the hour of depression, and ever maintaining—

The constant flow of love that knows no fail.

It is the mother of the family who warns and comforts and commands. It is she whose resources should be equal to any emergency, whose sympathy should unlock the sympathies of every heart. It is she whose self-abnegation must always be forthcoming, whose watchfulness must never fall, whose affection must triumph over every discouragement, and whose patience must be as inexhaustible as her affection. Her character in a word, must combine all these qualities which the poet attributes to the perfect woman—

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength,
and skill.

How little we know of life. The dust under our feet which we think of with scorn if we think of it at all—to it we owe our life, and the joy that comes when we contemplate the beautiful in nature. The bird on the

wing, the blade of grass, the worm that crawls across our pathway, each has a knowledge of nature that we can never possess. Exalted as man is, the ruler of all things of the earth his ignorance of the varied forms of life is enormous. The farther he gets from nature the more stupid he becomes. His joys lessen daily. Are not the joys of life made up of the simple, natural things? Health and love and a clear conscience—these cannot be bought. Without them the world is a prison and life a burden. In the rush and struggle of a large city, in the fierce fight for place and wealth, it is difficult to keep the conscience untainted, and there is little time for love. And for health, do we not need the pure, invigorating air that blows across open fields and through pine forests, the quiet, the purity, and the serenity of country life?

Nothing impresses us more than the lack of enjoyment some parents have during the children's happiest days. Either conscience so tyrannizes over them that they have no real pleasure, or they are haunted by a fear that some evil will befall their darlings, or the cares of life are so clamorous and incessant that they have no respite from their stress and strain. While the children are young and we are young with them, let us take the sweetness which belongs to us.

HARRICANE ITEMS.

Miss Ethel Holmes visited Mr. Jno. Mitchell the past week.

What has become of Mr. Punkin Center that he can't write anymore?

There are some fine crops up in this section for the owners to be proud of.

Misses Sarah Conyers and Norma Moore and Mr. Billy Conyers visited at Mr. C. F. Best's Sunday.

There was a good little crowd at Wesley Sunday school Sunday. Come up and be with us some.

As you have not heard from Pocomoke or the "Harricane" section in a good while we will send in a few items to let you know that we are still alive.

Misses Ruth Fuller, Sarah Conyers, Selma Holmes and Messrs. Billy Conyers, Benny Conyers and Otha Holden visited near Creedmoore to attend a protracted meeting the past week.

We had quite a heavy storm in the "Harricane" Wednesday. It blew down a large oak tree in Mr. C. F. Best's yard. It was so bad that the mail carrier couldn't make his regular trip.

Good wishes for the readers of the *Times* and the editor.

BILLIKEN.

STAY ON YOUR FEET.

Taking Calomel Means Staying Home for the Day—Take Dodson's Liver Tone and Save a Days Work.

If an attack of constipation or biliousness hits you, there's no need to take a dose of calomel and spend at least a day getting over the effects of it. Godfrey-Egerton Drug Co. sells the liver tonic, Dodson's Liver Tone, that takes the place of calomel and starts a lazy liver without any bad after-effects.

Dodson's Liver Tone does all the good that calomel ever did, yet it is absolutely harmless to young people and old. It is a pleasant-tasting vegetable liquid that will relieve constipation or sour stomach or other troubles that go along with a lazy liver, without restriction of habit or diet. You don't leave off any of the things you regularly do when you take Dodson's Liver Tone. Godfrey-Egerton Drug Co. sell Dodson's Liver Tone and give it a strong personal guarantee. They say, "A large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone sells for 50 cents, and we will hand any person back his 50 cents if he tries a bottle and doesn't say that it does all that calomel ever does and does it pleasantly. Get the genuine Dodson's Liver Tone and if you are not pleased with it we will give you your money back with a smile."

TESTED AND PROVEN.

There is a Heap of Solace in Being Able to Depend Upon a Well-Earned Reputation.

For months Louisburg readers have seen the constant expression of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills, and read about the good work they have done in this locality. What other remedy ever produced such convincing proof of merit?

Mrs. S. F. Biggs, 412 Andrews Ave., Henderson, N. C., says: "I suffered intensely from backache and pains in my loins and I could not get my proper rest at night. Whenever I attempted to stoop or lift, sharp pains seized me and I was in such bad shape that I could not remain on my feet for any length of time. I wore plasters, but they didn't help me and finally a kidney weakness came on. When I read about Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. Since using them I have had no more aches or pains and my kidneys have been normal. I gladly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I have not had any trouble from my kidneys or back for a long time and my health has been of the best."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Caught a Bad Cold.

"Last winter my son caught a very bad cold and the way he coughed was something dreadful," writes Mrs. Sarah E. Duncen, of Tipton, Iowa. "We thought sure he was going into consumption. We bought just one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that one bottle stopped his cough and cured his cold completely." For sale by all dealers.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning

apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a surgical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Not a liniment. 25c. 50c. \$1.00.

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