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Some enamelled ware is not as good as first-class tinware—in fact the latter is preferable from a hygienic point of view.

Every piece warranted fireproof and impervious to acids.

White & White Enamel Ware.

Gerson's 107 SOUTH PALAFOX STREET PENSACOLA

OK! The family who bore the name only the fond sister now survives.

OFFICERS ELECTED BY FLORIDA DIVISION U. D. C.

(Continued from First Page.)

of many members of the Division, that something more than the mere routine work of the Division come into the convention meetings.

The prize essay, which was awarded the handsome gold medal offered by the Florida Division U. D. C., for annual competition by students of the four state colleges, was delightfully read by Mrs. McFadden of Jacksonville.

Each year the Division selects a topic. That for the past year was, "Jefferson Davis"—and the competing essays were written by students of the University of Florida at Lake City, the South Florida Military School at Bartow, the East Florida Seminary at Gainesville and the state school at Tallahassee.

The faculty of each school selects the best of the competitive essays written by its students and presents them to a committee of judges who make the final award.

This year the judges were Hon. W. A. Blount, Hon. J. C. Avery, Sr., and Hon. Evelyn C. Maxwell of this city, and from all the essays submitted to them they awarded the medal to the "Life of Jefferson Davis"—written by Mr. Gary Alexander of Brooksville, Fla., and a student of the University of Florida, as entitled to the prize.

Mr. Alexander is a grand-nephew of the honored historian of the Florida Division, Mrs. Gary of Ocala.

The first poem was "Appomattox"—and was written by Mrs. Crutchfield of West Palm Beach.

The second—"The Return of the Flags"—by Mrs. M. E. Drew, of Jacksonville, whose poems are familiar in the press of Florida and other states.

The third poem was a martial ode recited to the music of "America," and was written by Mrs. Ada Wright of Brooksville, for Memorial Day, 1904.

A vocal solo by Mrs. Dick McAllister, a duet for piano and violin by Mrs. and Miss Simpson, and "Dirge" at closing, formed the musical features of the program.

Interesting historical papers were read by Mrs. Brumby of Ocala, Mrs. S. B. Thompson, of Lake City, Mrs. Myra Armstrong Taylor of Gainesville, and Mrs. Florida Cook Shepard of Pensacola.

The paper written by the chairman, Mrs. R. C. Cooley, is given in full as follows:

"Marshall Plantation Raid" (March 10, 1865.) Madam President and Ladies of the Florida Division, U. D. C.:

I have chosen for the subject of my paper an account of the raid on the plantation in Marion county, belonging to the estate of Colonel J. Foster Marshall, of South Carolina, and of the Southern Confederacy, who was killed in the battles around Richmond, Va., 1862.

The raiders were all negroes except the commander, a white officer. They landed at or near Fort Gates, on the St. Johns river, on the night of the 9th or early dawn of the 10th of March, 1865, and were piloted through the scrub by a negro hand of Captain Gray, who knew the country.

Arriving at the plantation they set fire to the buildings and put Mr. Joe Caldwell, the manager of the place, in the burning sugar house but he escaped through a scuttle to die on the outside.

There were about two hundred hogs-heads of sugar on the place, all of which was destroyed by the raiders except twenty which they endeavored to carry with them, and impressed mules and wagons for that purpose.

They also carried off twenty-four negroes from the place. They started to retrace their steps to St. Augustine, whence they had come.

The news having spread like wild fire they were met by a squad, mostly old men, boys, hastily gathered from the vicinity of Ocala, commanded by General Bullock, who was at home on wounded furlough, who put them to flight, and re-captured Mr. Frank Holly, who had been captured by them.

The raiders afterwards made a stand and General Bullock's party gave up the pursuit, but not until Mr. John L. Mathews had been severely wounded, and two brave men on our side had been killed.

There were Mr. Morrison, a one-armed Confederate soldier, who had belonged to the Marion Artillery, and Mr. Henry Huggins, who was almost totally blind, but who at the breaking out of the war, in his ardor to help the cause of the South, had joined Captain Owens's company, afterwards Captain Chambers' but when they went to Ferdinandina to be mustered into the Confederate states army, he was rejected on account of his defective eyesight, the result of a severe illness when he was twelve years old.

He married February, 1860, a lovely cousin, the daughter of the late Colonel Charles Huggins of North Santee, South Carolina, from which state his father and family removed to Florida in 1854.

FROM the dollar-and-cent side of it, it takes less Armour's Beef Extract to do more

Requires only one-quarter teaspoonful to a cup of beef tea, while some require a full one

Excursion! Sunday, May 7. The Steamer Florence Witherbee

Will run an excursion to Life Saving Station and Mouth of Harbor, leaving at 1:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents.

with his plans, his stern will set on the purpose he meant to accomplish, dangers and difficulties surrounding him at every step, yet, see! he stoops to replace in its nest the web bird chirping pitifully on the ground, that it may not be trampled beneath the feet of the advancing army.

General Jackson had, to a marked degree, the essential characteristics of a military hero—and we are all hero-worshippers, and rejoice in what is daring and romantic. Whose blood is not stirred by tales of war, whether we read them in fragments of the crude verse of medieval minstrelsy, celebrating the deeds of Wallace, of Bruce, or of Tell, or hear them as told by aged veterans of our Civil War, warming us with memories of Stuart, of Morgan, of Lee and Jackson. We need not envy the Old World its heroes, for we find that every century their mighty forms grow dimmer as they grow more slender—like shadows cast by the setting sun—while the noble figures of our own great men stand clear and distinct before us, not only as poetic ideals, but as living examples in the daily practice of courage and virtue.

This fact is clearly shown in the history of Stonewall Jackson's family, for we know we could never have had him as he was, had it not been for his strong and resolute Scotch-Irish ancestry. No ancient clansman was more "stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure," than he, no Roundhead under Cromwell was more deeply, more religiously, or firmer in his faith in God, than he.

A Mountain Woman, Writes in Praise of Newbro's Herpicide. "For several years I have been troubled with dandruff, causing me much annoyance, and my hair became very thin. I have used Newbro's Herpicide for a month and the dandruff has entirely disappeared and my hair is becoming much heavier than formerly. New hair is growing where there was none, and I am very thankful to you for the benefit I have received from Newbro's Herpicide. Yours very truly, MRS. C. B. FOSTER, No. 985 Utah Ave., Butte, Mont. Sold by leading druggists. For sale by W. A. D'Almeida, druggist, 121 E. Palafox. Send 10 cents for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Panamas and Straw Hats CLEANED AND REPAIRED, AND RE-BANDED EQUAL TO NEW. Wagonheim's Cigar Store, 32 SOUTH PALAFOX.

I EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION to the ladies to call and see the beautiful new styles of the season in LADIES' WEARING APPAREL, illustrated in the Fashion Books of Chas. A. Stevens & Bros., the Great Style Store of Chicago.

MISS EUNICE D. MASSEY, 424 E. Lloyd Street, Opposite Widow's Home.

FLORIDA CURIOS, Live and stuffed alligators, sea shells, Orange wood and palm souvenirs of every description. Mrs. C. N. McClure, Opera House Building, 107 East Government Street.

Our general rode along us, to form us for the fight. I can scarcely imagine a more solemn scene than that of the Brigade kneeling, with grounded arms and uncovered heads, before the day's march began, while the "Blue-Light Blister" prayed.

The fame of the Brigade was based almost as much on its wonderfully quick marches, enabling Jackson to appear and disappear with his army in a most startling manner, as on its great victories, and in accomplishing his plans, Jackson was often very severe on his men; still, they knew his watchful care would not allow them to suffer unnecessarily. He realized, as all great commanders have realized since the most ancient times, that the secret of military success lies not only in the ability to plan a great campaign and lead a mighty army to victory, but in the ability to keep up the courage of his men—to know when to be stern and when to be lenient.

Thus, after a certain weary march, when the evening shadows fell, and the footsore soldiers longed for rest, Stonewall Jackson said: "Let the poor fellows sleep! I will guard the camp myself," and paced the rounds for many a lonely hour, beneath the starlit sky. With the silence of slumber around him, and only the "eyes of God" looking down upon him, how deep and solemn must have been his thoughts! Perhaps they came to him some dim forebodings of future events. Manassas, where, with fire and blood, in the name of the Southern cause, his gallant companies should be baptized the Stonewall Brigade; the wonderful Valley March; the terrific battles of Saarpsburg and Richmond! As yet, the future was held from his view, and his thoughts along the Shenandoah, where the blazing camp-fire should be the soldiers' only comfort; when the only sound outside the camp should be the far and lonely echo of their own voices from the Blue Ridge, accompanied by the howling of the river; those days when he was to be their Rock of Strength—when a tall and commanding figure, his blue eyes warm and tender in yours of peace, yet with that "shrewd, dry smile" of his, lurking somewhere within them.

It was well, indeed that the South could not foresee that fateful night in "the Wilderness," when such a crushing blow was to be dealt to her cause. We are all familiar with that night near Chancellorsville, yet the tragedy of it comes afresh to us at every reading. We know how the Union Army, under General Hooker and General Sedgwick hoped to crush Lee, in May, 1863; how, when Hooker was at Chancellorsville, with the greater part of the army, Jackson received permission from Lee to make one of his favorite flank attacks, in which he had always been so successful; how the grey-clad Confederates made their way through that wild and thickly wooded region, reaching the Union camp by nightfall, bursting upon the unsuspecting Eleventh corps with hoarse yells of triumph. We know how, at first, they carried all before them, and were only driven back by the arrival of Union reinforcements, when the fighting broke out again all along the line. It was nearly 10 o'clock, and the forest was very dark, save for the pale moonlight that found its way between the arching boughs. Now near at hand, now far in the distance, echoed the noise of battle, when Jackson, with his staff, having been fired upon by the Union troops in front, turned, and, as they turned, were fired at again, through a mistake of the Confederates. Jackson fell, mortally wounded, but without losing consciousness, and was borne away on a litter, his last, most famous command, was given to General Parker, who being hard-pressed, said so to Jackson, who answered: "You must hold your ground, General, you must hold your ground!" And the ground was held, to the glory of the South, while her leader lay dying—as the poet has said, like the eagle, slain by the arrow which he himself had winged!

A few days later, with the immortal words, uttered unconsciously—"Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade"—the moment came when the great leader passed over the dark river which separates two worlds, and rested under the shade of the Tree of Life.

Thus died he whose memory the whole country will cherish as long as the hearts of its people shall thrill with the memory of great deeds, and how before true nobility of character; thus died he of whom it has truthfully been said that "Living, he laid the first stones of a nation. And dead, he builds it yet."

Nature Tells You As Many a Pensacola Reader Knows Too Well. When the kidneys are sick, Nature tells you all about it. The urine is nature's calendar. Infrequent or too frequent action; Any urinary trouble tells of kidney ills. Pensacola people testify to this. J. M. Bullard, a shoemaker, residing at 120 East Intendencia street, says: "My kidneys have bothered me off and on for years. The secretions were irregular, distressing and annoying. After sitting at my work my back would become lame and sore, and ache severely. I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Sidney Kahn's drug store, Number 9, South Palafox street, and while I cannot say that they cured me, as I have only used one box, they have given me marked relief. I have a friend, a carpenter, who swears by Doan's Kidney Pills, and he often told me he considers they are the best remedy for the back and kidneys that he ever used. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other."

Insanity, Death or Health? I was a victim of sleeplessness and extreme nervousness for eighteen months, unable to get a proper night's rest and feeling tired and worn out continually. I was easily irritated and hysterical at the slightest provocation, but Wine of Cardui gave me great relief. Within a week after I began using it I had my first good night's rest that I had had for months. My appetite was soon restored, my general system toned up and nervousness became a thing of the past. I am so pleased to acknowledge the great curative merit of your health giving medicine and gladly endorse it. Herriet O. Best, CHAPELAIN, LADIES OF HONOR, No. 7.

WINE OF CARDUI We want to call your attention to the complete and immediate relief Mrs. Best secured by taking Wine of Cardui. Within a week after she began taking Wine of Cardui, Mrs. Best had her first good night's rest for eighteen months. Her restlessness was caused by nervousness and Wine of Cardui, as the best menstrual regulator, has no superior in the world as a medicine to soothe a woman's nerves. Nervousness and hysteria are warnings of the approach of insanity and if relief is not secured the end can only be the asylum or the grave. With such an outlook as this before her, only a suffering woman can reasonably refuse to give Wine of Cardui a trial. It brings a cure that thousands of women have sought for in vain. Will you secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui today and start treatment? All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles Wine of Cardui.

IF WE HAVE IT, IT IS THE BEST. WE ARE PARTICULAR ABOUT FRESH GROCERIES, TELEPHONE ORDERS, PROMPT DELIVERY. So if you are at all particular about the things you eat, and the prompt delivery of same, we can please you. PURE FOODS MEAN GOOD HEALTH. Sol Cahn & Co. The Pure Food Store. Phones 178 and 480. The Store that Feeds the People.

BOOT & SHOE WORKERS UNION. UNION STAMP Factory No. We sell Shoes bearing the Union stamp, the largest and most complete line in the city. Be sure to see that the label is cut in the shoe. Come take a look, buy if you please. Meyer Shoe Co., Feet Furnishers For Folks, 102 South Palafox Street, Pensacola.

"THE BEST IS WHAT WE HAVE" For Luncheon FRENCH SARDINES, VEAL AND HAM LOAF, HAMBURGER STEAK AND CORN BEEF MASH, SLICED BOILED HAM. The best Sardines put in oil or Tomato Sauce at 25 cents a can. In half-pound tins, and are ready to eat. They are delicious, at 10c a can. Just put can in hot water and warm, then take out and serve; at 10c a can. Don't boil your ham. We do it for you. No bone, no waste, no heat. 30c a pound.

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