

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts"



for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart-beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her menstrual period she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, the blues, nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my female derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The buoyancy of my younger days has returned, and I do not suffer any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

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C. R. Johnson, Prop.

PENSACOLA STEAM DYEING, CLEANING AND PRESSING CLUB.

11 North Palafox PROMPT AND EFFICIENT SERVICE. WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED. MEMBERSHIP RATES FOR PRESSING, \$1.00 PER MONTH. PHONE, 675. E. L. REESE, M. E. WHITE, Proprietor, Manager.

Electric Park!

Tuesday Evening, Aug. 3. Band Concert and Dance. Music by Chaffers' Band.

This is the most popular of the regular once-a-week entertainments at the park. ADMISSION ONLY 15 CENTS. Every Tuesday Evening.

IF YOU WANT LAUNDRY WORK

that will give you the satisfaction that you are wearing the best it is possible to produce, you should be sure to

Send Your Package to The Star Steam Laundry.

57 E. Garden St. Phone 114. Pensacola, Fla.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

By E. NELLIE BECK. Telephone No 685. Seen, Heard and Done Among Those Who Go, Come and Tarry—Women and Society, Here and Elsewhere

Mr. Arthur W. Stephens has returned from New York, after an absence from Pensacola of three and a half years.

The Denver Post announces the return of Mr. and Mrs. N. McKenzie Oertling from Minnesota, and says they will start for Pensacola August 5, so they are due home to-day, if they come direct.

Mrs. L. Hilton Green and two children have gone to Tate Springs for a few weeks.

The S. S. C. Club spent a very enjoyable Sunday evening at Electric Park, dancing and bathing, chaperoned by Mrs. S. A. Friedman, Mrs. David Edrehi, Mrs. Wagenheim and Mrs. M. Frenkel. The club members present were Misses Clara Frenkel, Janet Israel, Ethel Friedman, Alice Wagenheim and Messrs. Max Guggenheim, Aubrey Welland, Henry Frolichstein, Bertram Coleman.

After the festivities a light luncheon was served before returning to the city.

Mrs. L. Walker of Gulfport, Miss., who spent last week with her sister Mrs. E. Meade Wilson, returned to her summer home on the Bayshore yesterday accompanied by her father Mr. F. E. Bond and her nephew Master Frank Wilson.

Mrs. J. George White, Sr., and daughter Miss Blanche, left at noon yesterday to spend a month at Butler Springs, Ala. Mrs. White's arm, which was broken in an accident about two weeks ago, is doing nicely and her surgeon predicts that the bandages may be removed in a week or two.

Mrs. William Connors, Mrs. Whitehead and Mrs. Anderson entertained a party of young ladies and gentlemen at Electric Park Sunday.

The day was spent chiefly in the water or on the beach and a delightful luncheon was served.

Mr. R. P. Williams went to Tallahassee Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Jennings left Sunday for Columbia, Ala., where Mrs. Jennings, baby and nurse, will spend several weeks. Mr. Jennings has returned.

Mrs. J. G. Yinlestra and children left yesterday noon for the benefit of the baby's health which has not been satisfactory recently.

Miss Ellen Swann, who has been visiting relatives in the city leaves to-day for home.

Mrs. Wells, proprietress of the Waverly Hotel on Eighth street, has gone to Pensacola, where she will start a hotel, having sold the Waverly to Col. Boyd, and who will move into it tomorrow and use it as a hotel hereafter.—Miami Metropolis.

U. D. C. MEETING. Regular monthly meeting of Pensacola Chapter U. D. C. at the residence of the president Miss Leila Reese this afternoon at 5 o'clock.

ENGLISH QUEEN TO INVITE THE AMERICAN ANGEL OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE. Now that Queen Alexandra president of the English Red Cross, is to invite Miss Clara Barton founder of the American National Red Cross Society, to go to London and co-operate with her gracious majesty in a plan to unite all the Red Cross societies in the whole world in one great international body, everybody will renew their interest in that always interesting and able woman.

The younger generation will be particularly interested in learning more of our own "Queen of Mercy." Even the children of America know that Miss Barton was an angel of mercy to all the sick and wounded she could reach during the war of the states, irrespective of the colors of their uniforms. And also of her great work and greater efforts in behalf of the suffering and starving Cubans in '98.

But, to many readers of The Journal the article in the current "Children's Visitor," written by Harriet Hobson Dougherty, will be interesting. It is entitled:

"The Angel of the Commune." It was during the siege of Paris, in 1870-71, that Clara Barton and a little band of Red Cross nurses appeared one day at the outposts, asking permission to enter the devastated city, that they might care for the wounded and starving soldiers. Of course they could enter was the prompt reply, for the Red Cross workers are neutrals in times of war, and as such can go where they please; but it was several miles to Paris, the road was rough and filled with soldiers of every nationality, there might be fighting and heavy cannonading later on, the night was dark, and there was not a horse or conveyance of any kind to be had. So said the kindly official, painting the picture as darkly as he could in the woman before him from entering the city, whose indescribable horrors made even strong men grow faint and sick.

But there was no faltering in the small, white face, or in the clear, steady eyes; and as the man ceased speaking she reached out for the necessary papers, saying: "Very well, if we can't ride in, we can walk in." And, taking her luggage in her hand, Clara Barton started out on the terrible tramp that led her into Paris, and at the same time carried her straight into the heart of every French soldier in that beleaguered city. During the rest of the awful siege

she worked like an angel of mercy among the stricken people, taking her life in her hand as it were, day after day and week after week, as she went wherever the need was greatest, never faltering even when it led her into the terrible trenches, right in the track of the German guns.

The love the rough French soldiers, and even the fierce rabble, bore the little American nurse was something close akin to worship, and as she went her quiet way in and out among them, doing a work that no words can ever tell, blessings were called down on her head by lips that were familiar enough with bitter curses, but that had never before learned the use of gentle words.

It was after the siege, during that blackest spot in the bloody history of France, the Commune, that a great mob formed on the streets one night. It was a mob such as could spring into life full grown only on French soil—a surging mass of half-mad men and women, the last spark of humanity in them blotted out for the time by the two all-powerful passions: the desire for bread, kindled to frenzy by the mere animal instinct that would preserve life; and, failing in that, the savage lust for blood, which makes of men something lower than brutes.

As the long night of horror wore away, every house along the route taken by the mob was bolted and barred, while inside men and women looked at each other with haggard eyes glaring from white, drawn faces. They knew what a Paris mob and a hungry Paris mob meant.

The howling mass finally streamed into a quiet side street and began battering at windows, shouting out cries and curses, and then while they snarled like wolves, the door of a modest little house opened quickly, and as boldly closed again, leaving some one standing alone on the steps. A wild shout arose, and stones and sticks, with a few stray bullets, pattered around the solitary little figure, while with hideous threats and curses the crowd came surging up. Then a torch flared redly, the brilliant light falling full on a small, delicate face, a nunlike dress, a snow-white badge, a tiny red cross.

For a second a silence that could almost be felt fell on the erstwhile clamoring host; then "It is our Petite Angel!" a hoarse voice cried, and the words were repeated until they pealed like mighty thunder through the street, and as one after another took it up, the men and women came pushing up closer and even closer. There were no more angry shouts, no more curses. Instead every cap was off, every hand that was near enough reached out to touch timidly and with an awakened gentleness the folds of the plain gray gown.

"She nursed me when my arm was shot off; and if it hadn't been for her, it would have been a life I'd lost, instead of a limb!" shrieked one brawny fellow, brandishing a half-healed stump.

"She brought food to my starving children when the bullets were pouring around her like hail. The bon Dieu bless her!" said a haggard woman, all the fierceness dying out of her eyes as they rested on the quiet face before her.

"And she gave me water when I lay like a mangled dog, burning up with thirst in the trenches," chimed in another man.

And then Miss Barton spoke to them very kindly and gently, but very firmly too, saying the officials were doing the best for the sufferers that they could, and that the people must be patient and go back to their homes.

And they went—went quietly, no longer shrieking, no longer cursing, nor they were no longer brutes, but men, with the best in them brought to the surface by the love they bore their "Petite Angel," the little woman who had stood by them while they fought horrible wounds, and later on the still more horrible starvation.

Yes, there are other brands, but it is always well to get the best for your money. Ask your grocer for Blue Ribbons Lemon and Vanilla Extracts. Takes less. Flavors perfectly.

A Raft of Cocoanuts. A curious picture of the Far Eastern Review, Manila, shows several cocoanut rafts in a still lagoon, apparently ready to go to market. The cocoanuts are much lighter than water. They are simply thrown in by the thousand and then roped together by long strands of bark fiber into circular groups about twenty feet across, all the cocoanuts lying side by side. A single native boat can tow a number of these odd rafts down a sluggish stream where no road could be found for ordinary transport to a steamer wharf. Cocoanuts thus rafted will bear quite a bit of wind and rough water without being scattered.

Don't Waste. Let nothing be wasted or lost. Using well or wasting the fragments of time, of opportunity, the nooks and corners of life, makes all the difference between success and failure. This is especially true of spiritual work. Often the best results are gained from the use of fragments of our business or daily life, the byproducts of living. Nature says, "Gather up the fragments." In nature's household there is no waste. The decay of rocks forms the soil of plants. The decay of plants forms the mold in which future plants will grow. The water dissipated in the air becomes clouds and rain.—Woman's Life.

How Do You Make It So Good? Scores of people have asked us about our ice cream. The secret of it is that we use the purest Jersey cream, flavoring, etc., in freezing it thoroughly, and in serving it so daintily.

Kandy Kitchen Cafe, 140 S. Palafox. Phone 999

TO IMPROVE AND PRESERVE YOUR BEAUTY USE NADINE FACE POWDER. Copyrighted in Green Boxes. SUPERIOR IN QUALITY. HARMLESS AS WATER.



NADINE FACE POWDER is compounded and purified by a newly discovered process. Produces a beautiful, soft, velvety appearance, which remains until washed off. Ladies who use Nadine Face Powder are sure the complexion will be soft and lovely at close of the evening.

THE QUALITY IS UNEQUALLED. Buy one 50-cent green package of Nadine Face Powder, and if you are not entirely satisfied, notify us and we will promptly refund your money. Sold by all leading druggists, or mail price 50 cents. White, Flesh, Brunet, prepared only by NATIONAL TOILET CO., Paris, Tenn.

OLIVE

Special to The Journal. Olive, Aug. 7.—We have been having plenty of rain for the last week and think we have had enough for the present.

Mr. O. E. Gonzalez, master of trains, was out to-day.

Master Walter Hoer is visiting Master Gandy Merritt this week. Miss Gertrude Planders of Milligan, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Davis.

Mr. Currie Tennant is visiting here this week.

Mr. D. M. Merritt, school supervisor of school No. 51, at Olive, wishes to announce that there will be a school meeting at his house next Friday night for the purpose of appointing a teacher for the next term. All the patrons are requested to be present.

The members of the Olive Baptist Church extend their heartfelt thanks to the good people of Pensacola and the surrounding community who so nobly contributed toward paying for the new organ. They also desire to thank Mr. T. W. Harper who worked so faithfully to secure the money for the church organ.

We regret to learn of Mrs. Blomley's accident and hope for her recovery. Miss Bessie Johnson is spending the week with her sister-in-law.

Mr. Wiley Cochran made a flying visit here yesterday.

ing around her like hail. The bon Dieu bless her!" said a haggard woman, all the fierceness dying out of her eyes as they rested on the quiet face before her.

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Near the Danger Line. In an account of a recent London tragedy a slip is made by a contemporary. It explains that "three doctors are in attendance, but the woman is not yet dead." Not long ago a daily nearly got into a libel action by saying that a patient was "no longer in danger, though Dr. X. is still visiting him."—London Globe.

DEATH OF MISS VIOLETTE MORENO

LOVABLE LADY EXPIRED YESTERDAY AFTER A LONG AND PAINFUL ILLNESS.

The death of Miss Violette Moreno, though long expected, brought a shock of pain to all who knew her. She was a lovely and lovable young woman, modestly, almost unconsciously, living as nearly her ideal as possible. Her very presence was a gospel of good cheer and encouragement while her sunny nature, her merry, musical voice—in greeting or in song—were an inspiration.

Her passionate love for the beautiful found eloquent expression in music and flowers, and devotion to the beautifying of and service at St. Katharine's chapel, devoting her musical talent chiefly to the choir work.

Her courteous and kindly spirit found expression in pretty attentions to the sick, the sorrowing and the stranger, to whom she gave not only cheery greeting but generously of her rarely beautiful flowers.

For eighteen months, "Miss Violette"—as she was affectionately known to her hosts of friends and relatives—had patiently endured the painful results of a severe cold, complication arising so that she had been a constant sufferer, and for a year her friends have watched her final taking away.

And yet—the news that she had passed away at 10:30 Monday morning at the home of her mother, Mrs. James M. Moreno, 323 West Gregory, was a sad shock to the many who loved her. Miss Moreno was in her thirty-seventh year, the prime of a beautiful young womanhood and her going away is a distinct loss to many outside her immediate family connection.

Her gentle mother, to whom she was devoted, her sister, Mrs. J. M. Coe, and her brothers, Mr. Scarritt Moreno and Mr. Mansfield Moreno, have the profound sympathy of all who knew her. The funeral service will take place in St. Katharine's Episcopal church at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and the interment in St. John's cemetery.

A Warning to Mothers. Too much care cannot be used with small children during the hot weather of the summer months to guard against bowel troubles. As a rule it is only necessary to give the child a dose of castor oil to correct any disorder of the bowels. Do not use any substitute, but give the old-fashioned castor oil, and see that it is fresh, as rancid oil nauseates and has a tendency to grip. If this does not check the bowels give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and then a dose of castor oil, and the disease will be checked in its incipency and all danger avoided. The castor oil and this remedy should be procured at once and kept ready for instant use as soon as the first indication of any bowel trouble appears. This is the most successful treatment known and may be relied upon with implicit confidence even in cases of cholera infantum. For sale by all druggists.

H. H. D'ALEMBERTE IS REAPPOINTED GOVERNOR BROWARD AS A MEMBER STATE BOARD OF PHARMACY.

Governor Broward has reappointed H. H. D'Alemberte, of this city, as a member of the state board of pharmacy for the coming four years and Mr. D'Alemberte's commission has just been received.

This is quite a compliment to that popular young pharmacist. The state board of pharmacy is one of the most important bodies in the state, inasmuch as it has to deal with matters which affect the public safety in one of its most vital and vulnerable points. Mr. D'Alemberte took a very complete course in pharmacy, is keenly alive to and thoroughly informed on all of the latest scientific developments in the pharmaceutical world, and he is therefore a most valuable member on the board referred to.

Read All This You Never Know the Moment When This Information May Prove of Infinite Value.

It is worth considerable to any citizen of Pensacola to know how to be cured of painful, annoying and itching piles. Know then that Doan's Ointment is a positive remedy for all itches of the skin, for piles, eczema, etc. One application relieves and soothes. Read this testimony of its merit.

Mrs. U. Mertins, 117 1/2 West Independence street, says: "I used Doan's Ointment, which I procured at Sidney Kahn's drug store, No. 9 South Palafox street, for eczema which had bothered me for more than ten years. It was worse during the heated parts of the year than any other time, and I suffered terribly. I used one ointment and salve after the other, but with little success, and treated with different doctors but without obtaining marked benefit. When one fifty-cent box of Doan's Ointment cured me it is no more than natural that I should be pleased to let others know of the wonderful merit of this preparation. It is a remedy which all sufferers from itching skin disease can rely upon with the utmost confidence."

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.

TO DELICATE WOMEN

You will never get well and strong, bright, happy, hearty and free from pain, until you build up your constitution with a nerve refreshing, blood-making tonic, like

Wine of Cardui

It Makes Pale Cheeks Pink

It is a pure, harmless, medicinal tonic, made from vegetable ingredients, which relieve female pain and distress, such as headache, backache, bowel ache, dizziness, chills, scanty or profuse menstruation, dragging down pains, etc.

It is a building, strength-making medicine for women, the only medicine that is certain to do you good. Try it.

Sold by every druggist in \$1.00 bottles.

WRITE US A LETTER freely and frankly, in strictest confidence, telling us all your symptoms and troubles. We will send free advice (in plain sealed envelope), how to cure them. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"YOU ARE FRIENDS of mine," writes Mrs. F. L. Jones, of Gallatin, Tenn.: "For since taking Cardui I have gained 35 lbs., and am in better health than for the past 9 years. I tell my husband that Cardui is worth its weight in gold to all suffering ladies."

HOOTON'S PHARMACY

OPEN ALL NIGHT STILL FREE.

On account of the rainy weather last week, which no doubt prevented a great many people from taking advantage of our free tooth brush offer, that offer is continued for this week.

To introduce Hooton's Antiseptic Tooth Powder, we will give to every purchaser of a 25-cent bottle of the powder, a 25-cent Tooth Brush free. Both the Powder and the Brush are guaranteed, and if either are unsatisfactory your money will be refunded and no questions asked.

FINE STATIONERY.

We have the finest line of Fine Stationery and Writing Materials in this city. Stationery is done up in fancy packages for from 10 cents to \$2.25 per box.

MAIL ORDERS A SPECIALTY

PHONE 1100 THE BIRTH PLACE OF PROMPT DELIVERY.

DON'T LET DELAY rob you of your share in the flood tide of bargains during our monster ODD AND END SALE!

WE SELL THESE NOT TO MAKE A PROFIT, BUT BECAUSE WE NEED THE ROOM.

\$3.50 Ladies' Strap Sandals, all styles, now.....	\$2.27
\$2.50 Ladies' Strap Sandals, all styles, now.....	\$1.96
\$3.50 Ladies' Tan Oxfords, all styles, now.....	\$2.88
2.50 Ladies' Tan or Black Oxfords, all styles, now.....	\$1.96
\$6.00 Edwin Clapp Oxfords, Tan or Black, now.....	\$4.95
\$5.00 Men's Oxfords, all styles.....	\$3.95
\$4.00 Men's Oxfords, all styles, now.....	\$3.19
\$3.50 Men's Oxfords, all styles, now.....	\$2.89

Misses', Children's and Boys' Footwear in same proportion, as our entire stock of Odds and Ends and Broken Lots Must be Sold, so hurry along and get your share of the plums.

MEYER SHOE CO.,

102 South Palafox Street. Feet Furnishers For Folks.

COMFORT, CORDIALITY, CUISINE. SOUTHERN HOTEL.

Pensacola, Fla. ROOMS WITH RUNNING WATER AND PRIVATE BATHS. LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS. Special Weekly Rates for Table Board. F. L. BOWEN, Manager. Formerly of Windsor and Aragon Hotels, Jacksonville, Florida.

IF WE HAVE IT, IT IS THE BEST.

GLUTEN FLOUR!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE CELEBRATED GLUTEN FLOUR SO MUCH IN DEMAND BY INVALIDS, DIABETICS, AND ALL WHO REQUIRE SPECIAL NOURISHMENT.

Sol Cahn & Co.

The Pure Food Store. The Store that Feeds the People. Phones 178 and 480