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HEINZE A MAN WHO WILL FIGHT.

Capitalists Contend for Rich Copper Properties.

BRAVED THE OIL TRUST.

Conflict that Occured in Canadian Territory.

A fight unique even in the annals of mining in the west is now going on in Montana for the possession of valuable copper properties in that State, and the central figure in this sensational struggle is F. Augustus Heinze, a mining man who is well known in British Columbia, and who has extensive interests there. Up to the present time Heinze has succeeded in downing his opponent, the Amalgamated Copper Company of Montana, which is backed by the Standard Oil Company. He has closed up the mines of the company, thrown twelve thousand men out of employment and brought on almost a riot in the copper district. But Heinze, only thirty-four years of age, full of grit, stays in Butte city, the centre of the trouble, and proposes to see it through to a finish.

In an article in The New York World the fight of Heinze against the Amalgamated Copper Company is graphically described.

Four or five years ago H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company, and also one of the big men in the great Amalgamated Copper Company, perplexed and annoyed by the persistent assaults on his properties in Montana, by a young man named Heinze, determined to see what he could do in the way of compromise. Heinze had a copper claim between the Boston and Montana mine and the Anaconda mine. He contended he could follow the dip of the vein in his copper mine even into the other two mines. The men in charge of the big properties laughed at the idea. It was absurd, they said. Heinze laughed back. He went to the courts and brought suit after suit. He obtained injunctions and tied up the work in the Anaconda and the Boston and Montana mines. The Standard Oil managers were embarrassed. They held their position to the right, but they had plans they wanted to work out, and Mr. Rogers sent for Heinze.

Heinze came to Mr. Rogers' office. The two men went into consultation in a small private room.

"Now, Heinze," said Rogers, "you must know that we can ruin you. You are aware that your contentions have not a leg to stand on. We can carry this thing out to the end and strip you of all you have. That is certain. Still, we have certain plans that will be interfered with by continuing this litigation, and I have sent for you to talk business with you."

Heinze smiled at Rogers and answered, "I am always ready to listen to a business proposition, Mr. Rogers."

"Well," said Rogers, "how much do you want to quit?"

Heinze smiled again. "Why, Mr. Rogers," he replied, "I did not come here to make a proposition. You sent for me, you know. I am here to listen to what you have to say."

Rogers was nonplussed by the assurance of the young man, but decided to make an offer.

"We will give you \$250,000 to settle all your claims, give it to you in cash—this afternoon," he announced, impressively.

Heinze looked square in the eyes of the Standard Oil magnate. He was still smiling.

"Mr. Rogers," he said, "I am surprised I had thought you were a man of broad views, accustomed to great negotiations."

"In heaven's name," gasped Rogers, "how much do you want?"

"Ten million dollars!" said Heinze, without the quiver of an eyelash.

A week ago Thursday of last week Judge William Clancy, sitting in Butte, granted injunctions against the Boston & Montana Mining Company and the

Parrot Mining Company, to prevent the paying of dividends to the Amalgamated Copper Company, and in effect said the Amalgamated Copper Company was practically an outlaw and had no rights in Montana. At the same time Judge Clancy decided the Minnie Healy mining case in favor of F. Augustus Heinze, and turned the property, which is worth \$10,000,000, over to Heinze.

The Amalgamated Copper Company is owned by the Standard Oil Company, the richest and most powerful in the world. The decision of Judge Clancy means that the young mining engineer has beaten the Rockefeller and their associates in a legal battle involving millions.

Heinze is a picturesque figure. In 1895 he turned to British Columbia. He went to trail City and built a smelter. Then he built a narrow gauge railroad to Ross land, eighteen miles inland. The heaviest producer in the region was Le Roy mine, which was owned in Spokane, and of which the manager was George Turner, afterward Senator from Washington, and more recently a member for the United States on the Alaska Boundary Commission. Turner made a million dollars out of Le Roy property.

There was a row among the stockholders. Heinze and Turner got the stock, and Heinze made a contract with Turner to treat the ore for two years for \$11 a ton, and to haul the 200 tons daily output on the Heinze railroad. Heinze was making money. His railroad was profitable. He built other branches. The Canadian Pacific people were displeased with this young American, who was getting so much business, and told him they would parallel his line. He told them to go ahead, but they thought better of it, and gave Heinze \$1,200,000 for his properties. Heinze reserved some 200,000 acres of mineral lands before he made the deal.

When Heinze returned to Butte in the latter part of 1897 he was dragged into the sensational litigation that is now in process of adjudication.

In the meantime Heinze is on top. That it is in a great measure a personal battle is seen in this statement of Mr. Heinze:—"I can leave with enough money to satisfy all my wants, but I should hate to leave the miners of Butte to the tender mercies of the gentlemen in New York, who say to the miners and smeltermen of Montana: 'This is a fight to a finish, and there will be no compromise.' If this is a fight to a finish, stay by me, and, if necessary, we will all walk out together."

PNEUMONIA IS FILLING THE HOSPITALS.

Everyday we hear of someone being taken with pneumonia. The only preventive is to get strong and keep your body healthy. Take Ferrozone which makes the rich red kind of blood that nourishes and stimulates the entire system. "I was all run down and an apt subject for pneumonia," writes A. B. Charters, of Burlington, "when I tried Ferrozone. I didn't believe it was possible for Ferrozone to build me up so quickly. In a few days my appetite improved, color came into my cheeks and I felt stronger. I gained eight pounds and regained my old time vigor through using Ferrozone." Try Ferrozone, it assures health. Price 50c.

KISSED THE BLARNEY STONE.

A Newark Lad Describes How He Accomplished the Feat.

Two young Newarkers recently made a short trip abroad, their first stop having been at Queenstown, Ireland, and one of them in a letter to a friend, describes in an interesting and humorous way how the pair kissed the Blarney stone, famous in legend and song. The stone is located on the easterly side of the tower of Blarney Castle, about 150 feet from the ground. There are two ways that it may be kissed, both hazardous to a degree. In both it is necessary for the person who is to do the kissing to be held by the legs. There is a third way but not one person in a thousand attempts it. This is to trust the weight of the body to the strength of the arms while hanging in midair near the top of the castle.

In Dooley style the letter of the Newarker begins:

"Tis me that's a lucky omadhoun, John for I kissed the Blarney stone

today, and nayther it or the castle fell down. And be the same taken I kissed it twice, full and fair. Sure, 'twas the devil's own job to do it even once. But, thanks, to God, no harm came, and if I ever get back to America the proud lad I'll be. And that's no lie, says I."

Then the letter goes on to ask: "Did you ever kiss the top stone of a window still on the eighth floor of the Prudential Building while hanging out of the ninth-story window? Do that tomorrow and know just how it feels to kiss the famous stone in the famous castle in the famous county in the famous country of Ireland. The Lord love you, but it's not a 'cinch' by a good deal. My, but it was a glorious treat we had today."

Describing the trip to the castle, the letter continues: "It's an old story, but 'tis pleasant to tell. A blue flecked sky and ideal temperature made the day perfect. Our jaunting car was a fide rig—it cost us 10 shillings and numerous mugs of ale for the driver. Leaving Cork, we soon got into the beautiful emerald hills that extend along the river Lee, where the bells of Shandon sound so grand on. The roads, smooth and white, and bordered with hedges of green, always smiled before us."

It was about two hours before we reached the historic Blarney estate, the old home of Dermot McCarthy, one of the early kings of the province of Munster, and a fine man; may the devil fly away with those who say he wasn't. The magnificent structure erected more than 500 years was built on the site of a hunting lodge. It was pillaged by the island conquerors and now stands still fighting against the elements. We crawled through the old caves and secret passages underneath and went into the walls, the latter being seven feet thick. I visited me Aunt Ann's chamber in the fifth floor—you know I have relations by the name of McCarthy. And then we climbed to the top more than 200 feet above the rock on which the castle is built.

"Here we found a group of men, but all appeared to be a little afraid to kiss the stone. We lost no time, however, my friend going first. I held one leg. Another fellow held the other, and we all held our breath. I was next. Then it was that I realized that if they let go of my legs there would be a collision with Ireland, with myself an active participant."—Newark, N. J. News.

Zealand Station.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

Nov. 7.—With regret we report that Mrs. D. Morehouse, who has been ailing for some time, is not improving.

Our bridge that collapsed over eight months ago is still a thing of the past. Winter now approaching traffic in a few days will have to be suspended or make the circuit around Stone Ridge, nine miles from nowhere.

Harrison Brewer and family have again moved to this place.

Several new dwellings have been erected in New Zealand this autumn. Burton Brewer has completed a new residence, Allie Crouse also has a house under construction, and H. Morehouse has just completed a new dwelling.

Several farmers on Keewick Ridge were unable to secure their root crop before the recent fall of snow.

Our taxidermist, A. Morehouse, is taxed to his fullest capacity with moose, deer and caribou heads. Some very fine specimens have been received from Marysville parties, some measuring from 48 to 56 inches. Mr. Morehouse says this seems to be a banner season for moose.

Most of our young men have gone to the lumber woods.

FOLKS USE WASHES AND SNUFFS.

Thinking perhaps they will cure Catarrh, but no one ever heard of a genuine cure following such senseless treatments. There is just one prompt and thorough cure for Catarrh and it is fragrant healing Catarrhzone which goes right to the root of the trouble. It destroys the germs, heals the inflamed membrane and cures any case no matter how obstinate or long standing. "I experimented for years with Catarrh remedies but found Catarrhzone the most rational and satisfactory" writes W. J. MacEachern of Waterville. "It cured me for all time." For a sure cure use only Catarrhzone. Complete outfit \$1.00, trial size 25c.

Captain Alfred Johnson, who was the first man to cross the ocean in a small boat in 1876, is still living at Gloucester, Mass.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

WOMEN WENT WILD

Over Wedding of Miss Goelet to

DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

Police Called in to Preserve Order.

New York, Nov. 10.—The marriage of Miss Mary Goelet, only daughter of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, and one of the richest of American heiresses, to Henry John Innes-Ker, eighth Duke of Roxburghe, was solemnized today at St. Thomas' Church, this city. Bishop William Croswell Doane of Albany, assisted by Rev. Ernest M. Stires of St. Thomas' Church performing the ceremony. Afterward the duke and duchess went to the home of Mrs. Ogden Goelet on Fifth Avenue, where an informal reception, to which only a part of the wedding guests were bidden, was held.

It had been intended that the wedding should equal or surpass the two preceding ducal weddings in this city in brilliancy, but the death of Sir Michael Herbert, uncle of the bride, on Sept. 3rd, caused a change of plans.

The duke and duchess left the Goelet residence in a carriage to which at the last moment a long white streamer was attached by the ushers, and drove to the Grand Central station, where they entered a private car attached to the 5 o'clock express for Newport.

Fifth avenue in the vicinity of the church was the scene before and during the ceremony of excitement and disorder unparalleled at any of the previous great weddings in New York. From the church to the Goelet residence, a distance of five blocks, the avenue was a surging mob of fully 10,000 persons, mostly women, whom a force of 200 policemen was powerless to hold in check.

Before the ceremony began several hundred women gained entrance to the church and seated themselves in the galleries, from which they were forcibly dislodged by a squad of police a few minutes before the arrival of the bride.

When the carriage containing the bride to be and her brother, Robert Goelet, neared the church, it was surrounded by women, who stopped the horses and in their efforts to see the bride, clung to the carriage, some of them getting on the steps and thrusting their heads into the open windows. Mr. Goelet called to the police, but it was some minutes before the half dozen policemen who rushed to the rescue were able to drive the crowd of women back and enable the carriage to proceed.

When the carriage of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, which was just ahead of the bride, reached the canopy leading from the curb to the church, the crowd of women banked up 25 feet deep on either side, rushed frantically forward carrying the solid lines of policemen with them and for a moment choked the entrance. By this time policemen from other points had been collected there, but in spite of them a group of half a dozen women stooped down and lifted the canvas of the canopy and crawled part way under. They clung to their positions in spite of the efforts of the police to pull them away and several of them managed to keep their heads under the canvas until the bride had passed.

A patrolman caught one very well dressed woman by one of her ankles and dragged her along the walk, she still clinging to the canvas, until she was forced to loose her hold. She was lifted up smiling and satisfied. She had seen the bride.

On the 53rd street side of the church fifteen well dressed women crawled down into a coal hole leading underneath the chancel. They could not see anything, but they could hear what was going on above. The police had to get in and drive them out.

Four hours after the ceremony Fifth Avenue was still crowded with curious women, many of whom were laden with spoils from the church decorations, for after the invited guests had left the mob

crowded into the church and proceeded at once to tear the chrysanthemums and lilies from the pew entrances. In a few minutes they began to break the leaves from the palms, and before they could be stopped the church was despoiled of many of the floral decorations.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 10.—The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, who were married this afternoon in New York, arrived here at 11 o'clock tonight, and will spend the first week of their honeymoon at Ochre Court, the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Ogden Goelet.

NEURALGIC HEADACHE IS USUALLY

Attended with blinding pain, but relief comes quickly when Nerviline is applied, for it is the strongest pain-reliever in the world. "I consider Nerviline a most magical remedy for neuralgia. I am subject to violent attacks, writes Mrs. E. G. Harries, of Baltimore, but never worry if Nerviline is in the house. The prompt relief that Nerviline brings makes it priceless to me. A few applications never yet failed to kill the pain. I can also recommend Nerviline for stiffness in the joints and rheumatism." Try Nerviline yourself. Price 25c.

DR. PUGSLEY TALKED

To a Montreal Reporter—Province Prosperous—Government Healthy.

Hon. Dr. Pugsley, talking to a representative of the Montreal Gazette, said that the province of New Brunswick generally was in a flourishing condition, and he added that the export business of St. John during this coming season would probably be better than any previous winter. The lumber trade of the province had, likewise, he stated, been good, and although the profits had probably been diminished on account of the high freights, the shipping industry had been the gainer, to a corresponding degree.

The attorney general also spoke hopefully of the future of the coal industry of Queen's county, the mines having lately been reached by a new railway, which had been aided by the local government. The tests which have been made show that the coal is of excellent quality, especially for steam purposes, and the promoters hope to develop the properties to such an extent in the near future that a daily output may be attained of five hundred tons.

The attorney general did not discuss local politics to any great extent, except to say that the administration was enjoying good health. He did say, however, that in the minds of most people Hon. Mr. Emmerson was slated for a portfolio, and he believed that the member for Westmorland would become minister of railways and canals. As Mr. Pugsley is generally supposed to be in close touch with the powers that be in Ottawa, the above is quite important. He also declared that the lower province members were unanimous in support of Mr. Emmerson for the vacant portfolio, and he also expressed the opinion that Hon. Mr. Fielding had been too much of a success as head of the finance department to think of a change just now.

CORNS GROW BETWEEN THE TOES

But can be cured without pain in one day by Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. This standard remedy never burns the flesh—it is entirely vegetable in composition and does not destroy the flesh. Use only Putnam's it's the best.

Picked Up Disabled.

The Norwegian schooner, Alarita, Capt. J. Jertson from St. Lawrence ports for Glasgow, carrying spool wood, has been picked up disabled off Sateri, Cape Breton, and towed to Sydney. The captain had three ribs broken. This was the vessel's maiden trip.

During its stay the scientific expedition to the Bahama Islands, under the patronage of the Geographical Society of Baltimore, will give considerable attention to the verification of the claim that Watling Island is the San Salvador where Columbus first landed.

Spent Over \$2,000 Doctoring.

Mr. Joseph Pomerville, of Stillwater, Minn., after having spent over \$2,000 with the best doctors for stomach trouble, without relief, was advised to try a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He did so, and is a well man to-day. For sale by all druggists.