

BRUTAL MURDER COMMITTED NEAR WINDSOR

Freeman Harvie, an Industrious Resident of Ellershouse, Horribly Decapitated With a Dull Instrument and the Body Hidden Beneath a Pile of Potatoes in His Own Cellar--The Alleged Murderer and His Friends Join in Revelry in the House of Death, the Walls of Which Were Stained With the Blood of the Murdered Man--This Tragedy is the Sixth Murder in That County, all Committed Within a Radius of Thirty Miles and Within the Past Three Years.

ELLERSHOUSE, February 5.--No more ghastly tragedy ever marked the annals of crime in Nova Scotia than that which today stains the fair name of this part of Hants county. To-night the headless body of Freeman Harvie lies on the clay floor of the cellar of his house, a mile from this station and on a table a few feet away is the blood covered head, with wide open eyes, as if dread terror still shone in their glassy stare. George Stanley, who has been here for two weeks and says he came from London, England, is in the hands of the sheriff to stand trial for the crime and James Fisher, of Ellershouse, is also a prisoner. It is likely that other arrests will follow before the police decide that they have all in these clutches who may have had something to do with the bloody murder. Ten days ago George Stanley, a man of medium height, dark brown hair, with a newly growing mustache, a scar on the palm of his right hand and wearing a light checked frock suit made his appearance at Ellershouse. He said he had come from Halifax and was the agent of what he called the Western Union Telephone company. He wanted to fit out all the houses in Ellershouse and the surrounding country with telephones on the toll system. He put up partly at the hotel in Ellershouse but he seems to have made his headquarters, a mile from the railway station at the crossing of the Windsor road and the Dawson road. In the rather poor but fairly comfortable home of David Fisher, a place 400 yards from the house of Freeman Harvie whose dismembered, muddy and bloodstained body has lain in the cellar probably since Friday night. There seems not the shadow of a doubt that Stanley murdered the old man, and he may have used James Fisher to help in the fiendish work.

STANLEY A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER. Stanley was looked on with more or less suspicion by the people here. They could not make him out, though he talked glibly of his telephone proposals and told the Fishers that he had taken thirty-two orders. No money was collected and he kept saying that he expected supplies from Halifax. Mrs. David Fisher told the Halifax Herald representative that when Stanley came to her ten days ago he asked her what she would board him for, and when her reply was two dollars a week, he said he would give her four. Two dollars was enough considering the appearance of the place, as it sat there to-night in the small badly ventilated room where the family were at their frugal supper. Mrs. Fisher says Stanley paid her two dollars down, but she got no more money except a dollar that he afterwards paid her for some socks, and mits, and a Spanish dollar that he presented to David Fisher, her husband. I looked at the foreign coin which Fisher pulled from his pocket and handed to C. W. McKee, manager of the Western Union Telegraph company, who was with me. The silver coin bears the date 1794, was battered somewhat, but otherwise was in good condition. "That coin is probably worth something more than its face value." "I'll give it to you for a quarter," Fisher replied, and the Canadian money was passed over for the Spanish. Fisher was apparently glad to get rid of the ill-omened souvenir. The story of the board bill is different from what David Fisher had told the coroner's jury two or three hours before, for he told the twelve men who had been sworn in by Dr. Reid, of Windsor, that the charge was to be 15 cents per meal, and not many meals had been paid for.

OF A QUASI-RELIGIOUS TURN OF MIND. Seeing that Stanley is caught practically with Freeman Harvie's blood stains on his hands, it is interesting to hear what the Fishers have to say of the way he spent a part of his evenings at their house. Mrs. Fisher told me, and her husband corroborated the statement, that he asked for the family Bible--he had not one of his own--and he spent much time reading it, not only to himself, but to the family, and on one occasion he offered prayer for the company, always taking ample time besides for his private devotions. But Stanley's religious fervor at night, if it really existed, did not affect his activities by day, and he was busy here and there in his pretended negotiations with the farming people on behalf of the Western Union Tele-

phone company. He used the simple-minded, if not actually half-witted Fisher boys, James and Maurice, to do odd jobs for him, and he made many promises for the future. James Fisher was engaged for three years. Among the people with whom he made verbal contracts for the installation of his telephones was Charles Reik, of the Ellershouse hotel; J. W. Smiley, of St. Croix, and William Gibson, of the Newport hotel. A week ago Stanley's attention began to be centered in particular on the home of Freeman Harvie. This homestead stands a quarter of a mile distant from the Fishers. It is on the side of a hill overlooking a lovely landscape, and is a part of what the people here call the old Montague place. A pretty orchard and fairly good farming land surround it, and in the barn were a pair of oxen, a couple of cows and the live stock that could be expected on a rather poor farm. He had no horse, but did all his hauling with the oxen.

ANNOUNCES THE PURCHASE OF HARVIE'S PLACE. The middle of last week Mrs. Fisher says, Stanley told her that he had proposed building a new house for them, but he was not going to do that, because Freeman Harvie had said, "There is no need, I will sell you my house for them. I'll let you have it for \$1,500." And not long after he announced that he had bought the place, and they were to move in. It was last Friday evening, the night of the murder, that Stanley said, addressing his landlady, Mrs. David Fisher, in the familiar way that he early assumed, "Mary Ann, I'll not be back to-night. I'm going to stay all night with Freeman Harvie." And he did stay away. That was about all, on this aspect of the farwell, that Mrs. Fisher told me. But to the coroner's jury, her husband, David, gave some additional particulars. David said that Stanley went to Harvie's and in twenty minutes returned and said: "Lend me a knife, I've got a little job to do that I can't do without it."

The knife was loaned and he went away again. Fisher says the knife was returned on Saturday, but it was not to be found, his owner saying he had lost it. That night the poor old hard-working man who lived alone in his humble house was knifed to death, his head cut off, his body buried under a pile of potatoes in the cellar, his head tossed into

a rough old bag and the cellar door locked as if to conceal the ghastly objects. For nearly a year Freeman Harvie has dwelt alone in this house doing his own cooking and chores as well as his farm work. Besides this he had charge of serving the notices for the school rates on the people of the district. The last thing he did on earth was to prepare some of these papers for service. Joseph Fisher, brother of David, was with him till six or seven o'clock overlooking him at this work. He was the last man, except the murderer or murderers, that saw him alive. No one is able to say to-night, except the perpetrators of the crime, how Harvie was killed, but there are evident signs that death came as the end of

A TREACHEROUS STAB AND EMBER STRUGGLE. Leading down from the kitchen where Harvie was at work on his school rates, was a narrow stairway to the cellar, protected by a door with a lock. At the top of this stairs and on the wall all the way down are marks of blood, and at the foot of the stairs is a pool of half dried blood, turned black after the passage of two or three days. The entrance to the cellar and the door from the house are near, and there is no doubt that Harvie went towards the door to see Stanley, or to whoever the murderer was, and that taking a suitable opportunity he was struck with a piece of heavy wood to weaken him and that this was followed by a slash in the neck from the knife, but Harvie, sixty-four years old as he was, and almost stone deaf, was a sturdy man and plucky, he would not give in without a fight, and there are marks that he did not allow himself to be murdered without a struggle for his life; but whether one man or two were against him he found himself overpowered and down stairs he was forced, grasping at the walls and holding the stairs as he was beaten down, leaving blood stains to mark the awful descent. At the bottom he fell overpowered, and the pool of blood right at the foot shows where the neck finally lay and where the old man breathed his last. Over a part of the cellar floor also are blood marks as if the man, bleeding to death had rolled about in his expiring agonies. Apples and potatoes are spread about, apart from the main pile and many of them smeared with blood. When found this morning, the headless body was across on the other side of the cellar from the stairs covered over except the toe tips.

This happened Friday night, for since Joseph Fisher sat with him for an hour that evening no man except the murderer, has seen him alive. WHERE IS THE MOTIVE FOR SO FOUL A MURDER? What could be the motive for a murder so foul? What could have prompted so awful a deed? Harvie was poor and alone, all his worldly property being centered in that small homestead, with its meagre stock in the barn. Not more than twenty-five bushels of potatoes were in the cellar. George Stanley, who is now a prisoner at Windsor, and James Fisher, son of David, a half-witted fellow of between twenty-five and thirty years, will be called on to throw all the light they can on this case, or at least the officers of the law will hold them till their conduct is explained.

It was as said, Friday night that Stanley stayed at the Harvie house after borrowing the knife. On Saturday morning, he returned to the Fisher house with a bundle of papers which he said were connected with the purchase of the Harvie homestead and the keys, and he said to David Fisher: "I want you to go to work. I have bought Freeman Harvie's house for \$1,500 and will give you \$400 a year and all you require to go and work the place for me. You had better move right down."

They did not enter at that time, for Stanley said: "Let us go into the barn, we will clean it and feed the cattle." Then it was decided that they would take the cattle away and sell them. This proposal was made on the strength of the statement that Stanley had bought the place and here comes the motive. Possession of the property gave him the right to sell the goods as well as to put Fisher in charge of it. A goodly sum could be realized and what would be obtained by the selling of the things. Stanley and the Fishers first went with the cattle to Arthur Sanford. He was a butcher, but wanting only fat cattle he would not buy the working oxen they offered.

SCENE OF REVELRY ABOVE WHERE THE DEAD LAY. Then they went to James Spence, who bought the oxen. Mr. Spence is on the jury. After this they returned to the house of death, and with wonderful nerve, for Stanley at least, they cooked their dinner there. Saturday afternoon, the trio stayed around the place as if it had a fascination for one at least in the party, who held the others. They were joined in the afternoon by Edgar McCarthy, a well-known character in Hants county, and the four were made merry in the kitchen above where the dead man lay. They revealed their ill midnight and then Stanley, Jim Fisher and McCarthy left, leaving David in alone with the dead. He was asleep and did not know that he had been abandoned by his comrades till he awoke at five o'clock and found they had disappeared. He had not the gruesome feeling that he would have experienced had he known as much as Stanley probably did. David had been given a key and with that he got out some time later.

Sunday morning Mrs. Fisher went down to Harvie's house. She said she thought the people would be wanting something to eat and she was ready to prepare food. She proposed to go down stairs for potatoes, when Stanley said: "I don't want you to go down. I'll go myself, the steps are bad and you might fall." With that he unlocked the door and went down himself, brought up a lot of the potatoes, and relocked the door.

The food was cooked by Mrs. Fisher in the house which she thought on the morrow would be hers, and everybody ate heartily. Stanley especially seemed to relish the meal. The absence of Harvie at this time and

since Saturday morning was explained by Stanley, who said he had gone to Halifax to see about some legal papers necessary in the transfer of the property and would be back on Monday. All Sunday afternoon, the new occupants of the house remained to be seen. There were several callers, among them the dead man's brother Samuel, who was a boarder with David Fisher. Towards evening they all left but David, even Stanley detaching himself to other quarters. David slept in the house of death alone that night. Stanley left the scene this morning shortly after nine o'clock, and at ten the ghastly discovery was made. HOW THE CRIME CAME TO BE DISCOVERED. The immediate event which led to the discovery of the crime was the appearance on the scene of John Bates, of Ellershouse, who was looking for a horse to go to the lumber woods. He called at Harvie's house and was told by David Fisher that he had gone to Halifax. "Whose in the barn?" asked Bates. "Edgar McCarthy and the Spence boys," was the reply. Mr. Bates says there were no remarks about the absence of Harvie nor regarding that of Stanley, who had not been round for an hour, nor regarding Jim Fisher, who had gone with Stanley. They all walked from the barn towards the house. Then McCarthy said to David Fisher, "open the cellar door." "I can't," said Fisher. "I have no key," McCarthy replied. "Break it open," Bates said. "Be careful, don't break locks."

David Fisher got an axe, and acting on Bates' caution, instead of breaking the locks drew the staple, and it was opened. This is practically Fisher's story and it seems strange and is unexplained why they should think of the cellar door and be so anxious to get down. That they went to all this trouble, yet it might have occurred to them that an open front door and a locked cellar were a little remarkable. HEADLESS BODY FOUND BENEATH POTATOES. Fisher and Ed. McCarthy went downstairs, the first named with a lantern. They did not at least observe the blood marks on the stairway and on the ground, but it was not long ere one of the men saw a toe sticking up through the potatoes, and pushing them aside they found the body of a dead man. McCarthy ran up stairs and shouted: "There's a dead man in the cellar." Then Bates and Fred Knowles, of Avondale, who had come along, went down, and they found that the body was headless. (CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.)

MOTIVE WAS TO GET POSSESSION OF PROPERTY. When I reached the house of the dead man this evening the roadside was piled up with household goods that had been brought down before the ghastly discovery in the cellar was made, and as I left after dark what was left of the stuff was being removed. It is strange how cool Stanley was. If indeed he was the murderer as everybody believes, Stanley went in and out of the place, but keeping the cellar door locked, and he not only went in himself, but he took David Fisher, Jim Fisher and the whole family with him. Saturday morning, after agreeing with the Fishers to take possession he went with the three named to the house.

JEWELLERS ARE WARNED AGAINST SWINDLER. Admir'd Diamonds and Jewelry at Montreal And Disappears From His Hotel By the Back Way With the Valuables. MONTREAL, February 5.--Canadian jewellers are warned against a swindler who is working the country. He is Thomas Starr, supposed to have come from Melbourne, Australia with his wife. He was stopping at the Carleton hotel for some time. Starr numbered amongst his victims J. H. Clima, jeweller, St. Catherine street. He went into the latter's store announcing that he was living in apartments in Bishop's. Clima was very much admiring a diamond ring valued at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, purchased it, paying down fifty dollars on a total bill of one hundred and sixty-two dollars, as he had seen some other things which he wanted. He wanted an article and Clima was so bent out for that, promising to deliver it next day. When his messenger reached Bishop's Court next day, the landlord said that Starr had disappeared from

ENORMOUS CAPITAL STOCK OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS

Report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission Regarding an Alleged Combination of Arrangements Among Pennsylvania Railways been Submitted to Congress. WASHINGTON, February 5.--President Roosevelt to-day transmitted to the house the following report submitted to him by the inter-state commerce commission, in response to a resolution regarding the alleged combination of the Pennsylvania Railroad company and certain other roads named therein in violation of the anti-trust law. To the President: The inter-state commerce commission has the honor to submit the following in response to your request of January 29th, enclosing a resolution adopted that day by the house of representatives, which reads as follows: Resolved, that the president of the United States be, and he is hereby requested, if not incompatible with the public interests to report to the

BUSINESS MEN of the Maritime Provinces are now being asked to subscribe for stock in the Canadian Electrical Co., which purposes to establish Tanneries at Halifax and at least one other point in the Maritime Provinces.

The following letter from Judge Hutchinson, a brother-in-law of a well-known Halifax citizen, Mr. Geo. E. Faulkner, who has given leather tanned by the Electric Process a trial, is herewith submitted for the consideration of those who have been asked or will be asked to subscribe to the stock of the new Company. Mr. GEO. D. BURTON, Boston, Mass., Dec. 16. Dear Sir:--Can I secure from you or anybody, one of your seal skins enhairred and tanned by your electrical process? I procured from you some sole leather tanned by your process, and had the same put upon a pair of boots. This pair of soles outwore the boots, and if you have the sole leather, I would like enough to put on to the seal skin. Yours truly, F. J. HUTCHINSON.

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