

BRUTAL MURDER NEAR WINDSOR

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They made no further search, but Knowles at once drove to the station and called up Coroner Reid, at Windsor. That officer came down at once, went out to the house and a jury was sworn in consisting of F. Stevens, foreman; John Williams, Anthony Aker, William Aker, Fred. Rockwell, George, Spencer, John Scott, Harry Miller, John Hunter, Randall Dunbar, Monson McDonald, Hugh Brown.

JURYMEN EXAMINE THE DARKSOME CELLAR.

The twelve men went into the darksome cellar, carefully removed the potatoes, revealing the body, the short neck lacerated and gashed where the head had been hacked off. No one could identify the body from what they had found. John Williams and Hugh Brown made further search, crossing to the northern side of the cellar, with the lantern, where they saw a large bucket like those used for holding preserves. It stood against the wall. "Lift that up, Hughie," said Williams to his fellow jurymen. He did so and a rough potato bag was revealed. They opened the bag and peered into it.

"It was a horrid thing they saw and carefully with a light touch they took it out, assisted by the coroner. It rolled upon the table and when they turned up the awful blood smeared face, with its beard and moustache, they saw that the head was that of Freeman Harvie. It was gashed round the neck as if cut with a dull instrument of some kind, doubtless the knife that had been borrowed from David Fisher." The jury got to work and heard the

story that was to be told by David Fisher, John Bates, Joseph Fisher and Frederick Knowles. It was practically the narrative that I have written.

STANLEY IS ARRESTED AND TAKEN TO WINDSOR.

The authorities got to work at once to arrest Stanley, and Jim Fisher. The latter was found four miles across on the other side of the river by an Indian. Stanley was with him. They had made a fire in the woods. The Indian took Fisher, all he could manage, but Stanley ran away, the Indian says, "like fury." He was sorry he had not some one with him when he would have made the double capture. The roads and bridges were watched and two or three reports came in that Stanley had been seen. At half past eight o'clock to-night, Detective Singer, of Windsor, came up with Stanley one mile from Ellis house, towards Hartsville. He was brought to David Fisher's house and from there removed to Windsor. Among the purchases of Freeman Harvie's goods sold by Stanley was an organ which was bought for forty dollars by Ed. McCarthy. Mrs. David Fisher has a strange story which no one here believes, as she is not very bright. It is to the effect that McCarthy insisted on spending Saturday night at her house. She tried to keep him out, but at last let him in. On Sunday morning, he said "Harvie is dead."

"How do you know?" Mrs. Fisher says she asked.

"I had a dream," he replied.

"This is merely given as the woman's story."

HARVIE WAS HONEST AND INDUSTRIOUS.

Freeman Harvie was about 64 years old. He has been married three times. His present wife, who was a widow, he married a year or so ago.

and she is now with her daughter in Windsor, the daughter at school and the mother in the cotton factory. His second wife had one child, and the first one; the older daughter is dead, and the younger away married to a seaman. Harvie was exceedingly deaf, and had the reputation of being an honest, industrious man.

THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE HORRIFIED AT THE CRIME.

W. M. Christie, of Windsor, crown prosecutor, was here this afternoon, looking after the case. The whole countryside is horrified, and whatever may have been the practice in the past, there are no unlocked doors in Ellershouse or its vicinity to-night. What surprises people is the cool audacity of Stanley in remaining here all within an hour of the ghastly discovery. It is thought probable that he was waiting for a chance to remove the body, but how he could direct David Fisher to move into the house he pretended to have bought, with the headless body still in the cellar, is what nobody can understand. Stanley would appear to be crazy, as well as a fiend. When the newspaper notice was published asking people to be on the lookout for an Englishman wanted for murder, Stanley was carefully scrutinized to see if he answered the description. Opinions differed as to this. He was a puzzle and was looked on with suspicion. No matter what the weather was, whether fins or wet, he carried an umbrella. No knife or axe that could have been used to kill Harvie has yet been discovered, but the cellar is dark and something of this kind may yet be found.

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