POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

GREENHILL MURDER.

How Gover Took the Life of McLean

Full Details of the Manner In Which the Terrible Deed was Done.

STANLEY, May 20—The shocking tragedy enacted at Green Hill just as day was breaking on Friday morning has created great excitement in this neighborhood, and will doubtless furnish the chief topic of conversation for many weeks to come. William McLean, or "Major" McLean, as he was familiarly called, the victim of the tragedy, was known to nearly everybody in the place, as is also Alfred Gover, the man charged with dealing the blow that caused McLean's death. The tragedy is generally deplored by the law abiding denizens of this locality, and speculation is rife as to what sort of punishment will be meted out to the accused, should he be convicted of so grave a crime. Public opinion seems to be somewhat divided over the case, some laying the blame to Gover and others to the victim, but perhaps the difference of opinion is in a measure due to the conflicting stories of the melancholy affair put in circulation. Enquiries about the tragedy from residents of the village elicited the information that the victim had been found by Gover in a compromising position with his wife and that this furnished the motive for the tragedy. A careful enquiry, however, among members of the accused's household and others in a position to know the facts, failed to substantiate the story in circulation, which, if true, might have furnished something in the way of a motive for the rash deed. That an atrocious and cold blooded crime has been committed in this locality there is no doubt. The evidence at hand seems to establish beyond a doubt that William McLean was stabbed to death by a deceived husband in a fit of jealous rage, brought on by over indulgence in strong drink, and there does not seem to have been the slightest justification for the in cause course that he took.

A Wild Orgy.

The story of the crime certainly reveals a shocking state of human depravity, and will no doubt impress many right thinking people with the idea that there is still quite a field for missionary work in New Brunswick.

On the night preceding the tragedy McLean, accompanied by Chas. Humble and Chas. McGivney, called at Gover's house to spend the evening. They seem to have had a bountiful supply of liquor in their possession, and divided it up with Gover and his better half, both of whom have the reputation of being anything else but teetotallers. Later in the evening three other men, Clark Sutherland, "Bub" McNeill and James Malone, all well primed with liquor, both inside and out, joined the party, and a general orgy was the order. Along towards midnight, Mrs. Gover having imbibed all the liquor she wanted, retired to bed, leaving the five men, Humble having previously departed, sitting in the kitchen. About half an hour later the guests took their departure, and the old man after seeing them out, retired to his room, which was separate from that occupied by his better half. About an hour later, McLean, who had started for home with the others, returned to the Gover House, and, finding the kitchen door unfastened, entered and proceeded straightway to Gover's room. "Have you room there for me?" was the words he addressed to Gover. "Oh, I guess so, get in," came the reply, whereupon McLean removed his clothing and got into bed with Gover. The two remained awake conversing for a good part of the night, and no doubt occasionally took a draught from a flask of liquor which McLean carried. At 5 o'clock Gover arose and went out to the barn to feed the horses.

A Fatal Visit.

McLean, it appears, got up about the same time, or a few moments later at any rate. After donning his trousers and waistcoat, he picked up his flask and started for Mrs. Gover's room for the purpose, it is supposed, of tendering her an eye-opener. The old lady, according to her own story, was awakened by McLean, and promptly ordered him out of her room. He did not seem to be in any hurry about leaving, however, and refused to obey her order. Had he obeyed Mrs. Gover's order and promptly vacated the room he might have been alive today. But in his semi-intoxicated state he knew no fear, and it was while he was parrying words with Mrs. Gover, that Mr. Gover made his appearance at the head of the stairs. Upon observing McLean in his wife's bedroom he flew into a great rage, and, giving utterance to a string of curses, he rushed into his room and returning to the hall a moment later descended the stairs. No sooner had he departed than his wife, realizing that trouble was brewing, got out of bed and without stopping to don her wearing apparel, fled from the room to one adjoining, and then hoisting a window, dropped to the roof of a shed and thence to the ground, spraining both her ankles by the fall.

A Murderous Husband.

Gover in the meantime had returned to his wife's room armed with a butcher knife which he buried to the hilt in McLean's left side. Not a living soul witnessed the tragedy except the chief actors. Three little girls who occupied an adjoining room, state that they heard a scuffle, and then a sound like a heavy body falling to the floor. Mrs. Edgehill Thomas, a married daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gover, who occupied a room on the ground floor, was awakened by her father's murderous threats, and becoming alarmed, hastily donned her dress, and leaping out of the window ran to the house of a neighbor to summon assistance. She returned in a few moments accompanied by Charles McGivney and a young man named McNeill. They found the old lady lying upon the ground where she had fallen after jumping from the shed, and defending herself with a stick of wood from her husband, who was standing over her brandishing the knife. McGivney managed to get the knife away from the infuriated man, and induced him to accompany him away from the house. McNeill and Mrs. Thomas assisted the old lady into the house, and at Mrs. Gover's request McNeill went up stairs to see what had happened to McLean. He soon returned with the startling announcement that McLean was lying upon the floor

In a Pool of Blood

and was evidently breathing his last.

Dr. D. R. Moore, who lives about five miles from the scene of the tragedy, was summoned by telephone, but when he arrived the victim of Gover's drunken rage was beyond earthly aid. James Humble and other friends of the unfortunate man, learning of the tragedy were soon upon the scene, and with the doctor's consent, removed the body to Mr. Humble's story, about three miles distant. Gover returned to the house before the body had been taken away, and before learning of the result of the blow inflicted by him, remarked with a curse, in the presence of the doctor and Mr. Humble that he would have McLean's life. He afterwards did his chores and ate his breakfast, and then, realizing to some extent, no doubt, that the brand of Cain was upon him he walked down the road after the wagon, containing the body, to Mr. Humble's store, and gave himself up. At first he was inclined to be defiant and spoke boastingly of what he had done, but as his sober senses returned he became less communicative.

Deputy Sheriff Hawthorn reached the store at 2 o'clock, armed with a warrant, and promptly placed Gover under arrest. The prisoner made no objection to being handcuffed, and, after shaking hands with some acquaintances climbed into the wagon and started for Fredericton with the officer.

Scene of the Crime.

The Gover house where the awful tragedy took place, is an old one and one half story structure with shingled walls, and located in what is known as the Green Hill settlement, five miles above Stanley village.

Mrs. Thomas, a daughter of Gover's, said that her home was in Bangor, but that she and her children had been staying with her parents since Christmas. Her account of the night's revelry and the sequel, corresponded precisely with that printed above. She seemed to be very sorry that her father had got into trouble, but admitted that it was not a great surprise to her. Her father, she said, was noted for his bad temper and liquor fairly crazed him. He never made a practice of going after liquor himself, as his friends usually saved him that trouble. There were men in the neighborhood, she said, who frequently called and spent the evening with her father, and he usually became intoxicated and troublesome on those occasions.

Dangerous When Drunk.

They were always afraid that he would commit murder while on one of his sprees, and they had very good reason to be afraid of him. One night just before Christmas, last year, she went on to say, her father became so violent under the influence of liquor that he had to be tied hand and foot with ropes. On another occasion, some four or five years ago, he quarrelled with his wife while drunk, and going down stairs, returned in a short time with a butcher knife. His wife, it appears, had got out of bed and left the room during his absence, but he, not knowing this, savagely plunged the knife into the bed clothes where his wife had been when he last saw her.

Mr. Gover in addition to his farming operations is something of a hunter and trapper, and is the owner of a Winchester repeating rifle, which he knows how to use as well as the next one. When his daughter saw the way things were shaping on the night preceding the tragedy, she took the precaution to get hold of her father's Winchester, and conceal it. But for this thoughtful act on her part, there does not seem to be any doubt that Gover instead of taking one life, would have been responsible for the death of two and perhaps the whole household. His daughter says that when he found McLean in his wife's room, he started at once for his rifle, and not finding it reported to the butcher knife, and Mrs. Gover was thus given a chance to escape. She thinks that had he been able to lay hands on the rifle and cartridges the result would have been very much worse than it was.

The Gover Family.

From Mrs. Thomas the reporter learned that the Gover family consists of four sons and three daughters, all grown up and married. The sons all live in the United States. A 12 year old grand daughter has made her home with the old folks since childhood. She, with Mrs. Thomas' two little girls, and a girl named Mabel Logan, the daughter of a neighbor, spent the night in the rooms adjoining that in which the tragedy occurred.

According to Mrs. Thomas's story, she had been out to prayer meeting on Thursday evening, and when she returned home, the five men named above were in the kitchen with her father and mother, and all were drinking together. She says that she tried to induce McLean and his companions to leave the house, but they refused to do so, saying that she need not be afraid, that they would look after the old man. She then went to bed and left them, but was unable to sleep on account of the general hilarity which prevailed in the kitchen.

Where the Stabbing was Done.

Upstairs in the room where the tragedy was enacted the sight beggars description. The room, which is about 8x10 in size, and miserably furnished, had not been disturbed since the tragedy, and what a place to behold. On the floor just inside the door was a large pool of clotted blood, another was to be seen a few feet away, while the sheets on the bed, where the victim had been placed to breathe his last, were literally saturated with the bright red liquid.

Mrs. Gover's Story.

Mrs. Thomas led the way to the front of the house, and pointed out the apartment which she herself had occupied on the previous night. The room was furnished somewhat neater than those on the upper flat, and was evidently the "spare bedroom" of the house. This room had an occupant in the person of Mrs. Gover, who was lying helplessly upon the bed groaning from the pain caused by two sprained ankles. She is a large, powerful looking woman, with coarse features, and her appearance and language seem to furnish justification for the tough name she bears in the neighborhood.

Lying on a Chair

Addicted to the Weed.

Alongside the bed was a clay pipe and piece of tobacco, implements which told that the portly old lady, in addition to taking a social glass, also indulges in the weed. Mrs. Gover was just rallying from the effects of a dose of morphine, given her by the doctor to ease the pain from her ankles, and was not therefore in just the right mood to be interviewed. In answer to a question, however, she got off the following: "Bill McLean came into my room just about daylight. I said, 'You get out of here,' and just then the old lad, (meaning her husband) opened the door, swore like a tyrant and started down stairs. I had an idea what that meant, so got out of bed, ran out through the hall into the children's room, and crawled out on the shed roof and jumped to the ground. I sprained my ankles when I fell and couldn't get up. The old lad came at me with a knife, and I kept him away with a stick of wood."

When told by Mrs. Thomas that Gover had been taken to jail, the old lady gave a grunt and ejaculated: "Of course; what else could they do with him?" In answer to a question she said she believed her husband would have slain her, too, had she remained in the room with McLean.

Mrs. Gover, despite her weakness for strong drink, has the name of being a good worker; indeed some people assert that she is worth two of her husband, who is not noted for his industrious habits. Mrs. Thomas confirmed the story told by several of the neighbors, that her father, when not under the influence of liquor, is

Quiet and Inoffensive.

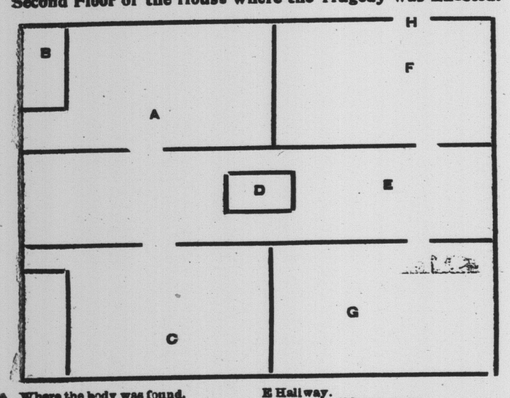
She thinks that those who got her father intoxicated are to blame for the tragedy and not he. The poor woman burst into tears when told that her father had been taken to Fredericton.

The Gover family, whether justly or unjustly, do not bear a very good name in the community. Their house was generally made a sort of rendevous for the tough element in the community. The "boys" always took liquor along with them when going to Grovers, and the object of their visit was to have some fun with the old folks and a good time. All that was necessary to ensure a hearty reception at Gover's was a good supply of whiskey. While Gover never made a practice of purchasing liquor himself, the same cannot be said of his better half. When she wanted something to drink and had the wherewithal, she usually had a way of getting it.

Mrs. Gover Ran the House.

People in the neighborhood generally speak well of Gover, but very few can be found to say a good word for his wife. She, according to common report, was boss of the Gover household and ran the whole show. She did all the buying and selling, and, when her husband went out to work in the lumber woods or at stream driving, she saved him the trouble of collecting his wages by doing it for him. The old man was never allowed to handle any cash, and this is probably one of the reasons that when under the influence of liquor he always made things lively for his wife. The married daughter of the Govers, who has been living with them for a time, does not seem to enjoy a very good reputation. She is said to be on bad terms with her husband, and people in the locality seem to unite in giving her a bad name. Indeed it is boldly asserted that the young man "Bub" McNeill, who was one of the first on the scene after the murder had been committed, had spent the night with Mrs. Thomas, and there seems to be good grounds for the assertion. McNeill, whose Christian name is Ernest, belongs to Nashwaak village and has lately returned from the States. He is generally reputed to be a hard ticket. He was one of those who took part in the orgy at Gover's house on the night preceding the tragedy, and has since made tracks from the neighborhood, perhaps to escape detention as an important witness.

Second Floor of the House where the Tragedy was Enacted.



A Where the body was found.
B Bed where Mrs Gover slept.
C Room and bed occupied by Gover and McLean.
D Stairway leading to ground floor.
E Hallway.
F and G Children's room.
H Window through which Mrs. Gover escaped to the ell roof and thence to the ground.

[From Hell to Hell.

As Gover was leaving his home to surrender himself to the law, he was heard to remark that he had been living in hell all his life and he supposed he would be sent to the real place now.

Very few people seem to entertain the idea that McLean, when he entered Mrs. Gover's bedroom, had any object in view other than to offer her a drink of whisky. He had been an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Gover's since childhood, and having been drinking with her on the previous night he no doubt thought himself privileged to tender her a drink in the morning. A partly filled flask of liquor which McLean is supposed to have had with him when he met his death, was found in the room by Dr. Moore. One story in circulation is that Gover himself had the flask, from which he offered his intended victim a drink, and as he raised his left hand to accept it, plunged the knife into his side. Possibly this may be the correct version of the tragedy.

When Gover was in his sober senses he is said to have been handled pretty roughly by his wife, she on one occasion having been seen to knock him down with her fist four times in succession.

It appears that when McLean left the Gover house, about midnight, he proceeded to McGivney's, just across he road, and while a bed was being prepared for him took his departure, returning to Gover's and to his death.

The Post-Mortem.

Drs. Stelling and Wainwright held a post-mortem examination on the body of McLean Friday. They found that the knife had entered the body on the left side, between the eighth and ninth ribs. The keen blade had knicked the eighth rib, penetrating the wall and left ventricle of the heart, and entered the lobe of the left lung. They examined the brain of the deceased, but found no evidence to warrant the belief that death had resulted from the effects of alcohol.

The victim of the tragedy was about 48 years of age and unmarried. He was born at Lake George, but when three years old went to live with his aunt and uncle, the parents of James Humble, who practically adopted him. For many years he was worked for Mr. Humble as foreman in the lumber woods, and was regarded by his employer as thoroughly reliable and trustworthy. He had one great weakness, however, an over fondness for strong drink, but apart from this no one had any particular fault to find with him. Mr. Humble is much grieved over the death of his trusted employe and life long friend and companion, and naturally does not entertain much sympathy for the man who is accused of taking his life.

The weapon with which the crime was committed is now in the possession of Dr. Moore. It is simply a butcher knife about ten inches in length.

He Asked Too Much.

It was in Bradford, says Tit-Bits. An old man was about to step in front of a steam train going at full speed, when a hand seized him and flung him back. It was a narrow shave, and as soon as the old man realized it he extended his hand to his rescuer and exclaimed:

"You have saved my life, and I can never repay the debt!"

"I deserve no thanks," was the modest reply.

"But you deserve more than thanks. I am a rich man, and I want to give you some substantial token of my gratitude. Here—let me write you a check for——" "I couldn't accept anything—really. I couldn't," protested the other, but there is something you might do for me all the same."

Speak and it shall be done."

"You are a rich man, and I know you by name. I am secretary of the gas company. Every month when you come in to pay your bill you make a tremendous row for half an hour, and declare that we are highway robbers. If you would only agree——"

"Not to make a row over my gas bill. Never, sir, never! You saved my life, and I am ready to draw you a check for £10,000, but as foregoing a privilege granted only to free-born Britons, I can't surrender it—couldn't do it if you saved my life a dozen times over!"

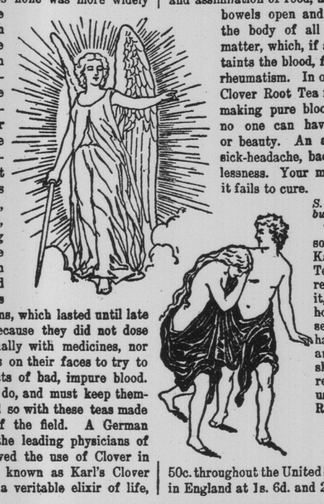
British Columbia Government House

VICTORIA, B. C., May 18—Carey Castle, the residence of Lieut. Governor Macinnes, was totally destroyed by fire today.

FREE This beautiful Gold-filled Solitaire Ring, in exquisite Flush-lined case, for selling 1 doz. dainty packets of Heliotrope, Rose and Violet perfume. Sells at 10c. each. Return us $1.20 and receive ring FREE by return mail. Liberal commission, if preferred. Unsold goods returnable. HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 86 Toronto, Ont.

When the ground was cursed

for sinful Adam's sake, well knowing all the ills to which human kind would be subject, God made it to bear herbs of all-healing. Among these herbs none was more widely distributed, or more potent for good than the Clover. The scientists of old soon found out the wonderful effect on the nervous system exercised by clover root, making it one of the chief ingredients in their most successful receipts for blood elixirs, sleeping draughts, and for the curing of diseases of the skin. Women in that olden time had clear, bright eyes and fine complexions, which lasted until late in life. Why? Because they did not dose themselves continually with medicines, nor use mineral poisons on their faces to try to cover up the effects of bad, impure blood. They had work to do, and must keep themselves well, and did so with these teas made from the herbs of the field. A German scientist, one of the leading physicians of the time, has revived the use of Clover in medicine. This is known as Karl's Clover Root Tea, and is a veritable elixir of life, gently stimulating the stomach and bowels, causing them to secrete naturally the various juices needed for the processes of digestion and assimilation of food, and by keeping the bowels open and regular, relieved the body of all waste, poisonous matter, which, if allowed to remain, taints the blood, frequently causing rheumatism. In other words, Karl's Clover Root Tea restores health by making pure blood, without which no one can have either strength or beauty. An absolute cure for sick-headache, backache and sleeplessness. Your money refunded if it fails to cure.



S. C. Wells & Co., 52 Colburn St., Toronto, Ont.

"Gentlemen: I am so well pleased with Karl's Clover Root Tea, and the good results derived from it, that I hardly know how to express myself. For years I have had indigestion and eruptions of the skin, and found no relief until I began using Karl's Clover Root Tea.

"EDGAR P. WILLS,
"Omaha, Neb."

Sold at 25c. and 50c. throughout the United States and Canada, in England at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 3d.

LOOKS MORE PEACEFUL.

Conference Between the Governor of Cape Colony, the High Commissioner of South Africa and President Kruger Will Be Held in a Short Time.

LONDON, May 18—The secretary of state for the colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, announced in the house of commons today that a meeting between Alfred Milner, the governor of Cape Colony and high commissioner of South Africa, and President Kruger, had been arranged to take place on May 30 at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, at the invitation of the president of the Orange Free State, M. T. Steyn. He added:—

"Sir Alfred Milner with my approval, accepted the invitation with the earnest hope of arriving at a satisfactory settlement of the situation which the British government could accept and recommend to the Outlanders as a reasonable concession of their just demands.

"President Kruger has also accepted but he added that the terms of Sir Alfred Milner's acceptance go farther than his intention, but that he will gladly discuss every proposal conducing to a good understanding between the Transvaal and Great Britain, provided the independence of the Transvaal is not impugned." (Cheers).

PRETORIA, May 18—President Kruger's reform proposals have been presented to the Raad. They suggest that the franchise be conferred to aliens five years after eligibility to the second Raad instead of 10 years after such eligibility, as is now the case, thus making a nine years' residence in the Transvaal qualify for the full franchise.

The First Mileage Ticket.

The "man with the big ticket" is in Denver. Though that sobriquet may not mean much to the casual listener, to any old conductor on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad it means but one person, W. S. Chenoweth. This nickname arose from the fact that Mr. Chenoweth was the first possessor of a mileage ticket in the world. "That was nearly forty years ago," he says, "when I was travelling for an insurance company. I wanted a rate less than four cents a mile, and I went to the Chicago offices of the C., B. & Q. and told them so. The manager said he thought he could fix me up for $75 so that I should not have to pay more than two cents a mile. He took a sheet of foolscap paper and ruled it into columns, one for the name of the place I started at, and another for the place I got off at, and a place for the conductor to sign his name in. On top of the whole thing was a written agreement of the rate I was to have. It was not a big thing when I started, but as I went on, I had to paste on extensions for the conductors to sign their names on. That thing grew and grew till at last it was about ten feet long. It became too troublesome to carry, so I sent it back and had it renewed. If I travelled my time out on it it would certainly have been twenty feet long."

During the twenty-eight years that Mr. Chenoweth travelled for the insurance company he averaged 25,000 miles a year, making the astonishing total of 700,000 miles. He has become so used to going about from place to place that he finds it impossible to stay at home. He says it is bad for his health and makes him get thin, so he still keeps up his peregrinations. [Denver Republican.

Deaths and Burials.

Mr. Edward Craft, a well known resident of West End, died Friday morning at his home on Prince street, leaving a wife and several children. He had been ill for the past two months.

The remains of the late Mr. John Harding were interred Friday morning in the new Catholic cemetery, the funeral being held at 8 30 o'clock from his late residence, Paradise Row. The body was taken to Holy Trinity church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. J. J. Walsh. Many friends attended.

Trouble in the Bluefields.

WASHINGTON, May 21—There was a rumor here tonight that there had been a hostile meeting at Bluefields between the Nicaraguan gunboat San Jacinto and the United States cruiser Detroit, which is looking after the interests of Americans in that vicinity. The report lacks confirmation, so far as official advices are obtainable, the statement being made in responsible quarters that up to 11 o'clock there had been no information received in regard to it.

How To Sleep.

Sunlight is good for everything but feathers.

Away with hangings, either above or below the bed.

Beware of a dusty, musty carpet; better sweetness and a bare floor.

Do not fail to provide some means for ventilation during the night.

Keep the head cool while sleeping, but not by a draught of cold air falling upon it.

If a folding bed must be used, contrive some way to keep it aired and wholesome.

Let the pillow be high enough to bring the head in a natural position; no more or less.

Thoroughly air the sleeping room every day; place the beds and bedding outside as often as possible.

A dark, out-of-the-way, unwholesome corner is no more fitted for a sleeping room than for a parlour.

A feather bed which has done service for a generation or two is hardly a desirable thing upon which to sleep.—Baltimore News.

Maine Forest Fires Out.

FOXCROFT, Me., May 18.—The forest fires which have been raging in the Moosehead region for a week past, are now entirely extinguished. The damage is not so great as at first thought, and on the west side of the lake, where it was reported to be most severe, the damage was small.

FOR BELLEISLE.

Steamer Springfield

Having been rebuilt under the supervision of the most practical government inspectors, will leave North End, Indiantown, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock, local time, until further notice, for the blue waters of the Belleisle, scenery unsurpassed, calling at all the intermediate points on the river and Belleisle, returning on alternate days at 1 p m. Freight and fare low as usual. Good accommodation. Meals at all hours; Waiters in attendance and a good time may be expected.

All orders attended to with promptness.

J. G. DOWNEY, Manager.

5,000 Bushels Seed Oats

Banner, Siberian and Early Gothland Seed Oats, Also Ontario and Provincial.

Canadian and Western

TIMOTHY.

Clover, Corn, Peas, Turnip And Garden Seeds.

JAMES COLLINS,
208 and 210 Union St., St. John, N. B.

FREE This handsome boy's watch with a chain and charm for selling two doz dainty packets of Heliotrope, Rose and Violet Perfume at 10cts. each, or this pretty lady's watch with a chain and charm for selling three doz. and we send the perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we forward your watch all charges paid.

HOME SPECIALTY CO. Dept. 88 TORONTO, ONT.

Family Knitter

Will do all Knitting required in a family, homespun or factory yarn. SIMPLEST Knitter on the MARKET. We guarantee every machine to do good work. Agents wanted. Write for particulars.

PRICE, $8.00 Dundas Knitting Machine Co. DUNDAS ONT.

Bicycles Repaired,

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JOSEPH THOMPSON'S

Machine Works,

Smythe Street, - Telephone 968

CASH.

I want consignments of Butter and Eggs, for which I will pay highest market prices. Prompt cash returns.

N. S. SPRINGER,
Cor. Camden & Simon Streets St. John: N. B.

740 Silk Fringe Cards, Love, Transparent, Scrap, Acquaintance Cards, LAUGHING CAMERA, Prize Puzzles, New Games, Magical Illusions, &c. Finest Sample Book of CARDS Premiums Visiting and Hidden Name Cards Agents Outfit All for 2c. stamp. OHIO CARD CO., Cadiz, Ohio.