

THEY ARE NOW MURDERERS

Bank Burglars Shot Down Constable in Cold Blood

A despatch from Toronto says: Frank Rutledge, Fred Lee Rice and Thomas Jones, known as the Chicago bank robbers, made a reckless attempt to escape from their guards on Tuesday night while being driven from the city hall to the jail, and were only subdued after a county constable had been killed, and Jones was himself seriously wounded.

Rutledge, Jones and Rice have had their story often told. They are known all over North America as a trio of desperate men whose records earned both in Canada and the United States. They have shown that they will stop at nothing. After the long legal fight which went against them in Chicago, they came to Toronto and behaved as well as men in their position could be expected to do. They talked with their guards, laughed at things that pleased them, and seemed to take things with a long measure of philosophy. Rice, the "gentleman" of the three, drew pictures. Not till Tuesday night did they drop the mask of docility and enter on the most daring enterprise on record in the criminal annals of Toronto.



RICE ALIAS HARRIS

who fired the shot which killed Constable Boyd, is 27 years of age. He is better known as Fred Harris. He is a little over 5 feet 7 inches in height, is of medium build, and fair complexion, with light chestnut hair, slightly curly. He has evidently been in scraps before, for he has a scar about the root of his nose and his right and left index fingers are scarred. He is known to the police as a forger and safe-blower, and was arrested in Chicago on 1st June last, wear on the latter charge.

BEHAVIOR IN COURT

The evidence in the Aurora bank robbery case had been going against them and as the afternoon wore on they seemed to lose their habitual composure and became restless and eager. At the adjournment of the court at six o'clock the three were shackled together and placed in a hack to be taken to the jail. Jones sat in the centre with Rutledge chained to his left hand and Rice to his right, the three being seated on the back seat of the cab. Opposite them were County Constables William Boyd and Walter Stewart, and Constable Lyman Bognart, sat on the seat with George Higley, of 237 Sackville St., the cab driver.

HORSES TOO SLOW

The drive was uneventful until the cab began to approach Sumach street, on Gerrard street, when the prisoners began to seem anxious.

"I think you have a slow team, there," shouted Rice to the driver at the start. "Try and drive us home a little faster to-night." Higley obligingly whipped up his horses and brought the cab nearer to Sumach street, and Constable Boyd nearer to his death. At the corner of Sumach street, a stranger, who had apparently come up Sumach street, and



FRANK RUTLEDGE

whose real name is Frank Warrnell, is 31 years old, and was born in Pennsylvania. He is 5 feet 10 inches in height, and is of fair complexion, and medium build. He has dark chestnut hair, and is known as a safe burglar, and was arrested in Chicago along with Rice and Jones in June last, on that charge.

was loitering at the curb, ran to the side of the cab and tossed a bundle through the window. It fell to the floor of the cab and was instantly pounced upon by Rice and Rutledge, who had each a free hand. Rutledge says the newspaper wrapping from the parcel was brought out a stiff hat and a revolver. Rice had also pulled a revolver from the parcel, and had aimed it deliberately at the constable. He was then shot by Constable Boyd.

in the cab, was the only officer aimed. He reached back toward his hip pocket, but Jones saw the action, and, being unable to do anything else, yelled to the others to give it to the other one." Stewart promptly dropped all form of resistance, and, foregone fear and submission, "I give up," he said, throwing up his hands. "Get out of the rig."

Rutledge at once jumped out, dragging the others after him. Once outside he turned and began shooting back into the cab. Rice, also, as he alighted, fired into the vehicle. The three then ran for a passing street car of the Carlton and College line, but as they turned, Stewart snatched his revolver and began to shoot. The constable fired from his revolver, broke Jones' right arm, and the man yelled in agony, and would seemingly have stopped. He was shackled, to the others, however, and they

DRAGGED HIM ON.

Rutledge and Stewart, who had been hit by Jones again in the groin, and the man staggered. The fugitives climbed on to the front platform of the car, and grabbed the motorman to get control of the car. Daniel Black, of 310 St. Paul street, the motorman, clung to the controls, but was being overpowered by the robbers. The car pulled down the pole and the car stopped. Constable Bognart had jumped from the cab seat, and though unarmed, ran to the aid of Stewart. The runaways fired at him, but the bullet went wide, and Bognart, Stewart and Black, closed in on the three murderers. Stewart, believing that he had exhausted the cartridges in his own weapon, dropped it, and seized Rutledge's revolver, wrenched it from his hand. Rutledge picked up the discarded revolver, but could not use it, and Stewart began to hammer all three with his club. With the pulling down of the trolley pole and the application of the brakes, the car stopped near Chesman's butcher shop at Sword street, and here the two constables and motorman were struggling with the desperadoes when two jail guards, Richard Deeds and James Spanton, who were on their way home, saw the trouble and boarded the car. The prisoners were still firing, sending bullets in all directions, and it was only by happy accident that no one else was killed. Bullets crashed through the doors of 449 and 455 Gerrard street, but with the coming of the two jail guards the resistance practically ceased.

PRISONERS OVERPOWERED.

"I give in," said Rutledge, and as Jones was unable to fight, Rice was the only one left to deal with. He was soon overpowered, and the car ran on to the jail gates. Rutledge, Jones and Rice being covered meanwhile

with revolvers. They were transferred to the jail.

Constable Boyd lived only a short time after Rice's murderous attack. The bullets had entered his head on the left side above the ear and penetrated to his brain. Jones, when examined by Drs. Bingham and Sear, at the jail, was found to be badly hurt. The bullet in his groin was penetrated in safety, but his arm is shattered and may have to be amputated.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

County Constable Bognart says he saw nothing of the stranger with the revolvers. After the first shot the horses were pulled up and he jumped across his seat beside the driver, and ran to the left side of the hack, where Constable Boyd was killed. With his hand to the side of his head, Bognart spoke to him, and receiving no reply, rushed to the car, where the desperate struggle between the prisoners and constables and citizens was just ending.

ALL THREE INJURED

None of the prisoners escaped uninjured from the rain of blows from the club in the hands of Stewart. Rice has two wounds, an inch and a half each in length, on the back of his head. When these were being dressed he could resist the surgeon to be strapped and removed all the blood from his hair. Rutledge also has wounds which did not profusely bleed when he arrived at the jail, he was very weak.

THOMAS JONES IS DEAD

It is expected that their Royal Highnesses, after leaving Winnipeg, will make short stops at Brandon, Regina and Glangarry, and will probably spend Sunday at Daif.

ROYALTY'S TOUR

The Dates Are Fixed for All the Principal Cities in Canada.

A despatch from Ottawa says: According to present arrangements their Royal Highnesses will arrive in Quebec on Monday, September 18th, on H.M.S. Ophir, where they will be specially received by the Governor-General and the Prime Minister, Members of the Cabinet, and officers of the State. Their Highnesses will leave Halifax for their homeward journey on October 21st, and the following outline of their tour through the Dominion has been provisionally approved:

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MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Professor C. G. Chubb, 333, Drain, 33, in the Leading Markets

Toronto, June 11.—Wheat.—The feeling to-day is rather weaker. No. 2 white and red winter sold at 66¢, middle freight, to Montreal, and No. 2 red winter is quoted at 68¢, low freight, to New York. Spring sold at 69¢ for No. 2 on C. P. R. middle freight. Goose, 65c to 65¢ middle freight. No. 1 Manitoba hard, at 92¢ 5-11, middle freight to Montreal. No. 2 hard, at 81¢ middle freight, No. 3 hard, 80¢. No. 4 hard Toronto, and west, 80¢.

Barley—Market quiet and prices steady. Bran, in car lots, \$12 to \$12.50 west, and shorts \$18 to \$14 west.

Corn—The market is steady, with Canadian yellow selling at 40¢ to 41¢, and mixed at 40¢ to 40½¢ west, yellow, on track, 40¢.

Butter—Receipts are fair, and the demand good. Pound rolls job at 15c to 17c; choice tubs, 14 to 16c inferior, 10 to 12c. Creamery boxes, 18 to 19c; and rolls, 19 to 20c.

Eggs—Market unchanged at 11c per dozen in large lots, and at 11½c for case lots. No. 2 choice, 8½ to 9c. Cheese—Market quiet. Full cream September, 9½ to 10c; do., new, 9 to 9½c.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs unchanged at \$8.75 to \$9.25 for small lots. Hog products firm, as follows: Bacon, long clear, loose, in car lots, 10c, in case lots, 10½ to 10c. Short cut pork, \$20 to \$20.50; heavy mess pork, \$19 to \$19.50; smoked meats, \$15.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, June 11.—The weakness of the outside markets had a depressing effect on the local grain market to-day. Buyers were unwilling to give more than 76c for either red or white wheat, and holders are shy. A few cars of peas sold at 76c. Barley is scarce and prices are firm.

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NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Woodstock will be incorporated as a city on July 1.

Britain's population is 16,616,856, an increase of 3,653 over 1891.

A fever house is to be added to the Hamilton General Hospital.

Rev. Mr. Mackay, the well-known missionary, died at Formosa.

Ontario has a gang of boy burglars, about 25 in number, about 16 years of age.

TRAGEDY AT BRAMPTON.

Benjamin Parsons Killed His Wife and Then Suicided.

A despatch from Brampton, Ont., says:—Benjamin Parsons, of Queen street east, Brampton, a wholesale butcher, Friday morning between five and six o'clock, killed his wife and suicided by cutting their throats from ear to ear with a large butcher knife.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Receipts are fair, and the demand good. Pound rolls job at 15c to 17c; choice tubs, 14 to 16c inferior, 10 to 12c. Creamery boxes, 18 to 19c; and rolls, 19 to 20c.

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The Man

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Mrs. Wetherell is abducted by Nikola who demands a ransom from her father \$100,000 and a notorious Chinese thief, Mr. Wetherell and her lover, Richard Hartford, attempt a coup to release their friends.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The Inspector took a cigar, but declined, stating that he preferred pipe. But my pipe was in my room, which was on the other side of the passage; so asking them to wait for me, I went to fetch it. I left the room, shutting the door behind me. But it so happened that the pipe-case had been moved, and was some minutes before I could find it. Having done so, however, I lit out my candle, and was about to enter the room, which was exactly opposite the study, when I heard a green, black door at the end of a passage open, and a light footstep came along the corridor. Instantly I stood perfectly still, and waited to see who it might be. Closer and closer the step came. I saw in the half dark the pretty figure of one of the parlour maids. On tiptoe she crept up to the study door, and the stooping down, listened at the hole. Instantly I was on the alert, every nerve strained to watch her. For nearly five minutes she stood there, and then with a glance toward the door, she slipped quietly along the passage again, closing the door after her.

When she was safely out of hearing I crossed to the study. There the Inspector and Mr. Wetherell saw that something had happened and were going to question me. But I held up my hand.

"Don't ask any questions, but let me go quickly, and as quietly as you can, what you have been talking about during the last five minutes."

"Why?"

"Don't stop to ask questions. Believe in the importance of my last words."

"What was it?"

"I have only been giving Mr. Wetherell a notion of the steps I propose to take," said the Inspector. "Thank you. Now I'm off to the study for me. Mr. Wetherell, I'm going to follow up a clue that I put up on the night of the abduction. I don't think you had better come with me, Inspector, but I'll meet you again at six o'clock."

You can't explain, I suppose," said the latter, looking a little puzzled.

"I'm afraid not," I answered. "I'll tell you this much: I'm the servant of the female servant's father-in-law. This door just now. She'll be off to bed. I mistake not, with the news she's picked up, and I want to watch her Good-night."

"Good-night," and good-bye to you.

"Without another word I slipped off my boots, and carrying them in my hand, left the room, and went downstairs to the sleeping-room. The apartment looked out on the garden, and possessed a window shaded by a big tree. Opening it, I jumped out and carefully closed it after me. Then, pausing for a moment to resume my boots, I crept quietly down the path, jumped a low wall, and passed into the back street. About fifty yards from the back street, I alighted by the road, on the opposite side of the road, there was a big tree, a Bay fig-tree. Under the trunk of the tree, I stood, and turned a watchful eye upon the house. Fortunately it was a dark night, so that it would have been extremely difficult for any one to see the way to have detected my presence.

"For some minutes I waited, and was beginning to wonder if I should have been detected, when I heard the soft click of a latch, and next minutes a small dark figure passed out into the street, and before I could get after it. Then, pausing a moment, as if to make up her mind, for the mysterious person was a woman, she set off quickly in the direction of the city. I followed about a hundred yards behind her.

With the exception of one policeman, who stood very hard at me, we did not meet a soul. Once or twice I nearly lost her, and when we reached the city itself, I was so sure that it would be well for me to decrease the difference that separated us, if I did not wish to hit somebody to her advantage. I second her fashion was my steps, and in this fashion we passed up one street and down another, until we reached what I cannot help thinking must have been the lowest quarter of Sydney. On either hand were Chinese shops and signboards, marking a narrow alleyway, while in this locality a few of the inhabitants seemed to have any idea of what bad meant. Groups of sullen-looking men and women were clustered in the corners, and on one occasion the person I was pursuing was stopped by them. But she defiantly knew how to take care of herself, for she was soon marching on her way again.

At the end of one long and filthy street she paused, and the road just before this, and was narrowly ten yards behind her. Pulling my hat well over my eyes, I followed her, and when she had done so, I followed her. I saw her face, and she was a woman of about thirty years of age. She was dressed in a black dress, and had her hair done up in a bun. She was walking with a very steady gait, and I followed her for some time, until she had reached the door of a dwelling. She opened the door, and passed in, and I saw her go in a ratty fix—either I