

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, 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 year 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 Bogart, sat on the seat with George Highley, 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." Highley 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 was loitering at the curb, ran to the side of the cab and tossed a bundle through the window. It fell to the



FRANK RUTLEDGE

whose real name is Frank Warnell, 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. He also is known as a safe burglar, and was arrested in Chicago along with Rice and Jones in June last, on that charge.

floor of the cab and was instantly pounced upon by Rice and Rutledge, who had each a free hand. Rutledge tore the newspaper wrapping from the parcel and brought out a stiff hat and a revolver. Rice had also pulled a revolver from the parcel, and he aimed it deliberately at Boyd, who sat directly opposite him. The constable sprang forward, but Rice pulled the trigger, firing twice, and Boyd fell.

MORRALLY WOUNDED.

Walter Stewart, the other constable in the cab, was the only officer armed. 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 feigned 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 first ball 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.

and started to board the car, Stewart hit 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 Seaton street, the motorman, clung to the controller, but was being overcome when some one on the back of the car pulled down the pole and the car stopped. Constable Bogart had jumped from the cab seat, and though unarmed, ran to the aid of Stewart. The runaway fired at him, but the bullet went wide, and Bogart, Stewart and Black, closed in on the three murderers. Stewart, believing that he had exhausted the cartridges in his own weapon, dropped it, and seizing 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 Dodds 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



FRED JONES ALIAS SMITH

who was shot by policeman Stewart, and who has since died, travelled under the alias of Frank Ryan, and is also known as Davis. He was born in Kentucky and was 37 years of age. He was a little over six feet in height, was of medium build, was of florid complexion and had dark chestnut hair. He was a laborer by occupation, and was arrested in Chicago on 1st June for safe-blowing.

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 overcome, 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 Sneath at the jail, was found to be badly hurt. The bullet in his groin was extracted in safety, but his arm is shattered and may have to be amputated.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

County Constable Bogart says he saw nothing of the stranger with the revolvers. After the first shot the horses were pulled up and he jumped from his seat beside the driver, and ran to the left side of the hack, where Constable Boyd was huddled, with his hand to the side of his head. Bogart spoke to him, and receiving no reply, rushed to the car, where the desperado

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 coolly requested the surgeon to be sure and remove all the blood from his hair. Rutledge also had scalp wounds which bled profusely, and when he arrived at the jail he was very weak.

Crown Attorneys Dewart and Curry visited the three prisoners, and also heard the statements of eye-witnesses whose stories were all taken down in shorthand. A charge of murder is to be laid against all three for the killing of Boyd.

THOMAS JONES IS DEAD.

Thomas Jones, the bank robber, who was shot in the arm and in the groin by Constable Stewart at the time of the Boyd murder, died in the General Hospital at 7 minutes past eight on Thursday morning. The shattered arm was removed on Wednesday and Jones appeared to be resting easily. The bullet in the groin was probed for without success and it was decided to leave it alone. The patient was placed in ward 21 in the east wing, the windows of which are heavily barred and a county constable mounted guard over him. After coming out of the stupor following the administration of an anaesthetic, Jones slept quietly, but Thursday morning he took a quick turn for the worse. Twenty minutes before his death it is said that he turned to County Constable J. F. Stegman and said: "If I had had the use of my hands Stewart would have been where Boyd is."

The guards changed, and Constable Frank Brown was with Jones when he died. The officials say that nothing in the nature of an ante-mortem statement was made.

SUICIDE OF RUTLEDGE.

Frank Rutledge, the convicted bank robber, who with Fred Lee Rice, was charged with the murder of County Constable Boyd, committed suicide in the jail on Friday afternoon.

He was being taken with another prisoner, in charge of one of the jail guards, to dinner, between 2:30 and 3 o'clock, when he made a sudden dash, and springing up the stairway mounted to a gallery running round the inside of the jail, 30 feet from the floor.

Reaching the gallery, he gathered himself together without a second's hesitation, and climbing over the railing jumped on the paving, which is made of this glass in an iron framework, and apparently crushed his skull.

Guards at once hurried to his assistance and carried him to a cot and Drs. Richardson and Sneath were soon in attendance on him. His case was seemingly hopeless, both doctors being of the opinion that his injuries would be fatal.

A telephone message was at once sent to the City Sheriff's office, and to City Crown Attorney Curry. An officer from the former office and Mr. Curry himself went down to the jail, Mr. Curry hoping to secure an ante-mortem statement from Rutledge.

Rutledge seemed to take the sentence of twenty-one years with much equanimity, though he turned pretty white. He showed no signs of faltering when leaving the dock at the Sessions, or in appearing later on in the Police Court. At the investigation into the murder charge he took his usual interest in all the proceedings, and talked with Rice and with his lawyer, Mr. Robinette.

Going down to the jail in a cab nothing unusual was noticed in his behaviour beyond a moody silence which under the circumstances of the case was not looked upon as significant.

Whether the news of Jones' death had any effect on him is not known. He showed no emotion whatever when told of it, and never referred except to his comrade Rice, about their dead companion.

The Crown is now left to deal only with Rice, the man who, according to the sworn testimony of Walter Stewart, fired the shot which killed Constable Boyd, and against whom the Crown has what is considered an impregnable case.

He made no statement to the officers or the Crown Attorney, and at 4:20 he breathed his last.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Horses, Grain, etc. in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, June 11.—Wheat — The feeling to-day is rather weaker. No. 2 white and red winter sold at 68c, middle freights, to Portland, and No. 2 red winter is quoted at 68½c, freight to New York. Spring sold at 69c for No. 2, on C. P. R. middle freight. Goose, 65c to 65½c middle freight. No. 1 Manitoba hard, at 92c, g.i.t., middle freight to Montreal. No. 2 hard, at 89c. No. 1 hard Toronto and west, 90c.

Millfeed—Market quiet and prices steady. Bran, in car lots, \$12 to \$12.50 west, and shorts \$13 to \$14 west.

Corn—The market is steady, with Canadian yellow selling at 40½ to 41c, and mixed at 40 to 40½c west; yellow, on track, 46½c.

Rye—The market is quiet, with

MRS. McCORD MURDERED.

A Shocking Double Tragedy in London Township.

A despatch from London, Ont., says:—Crazed by love for his young wife, whom he had driven from his home in Chicago, Robert Fulford, Saturday night murdered his mother-in-law, and blew out his own brains. Fulford came from Chicago in search of his wife, who had come to her father's home on the 9th concession of London township three weeks ago, and not finding her there, shot down her mother as she stood talking to him in the barnyard.

Placing the muzzle of the revolver in his mouth, he shattered his brains and fell dead, as the murdered woman's husband rushed to the spot, Fulford was a prosperous contractor, living in Chicago, and Gertrude McCord was his first cousin. Nine years ago she was a girl of 16, living with her parents near Exeter. The prosperous business man came to Ontario on a visit, and was struck with the charms of the young girl. He was talented, and music was her hobby. He invited her to pay a visit to Chicago, and stop at his house. He told her parents of the great facilities for obtaining a musical education in the big city, and persuaded them that his wife would be glad to welcome his cousin. Gertrude went to Chicago, and, for a time, pursued her studies in music. But the family was not a happy one, and Mrs. Fulford objected to the presence of the pretty Canadian cousin. The husband and wife did not agree, and, in the city of easy separation, this meant but one thing, a divorce.

MARRIED GERTIE.

Within a few months Fulford was a free man, and seven years ago, married his pretty 18-year-old cousin. For at time, all went well. Mrs. Fulford No. 2 was enamoured of her handsome, big husband, and he apparently idolized her. A couple of years since domestic friction arose, and, finally, last fall Mrs. Gertrude Fulford left her husband's home, and came back to her father. A reconciliation was effected and she returned to Chicago and her husband. Just three weeks ago she again left him, she says, because he threatened her life, and sought refuge with her parents.

Fulford wrote to her asking her to return, but she did not come. Then his letters grew threatening, and, fearing a scene should the irate husband come seeking his wife, her parents sent their daughter to the home of some friends at St. Mary's. Following his letters came the deserted husband with two 45-calibre pistols to induce his erring spouse to return

prices unchanged, at 50c middle, and 50½c east.

Buckwheat—Prices nominal, with very little offering.

Peas—Market is firm, with sales at 66½c west.

Barley—Market ruled firm; No. 2 quoted at 50c lake ports, and at 45c middle freights. No. 3 extra, 49c at lake ports.

Oats—Market is easier, with No. 2 quoted at 34 to 34½c on track here, and at 31 to 31½c high freights.

Flour—The market is steady, with fair demand. Millers quote strong bakers' at \$2.75, in buyers' covers for export, and shippers quote 90 per cent. patents at \$2.65 to \$2.67 middle freight. For shipment in bbls. to lower provinces \$3.20 is quoted. Manitoba patents, \$4.25, and strong bakers' \$4.

Oatmeal—Market unchanged. Car lots at \$3.65 in bags, and at \$3.75 in wood; small lots 20c extra.

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 18½c; and rolls, 19 to 20c.

Eggs—Market unchanged at 11c per dozen in large lots, and at 11½c for case lots. No. 2 chips, 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 10¾c. Short cut pork, \$20 to \$20.50; heavy mess pork, \$19 to \$19.50; shoulder mess, \$15.

Smoked Meats—Hams, heavy, 12½c; medium, 13½c; light, 14c. Rolls 11½ to 12c; backs, 14 to 15c; and shoulders 11c.

Lard—Pails, 11c; tubs, 10½c; tierces, 10½c.

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. Oats are quiet, and rye is local. There is a fair trade doing for local account in the Manitoba grades of flour, but Ontario brands are heavy owing to the fact that Ontario millers are putting up prices 20c a barrel above Montreal quotations.

Strike troubles and riots are spreading in various parts of Spain.

with him. He arrived in London on Saturday afternoon, and immediately took train for Ilderton, a small village near the McCord farm. Arriving there he secured the services of Wm. Schwartz, a shoemaker, living near the station, to drive him, to the McCord farm.

On the way to the farm he chatted to his driver about various matters. As they came to the McCord place he told Schwartz that his wife had run away from him about three weeks ago and he was going in there for her. He asked the driver to wait a few moments for him, as he would not be very long.

THE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Fulford walked up the lane toward the house. Mrs. McCord was milking in the barnyard, her husband being engaged in some work about the barn, some thirty yards away. The mother-in-law rose to greet him, and they shook hands, in an apparent friendly manner. There was a conversation of scarcely a minute's duration when Fulford drew two revolvers from his pockets and opened fire on the old lady. Four bullets struck her, one passing through the left breast, another through her head, and two lodging in the groin. The woman dropped without a word. Her husband heard the shots and instinctively grasping a stone he rushed to the defence of his wife. Just as he came behind Fulford there was another report, and the murderer dropped with a bullet in his skull.

Within ten yards of the tragedy, sat David McCord, a 15-year-old lad, milking. He saw Fulford walk up to Mrs. McCord. He heard the shots fired, and saw the woman drop. He was busy milking and never left his cow until Robert McCord cried out. He heard nothing of the conversation between Fulford and Mrs. McCord, and knew nothing of what happened. His milking occupied all his attention.

The body of Mrs. McCord was carried into the house, but that of the murderer suicide lay where it fell all night. Sunday morning the body was removed to the barn. In the inside pocket of the vest was a roll of \$427 in bills, secured by a safety pin. There was 55 cents in change in his pockets. The two revolvers were 45 calibre self-cockers, and were beautiful weapons. Four chambers of the one held in his right hand had been discharged. One bullet was gone from the one in his left hand. Fulford was well dressed in a grey spring suit with tan shoes, and new grey fedora hat, and he was of fine physique, six feet tall, and a man who would be noticed in a crowd.

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.

Parsons for some time had been deeply affected by the loss of a child six years of age, and gave expression to the belief that he had nothing to live for, there was no pleasure for him now. For the past two weeks Parsons had acted strangely, but no one thought he contemplated any such action.

Friday morning about a quarter to six Ida Parsons, the eleven year old child of Parsons, with her nine-year-old brother, and a baby girl of three years, ran crying across the road, to the house of Patrick Kenney, a man employed in the soda water works here, and told him their father and mother were dead. Kenney ran to a neighbor's house a short distance away and awakened him and said: "Get up; Ben Parsons has killed his wife and himself." Together they went to the house. The bedroom is situated on the east side. The Parsons were in the habit of rising about five o'clock, and it is supposed that at that hour or near it

HIS WIFE WAS KILLED.

Parsons went upstairs to his children's bedroom and said: "Ida, the Lord has told me to kill you children."

The child Ida jumped out of bed and said: "No, father, the Lord never told you that, for He would have told me, too, and you have killed my mother."

He, answering, said: "Oh my, I did," and going downstairs again he suicided. The room presented a distressing picture. Mrs. Parsons was lying partly under the bed in her night clothes, with her throat gashed, and her head in a pool of blood. Her husband was beside her, face down, saturated with his own blood.

The bed presented a suggestion of a slight struggle, the sheet in one place had been grasped with a tight clutch, but nothing else had been disturbed. Even if Mrs. Parsons had made any effort to save herself, she could not have done so, for Parsons was a powerful man and in the prime of life. It is evident he was deranged for a more kind and better man never lived. He had not an unkind grain in his make up. His love for his family was well and favorably known. His wife was formerly Miss Elizabeth Cheatham. She was thirty-five years of age.