

SUICIDE OF RUTLEDGE, THE BANK ROBBER,

Sprang From the Gallery in Toronto Jail.

HIS SKULL CRUSHED BY THE FALL

A Desperate Man's Desperate Deed—Cheated the Gallows But Met a Horrible End—His Death Deliberately Planned—Broken Down by the Charge of Murder Hanging Over His Head, He Lost Heart and Committed Suicide—A Guard Called to Him Not to Jump—Rice, the Only Remaining Prisoner, Much Affected by His Death—More About the Women.

Dates in the Bank Burglars' Tragedy

May 22, 1900—Gang begin operations in Canada. Standard Bank, Parkdale, entered.
May 24, 1900—Double burglary at Aurora.
May 28, 1900—Rice, Rutledge, Jones, leave Canada for Chicago.
June 1, 1900—Gang arrested in Chicago. Extradition proceedings begun.
April 3, 1901—Prisoners handed over to Canadian authorities at Chicago.
May 23—Jury disagree in Parkdale bank robbery case.
June 3—Trial for robbing Post-office at Aurora commenced.
June 4—Rice, Rutledge and Jones, in attempt to escape, shoot down Constable Boyd, and are recaptured.
June 5—Found guilty of burglary in Aurora—inquest opened on murder of Constable Boyd.
June 6—Jones, one of burglars, dies of wounds received in struggle to escape.
June 7—Fred Lee Rice and Frank Rutledge charged with murder of Constable Boyd—are sentenced to 21 years' penitentiary for Aurora robbery—Rutledge commits suicide by jumping from a gallery to jail floor.

Toronto, June 8.—Boyd dead, Jones dead, Rutledge dead.

These are the grim results of the most dramatic tragedy that Toronto has ever witnessed, and the end is not yet, for the shadow of the gallows hangs over Rice, the last of the three desperate men who for the past week have been the chief theme of conversation in the city.

Yesterday, in a moment of frenzy, Rutledge, on his return to the jail from the preliminary hearing of the charge of murdering Constable Boyd laid against him and Rice, feeling that wherever he turned the blackness of despair was upon him, jumped from the upper corridor of the interior court to the paved floor below, and alighting upon his head, sustained injuries from which he died an hour later. To escape the gallows—the ignominious end of his terrible fight against public order—Rutledge took his own life without a moment's hesitation by the only means at his disposal.

His Spirits Failed.

During yesterday Rutledge and Rice had not only received sentences of imprisonment for twenty-one years but had heard the evidence in a practically irrefragable charge of murder. For almost a week the men had been dragged about from court to inquest, and inquest to court and at every step their chances of freedom or even of life had lessened. Yesterday the spirit of Rutledge failed. He had hoped to escape the charge of murder and the chances of being hanged, for he believed Constable Stewart's evidence that it was Rice who fired the shot which killed Constable Boyd would save him. When he discovered that the law would hold him equally guilty he broke down. He came from the jail silent and downhearted, and heard the sentence of the court pronounced on him for burglary without a show of emotion, and when Judge McDougall asked him if he had anything to say why such sentence should not be pronounced, he answered, "Nothing, nothing," as if it were a matter of little concern.

It was in the prisoner's cell at the City Hall that Rutledge betrayed to the officers who were watching him his great uneasiness of mind. A few weeks ago, when the three friends, Jones, Rice and Rutledge, were locked up and talk as old and tried friends would talk. Yesterday Rutledge avoided Rice and acted like a caged animal. He almost ran from one end of the cell to the other, and when he had tired himself he would sit down on the floor in the corner, and with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his hands brood over the situation to which his own actions had brought him. Rice, the young man, the man who was unknown as a criminal outside of his own little native town before the present case began, the man against whom the evidence on the charge of murder had been specially directed, retained his volatile spirits. He wanted tobacco and a good meal before he was sent back to the jail. The officers to whom he made this request endeavored to arouse the interest of Rutledge, and asked him if he would like a meal from the "outside." "I don't know," he said. "I'm weak; I'm weak from loss of blood."

The Suicide Planned.

Neither the meal nor the tobacco were forthcoming, and at 2.30 o'clock the prison van came to take the prisoners back to the jail. There were seven men in all in the great cell, and before they were taken out Rutledge and Rice were handcuffed to two minor offenders, and then they were all crowded into the van, and an extra guard Detective Forrest,

and Policemen Steele and Wilson, accompanied Driver Bloodworth. During the trip to the jail Rutledge and Rice had opportunity to converse but said little to each other, the younger man being unable to raise Rutledge from his fit of despondency. When the van drew up in front of the jail the seven prisoners were marched into the main hall, and then taken separately into the "searching room," where the clothing of each man was examined. This completed, the line started for the dining-room, and then Rutledge put into execution the plan for his self-destruction, which probably all the morning he had been conceiving.

The corridors of the jail centre in a rotunda, round which balconies run on each story. It is lit from the roof, and access to each floor is gained by a spiral stairway of iron, which connects the basement with the top floor. This court is in the form of a semi-circle, and from it a view can be had of almost every corridor in the jail. On the second, just at the landing of the spiral stairway, is the entrance to the corridor in which the convicts receive their meals, and winding on upwards is the stairway leading to the second balcony and the chapel. When the march through this rotunda and up the stairway to the dining-room on the second floor began, Jull Guard George Grove led the way, and after him came the seven convicts, Guard John Norris bringing up the rear. Rice was the second prisoner in line and Rutledge the fourth. When the landing was reached Guard Grove led the way into the dining-room and three prisoners followed. The fourth, Rutledge, wheeled and dashed three steps at a time up the second stairway. The line halted for a moment, and Guard Norris, whose way was blocked by the men ahead of him, shouted for help. Rutledge, however, was plainly not attempting to escape, for every one up the twisting stairway sent him farther away from the single means of exit from the rotunda. In a moment the prisoner had gained the upper balcony and he stood around it until midway between the stairway and the wall.

A Leap to Death.

No one but a single sentry, Guard Thomas Lonergan, was on the floor with the desperate man, and Lonergan stood on the opposite side of the gallery. The chasm was between them, and the guard could do nothing. The balcony has a railing three feet four inches high, constructed of iron scroll work in the shape of panels. Over this railing Rutledge climbed until he stood with his feet on the lowest bar, his hands clutching the upper rail and his face to the wall. It was as if a man intended to take a back dive into water. Lonergan across the rotunda knew what Rutledge was about to do, and he shouted, "Don't, Frank, don't do that." The convict, with his hands still clinging to the rail and his feet now braced against the flooring of the balcony, turned his head and looked at the guard. He did not speak, but looked steadily at the last face he would see in life, and then turned his head back, lowered his arms so that his knees were bent almost to his chin, and leaning his body on the rail, threw himself out into the air. His body shot diagonally to the paving below. The impetus which he gave himself carried him outward, and a fraction of a second his head crashed upon the floor. He had accomplished his death in the way he had planned to.

Medical Aid Powerless.

Governor Van Zant had been superintending the movements of the prisoners, and he was in the main hall of the jail when Rutledge made his leap. Guard Lonergan had rung the alarm, and guards and trusted prisoners employed around the jail assisted the governor in lifting the body and carrying it back into the searching room. Drs. Richardson and Sneath came in response to urgent calls for them, but they could do nothing. The man was laid on the floor of the little room, with its grated window, a pile of bags under his shattered head and convicts wiping away the blood which oozed from his one great wound. His skull had been so terribly fractured that there was no hope of the return of consciousness. To anticipate any chance of a dying statement, Crown Attorney Garry and Mr. Alex. Downey, the official stenographer, came and waited by the side of the dying man, and the Rev. Francis C. C. Heathcote, of St. Clement's Church, stayed with them, in the hope that the life which was ebbing away might be revived. The minutes dragged along, and the strangely assorted group of clergymen, officials and prisoners waited and watched the troubled body, until 4.27 o'clock

Dr. Richardson closed his watch, and, turning to the group, said quietly, "The man is dead."
As the group broke up, the Grand Jury arrived and examined the premises, and Dr. Chamberlain, the inspector of Prisons, began his investigation. He went over the balconies with the guards who had Rutledge in charge, and will make a report to the Government upon the occurrence.

Rice Breaks Down.

The prisoner Rice, being the second in the line of prisoners, had entered the doorway leading to the dining-room when Rutledge bolted for the upper balcony. A minute later the alarm bell rang, and Rice turned to a guard and asked, "Is Rutledge dead?" This was taken to mean that Rutledge had communicated his plan of suicide to Rice while the prisoners were in the police van, but later in the day Rice denied that he had any previous knowledge of this intention. The young prisoner broke down completely when he was taken back to his cell. He leaned his head against the cell door and sobbed. "I heard the shout just as I entered the door," he said, "and when I looked back I saw Rutledge go through the air. Then I knew what he had done."

Rice was perhaps the only man in the jail who had a kindly word to say of the man whose life had just passed on. "Frank was as generous a man as I ever knew," he said. "In Chicago he always had money to give to the poor, and we never walked down street together without he gave something to mendicants. Among us his word was as good as gold. He was a real man, and he would stick to a friend to the last." Rutledge during his event-

ful career carried a small pocket Bible with him, and Rice's only request to permit of the trial of another important case. A large number of the onlookers, having seen appeared by a glimpse of the prisoners, left the court, and it was easier to proceed with the other cases. During this interval the two prisoners went upstairs to the Court of Sessions and received their sentences on the burglary charges.
At 1.15 o'clock the prisoners were again brought up in the Police Court on the murder charge, and County Constable Stewart gave his evidence, which was similar to that given at the inquest.
Mr. F. G. G. Stewart cross-questioned Stewart briefly. Stewart admitted

Charged With Murder.

When the two prisoners were arraigned before Colonel Denison he read to them the charge as follows: "You are charged that on the 4th day of June you did unlawfully murder one Wm. Boyd." They both pleaded not guilty, and elected to go before a jury. The court room was

They Were First Cousins.

Fulford met his wife when she was a young girl of 16 at the home of her parents, in the township of Usborne, near Exeter, Ontario. They were first cousins, and the prosperous Chicago business man was struck with the freshness and charm of his pretty Canadian cousin. He told her that he would be overjoyed to meet her, and that she would have a good chance to prosecute her musical studies in the big city. The McCords were grateful to their big, good-looking cousin for his kindness, and gladly sent their daughter to visit him. Mrs. Fulford welcomed her Canadian cousin, but within a few months her mind changed. She wished Gertrude to be a nurse, and she and her husband had a disagreement. The disagreement grew to an open breach, and the result was that the courts of Cook County judicially separated Robert Fulford and wife.

The Second Wedding.

Within a year there was another Mrs. Fulford, when Gertrude McCord became the 18-year-old bride of her cousin, much to the scandal of the staid people of Exeter and vicinity. Their marriage was happy for a time. Then Mrs. Fulford No. 2 says that her husband tyrannized over her and his threats frightened her. In October last she left him and came to her father's home. Many promises on both sides were made, and she returned to her husband. Three weeks ago she left him, this time finally, declaring she could no longer stand his treatment. Fulford wrote to Robert McCord, threatening violence unless his wife were returned to him. The wife, fearing a scene, left her parents' home and went to St. Mary's, a town some 30 miles distant.

Searching for His Wife.

On Saturday afternoon Fulford arrived at Ilderton, a small village about three miles from the McCord farm, and engaged William Schwartz to drive him to the home of his father-in-law. On the way he confided to the driver that he was in search of his wife, who had run away from him, and asked Schwartz to wait a few minutes for him. He walked directly to the barnyard, where Mrs. McCord was seated on her milking stool. She rose and greeted her son-in-law with a handshake, and the two conversed for a few seconds. When Fulford inquired of Mrs. McCord about his wife, his mother-in-law replied that Gertrude was well, but refused to tell Fulford where she was. "She's not referring to the family's place of residence up to February."
At this juncture Fulford drew his hands from his pockets, each hand holding a bright new revolver. Mrs. McCord's last remark was not heard by the children, but Fulford immediately fired four shots from the revolver in his right hand, aiming at the helpless woman, who fell at his feet. One shot entered Mrs. McCord's body just below the left breast, striking the apex of the heart; two more struck her in front of the left thigh, and as she fell another bullet crashed into her brain. Then, without a moment's hesitation, raising his left hand with its unused revolver, he put the muzzle of the pistol in his mouth and shot himself dead. So horror-stricken were the witnesses of the terrible tragedy that they cannot say whether Fulford fired more than one shot with the second revolver.

Notes.

One of the ladies who was on the street car on which the desperate trio tried to escape, Miss Kate Jolly, of 194 First avenue, is confined to bed from nervous prostration, caused by the excitement.
Rice has in a great degree recovered his equanimity and was even quite cheerful yesterday. He is only allowed to leave his cell to take exercise in the corridor, and a very close watch is being kept over him. The jail grounds are still being patrolled at night by three special guards heavily armed.

The Wife's Story.

Mrs. Fulford was immediately telegraphed for, and this morning came over from St. Mary's. When the husband saw the bloodstained face of her husband

ANOTHER TRAGEDY IN LONDON TOWNSHIP.

Robert Fulford Murders Mrs. McCord and Kills Himself.

THE END OF A QUEER ROMANCE.

Divorced Wife to Wed Pretty Cousin From Usborne, Near Exeter, Ont.—Match Caused Much Gossip in the Locality—Proved to be Unhappy—Follows Her When She Parted With Him and Gets Her to Return—Again She Has to Leave Him—He Goes to Arva, Demands Wife of Her Mother, and Being Refused Murders the Mother and Kills Himself.

London, Ont., June 9.—Robert Fulford, a prosperous Chicago contractor, murdered his mother-in-law, Mrs. Robert McCord, and blew his own brains out on the McCord farm in London Township, last night. Fulford came to London searching for his young wife, who deserted him three weeks ago, and, not finding her at the home of her parents, upbraided his mother-in-law for concealing her whereabouts. Before anyone could reach him, the desperate man had placed the muzzle of a second revolver in his mouth and blew his own brains out.

They were first cousins, and the prosperous Chicago business man was struck with the freshness and charm of his pretty Canadian cousin. He told her that he would be overjoyed to meet her, and that she would have a good chance to prosecute her musical studies in the big city. The McCords were grateful to their big, good-looking cousin for his kindness, and gladly sent their daughter to visit him. Mrs. Fulford welcomed her Canadian cousin, but within a few months her mind changed. She wished Gertrude to be a nurse, and she and her husband had a disagreement. The disagreement grew to an open breach, and the result was that the courts of Cook County judicially separated Robert Fulford and wife.

The Dead Murderer.

The body of Mrs. McCord was carried into the house, and that of the murderer suicide lay where he fell all night. This 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, one .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 dressed in a grey spring suit, with tan shoes and new grey felt hat, and he was of fine physique, six feet tall, and a man who would be noticed in a crowd.
This afternoon Captain McNeill impounded the jury, which viewed both bodies and adjourned to take evidence. Mrs. Fulford refused to have anything to do with the body of her husband, which was to-night taken to the undertaking establishment of Clarke and Smith, in this city, and embalmed, awaiting orders for removal.

DIED IN THE FLAMES

Fireman Perishes in Fire on Steamer at Ottawa.

THREE SEVERELY SCORCHED.

Ottawa, June 9.—The steamer James Swift, of the Lakes Navigation Company, took fire last night at her berth in the canal basin here. One of her firemen, Robert Ireland, of Barriefield, near Kingston, was burned to death, and three others, Thomas Sykes, of Seely's Bay, and Richard Dunn, of Brockville, are in the hospital, suffering from a severe scorching. They only escaped by jumping into the dock.
The Swift, after leaving Kingston at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and after discharging some cargo, her crew quit work at 6 o'clock, having only banked the fires in the furnace. Ireland, the victim of the disaster, was supposed to be doing anchor watch, but it is evident that he fell asleep on duty, for his body was found after the fire lying in a corner of the forecastle. The three deck hands, aroused by the smoke, made way to the deck and jumped overboard. The captain and engineer were also awakened by smoke, although they were sleeping in the after-cabin. Simultaneously, with their appearance on the upper deck at 2.45 a.m., a fireman on one of the Canada Atlantic locomotives in the station yard nearby saw the flames, and tooted the engine whistle as vigorously as to alarm the nearest fire station, which sent a hose reel to the scene on the double quick.
By this time the steamer seemed to be on fire fore and aft, on the main deck. On the upper deck were the captain and engineer, and three young women, passengers, screaming for help. They were rescued by means of a ladder. The fire was soon quenched, and the damage will not amount to more than \$2,000. An inquest was decided unnecessary in the case of the deceased fireman. He leaves a widow and two children.

Assyrian Will be Saved.

St. John's, Nfld., June 9.—The divers' reports indicate that it will be comparatively easy to tow off the Leyland line steamer Assyrian, ashore off Cape Race. They are now only awaiting the arrival of a suitable wrecking tug.



Two views of Frank Rutledge, Bank Burglar, who committed suicide in Toronto Jail.



VINA, the Veiled Lady of the Toronto Tragedy.