

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 Burglary 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—quest opened on murder of Constable Boyd.
June 4—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 robberies—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, after 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 about him, leaped from the upper corridor of the interior court to the balcony without a word 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 enmity—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 no other received sentences of imprisonment for their crimes, but had heard the first evidence in a practically irrefragable charge of murder. For almost a week the men had been dragged about from court to court, and inquired of at 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 when 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 heard that the law would hold him equally guilty he broke down. He came from the jail silent and downhearted, and the scene of the court proceedings pronounced on him for burglary without a show of emotion, and when Judge McLaughlin 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 watching him his great uneasiness of mind. A few weeks ago, when the three friends, Jones, Rice and Rutledge, were locked in that cell they would pace slowly up and down the floor, arm in arm, 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 Meal Planned.
Neither the suicide 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 the other offenders, and then they all crowded into the van, and extra guard Detective Forrest,

Dr. Richardson closed his watch, and, turning, he group, said quietly, "The man is dead."
As the group broke up, the Grand Jury arrived, and examined the premises, and Dr. Chamberland, the Inspector of Prisons, began his investigation. He went over the balcony with the guards who had Rutledge in charge, and made 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 leaped 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 for the man whose life had just passed out. "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 but he gave something to mendicants. Among his loved ones was a good as gold. He was a real man, and would stick to a friend to the last." Rutledge during his eventful

by Detective Simon, of this city, while attempting to dispose of a portion of the booty; Black was captured some time later in Hamilton, and both men went back to the penitentiary. Rutledge escaped and went west. Inspector Stark knew of this and within a year heard of the arrest at Red Cloud, Neb., of a young Canadian for a theft at Greeley, Col. He sent the Colorado detective a description of Rutledge, and the young man was identified, and sentenced to four years in the penitentiary at Canon City. In that institution he met Jones and Rice, one of whom was serving a term for horse stealing and the other for forgery. They were liberated within a few months of each other, and made a rendezvous in Chicago. It was then that Rutledge prepared his map of Ontario, with the number of banks in each town marked, and it was during the few months that the crowd possessed of this information that the trip through this province was planned.

The attempted robbery of the Standard Bank and the burglary of the bank and postoffice at Aurora were the opening events in what was intended to be a summer's work, but proved the undoing of the gang. Rutledge had relatives in this city of the utmost respectability, and his people in Streetsville are highly esteemed. It is probable that these relatives will claim possession of the remains.

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



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

crowded at this time, and the case was adjourned for a couple of hours to permit of the trial of another important case. A large number of the onlookers, having been opened 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 up a stairs 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. Robbette cross-questioned Stewart briefly. Stewart admitted

The Dead Man.
Frank Rutledge, the dead man, is a member of a Streetsville family and was the only Canadian in the party of which he was the head. His father died when he was quite a boy, and he began to earn his own living at an early age. With his brother he was employed in the Barber Company's Woolen mills at Streetsville, and worked there for some time. He lived in the night for a boarding-house. One night G. H. Falconer's general store, which was also the post-office of the village, was entered and a quantity of goods taken. The High County Constable of Peel County suspected Rutledge, who had disappeared. A telegram was sent to Toronto, and the boy was arrested here. He was taken to Brampton for trial, sentenced by the late Judge Scott, of Peel, to five years in the penitentiary and remanded to jail before starting for Kingston. In his cell Rutledge wrenched one of the legs from the iron cot and lay in wait for the guard, a man named Taggart. That evening as Taggart stepped in to give the prisoner his supper Rutledge pounded him over the head with his weapon, almost killing the guard. His attempt to escape failed, and he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for the assault. At the end of four years, for a reason not given, he was pardoned.

Leader of Burglars.
Rutledge went into the penitentiary as a raw youth, and came out of it, a police spy, at the head of a desperate crowd of burglars. They included Pat Sherin and William Black, and Rutledge repaid the Government for his pardon by robbing postoffices and custom houses all over the province. One of these raids Pat Sherin was shot dead, but before his confederates decamped they threw an overcoat over his body. The coat was identified as belonging to Black, but neither he nor Rutledge was caught. Another, ex-convict named Walter Irwin took Black's place in the crowd, and the next burglary was at Clark's, where a private bank was robbed. Irwin was caught

by Detective Simon, of this city, while attempting to dispose of a portion of the booty; Black was captured some time later in Hamilton, and both men went back to the penitentiary. Rutledge escaped and went west. Inspector Stark knew of this and within a year heard of the arrest at Red Cloud, Neb., of a young Canadian for a theft at Greeley, Col. He sent the Colorado detective a description of Rutledge, and the young man was identified, and sentenced to four years in the penitentiary at Canon City. In that institution he met Jones and Rice, one of whom was serving a term for horse stealing and the other for forgery. They were liberated within a few months of each other, and made a rendezvous in Chicago. It was then that Rutledge prepared his map of Ontario, with the number of banks in each town marked, and it was during the few months that the crowd possessed of this information that the trip through this province was planned.

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 Usborn, 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 secreting his wife, and killed her. Before anyone could reach him, the desperate man had placed the muzzle of a second revolver in his mouth and blew his brains out.

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 Usborn, 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 his wife 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 kind words, 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 back to her farm home, and Mr. Fulford objected and husband and wife had a disagreement. The disagreement grew to an open breach, and the result was the courts of Cook County judiciously separated Robert Fulford and wife.

The Second Wedding.
Within a year there was another Mrs. Fulford, when Gertrude McCord became the 19-year-old bride of her cousin, much to the scandal of the staid people of Exeter and vicinity. Their married life 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 were made, and she returned to her husband. Three weeks ago she left him, this time finally, declaring she would never return to him. Gertrude McCord, threatening violence unless his wife were returned to him. The wife, hearing a "knee" left her parents' home and went to St. Mary's, a town some 90 miles distant.

Searching for His Wife.
On Saturday afternoon Fulford arrived at Alderton, 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 mending 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 at Exeter, anyway," she said, 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 overheard 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.

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 man and woman lying on the ground. He 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. He milking occupied all his attention.

Mr. McCord Too Late.
Mr. McCord came out of the barn just as Fulford pointed the pistol at the unfortunate woman. Seizing the only weapon at hand, a large stone, Mr. McCord ran to his wife's assistance, but before he could reach her the tragedy was complete.

The awful catastrophe has shed a gloom over the whole community. Mrs. McCord was a very estimable lady, and the whole family are much distressed. She leaves a husband, four daughters and two sons to mourn her untimely end.

The Wife's Story.
Mrs. Fulford was immediately telegraphed for, and this morning came over from St. Mary's. When the wife saw the blood-stained face of her husband she did not shed a tear. She stamped her feet as if in anger, and clenched her teeth in a look of anything but love at the senseless corpse. When interviewed she had little to say. "I left my husband because he had threatened me, and I was afraid to stay," she said. "Then, after I came home, he sent threatening letters, and I thought it better not to remain with my parents." Further, she had nothing to say.

The Driver's Story.
Wm. Schwartz, the Alderton shoemaker, who drove Fulford from the station to the farm, told his experience. "I noticed nothing strange about the man," said Mr. Schwartz. "He appeared perfectly rational, and we had quite a talk about people who live near Exeter, who were known to me about three weeks before we came to the McCord place. He asked me if I was married, and I answered, 'Why?' He said: 'My wife ran away from me about three weeks ago and I am going there to see her, pointing to the McCord place. Before coming to the farm he asked me if I could smell liquor on his breath, and did not want the people to smell any liquor on him. I told him to take a chew of tobacco, which he did. At the gate he got out and asked me to wait a few minutes, as he would not be long. I walked the horse perhaps a hundred yards, when I heard shots. Looking back I saw Mr. McCord coming toward the gate. I asked if my man was ready, and he said, 'I guess he is. He has just murdered my wife and killed himself.'"

The Dead Murderer.
The body of Mrs. McCord was carried into the house, and that of the murderer outside 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 were 55 cents in change in his pockets. The two revolvers were 45-caliber self-loaders, 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 in his shoes, and now grey feltora hat, and he was of fine physique, six feet tall, and a man who would be noticed in a crowd.

At noon Grover McNeill empaneled a 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 tonight 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 Rideau Lakes Navigation Company, took fire last night at her berth in the canal basin here. One of her firemen, Robert Ireland, of Barrie, Ont., near Kingston, was burned to death, and three others, John Miller, of Newboro', Thomas Sykes, of Seely's Bay, and Richard Dunn, of Brockville, are in the hospital, suffering from severe scorching. They only escaped by jumping into the dock.

The Swift arrived from 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 furnaces. 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 so vigorously as to alarm the nearest fire stations, 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 which swung across the deck, and the damage was 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 diver reports show 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.

THIS ORIGINALLY DOCUMENT IS IN THE VERMONT RECORDS