

A CONVICT TALKS.

Holm Lets Some Light in
on the Oulton Murder.

HAS NO DOUBT THE OLD MAN
WAS SLAIN FOR HIS
MONEY.

Says Doherty Had 'Ideas'
About Oulton.

The Telegraph prints this morning form of an interview with William Holm, who is serving a term in the Dorchester a most interesting addition to the history of the Oulton tragedy in the penitentiary for his share in the Cullinan robbery, and who was not allowed to testify in the Higgins case.

Holm says Oulton was murdered, and tells practically how the work was done, though he mentions no names. Some of the things he said are not printed, the Telegraph believing it wise to withhold them and submit them to the proper authorities.

"Where were you the night of the murder?" was asked Holm.

"Now that's a question a fellow couldn't be expected to answer just off hand, you know. I saw Doherty between 5.30 and 7.30 p. m., and then I had an appointment to meet him at 10.15. I saw Detective Killen on his way over to Oulton's after the fire alarm had rung. Oh, yes, I guess Doherty had 'ideas' about Oulton—and I guess Oulton was murdered all right."

"Have you any suspicions as to the guilty parties?"

"Have I suspicions? Well, no; not exactly suspicions, but there are other words nearly as strong. Now who do you think would be likely to know the way of opening the door by the string when the bar was not in place? It is barely possible someone was hiding in the house when Oulton went in. I'm only putting this down as a supposition. Now we'll just suppose some one was laying for him inside and when the old fellow came in they demanded his money. My idea would be that being a miser and a great lover of his money, he would show fight. Don't you think so?"

"Do you think Oulton made any outcry, Holm?"

"He may not have had a chance to make any outcry."

"Well, what do you suppose happened?"

"Well my impression would be that there was a struggle towards the bed. What would be the matter with the party backing Oulton towards the bed and throwing him down on it? I don't think they meant to kill him, or else they would have brought the regular weapons."

"What about the bar mentioned at the inquest?"

"Oh, well; that bar is quite a feature in the case, isn't it? There were plenty of them in Oulton's house, but the one he was killed with was brought away by the parties who did it. I would think Oulton was struck once and then came to and tried to show fight."

"Were you and Doherty in the North End that night?"

"Well, yes; Doherty and I might have taken a walk out that way that night; but, mark you, we didn't see each other. See?"

"Do you think there was more than one person in the inside?"

"No, but I would suppose that someone watched outside."

"If a certain person was the guilty one, why didn't he skip out?"

"Well, things were not against him at the inquest; and say, I'd give you a straight tip, a fellow's an awful fool to skip. That is the worst thing he could do to give himself away."

"What is your opinion of the fire; was it accidental or otherwise?"

"Oh, 'otherwise' I guess. It was likely started to obliterate all trace of the crime, for it is hard to find bruises on a charred body."

"What hour do you think Oulton was killed?"

"It might be about six, but I feel pretty sure it was between 5 and 7 o'clock."

"After the murder, what then?"

"I should say the parties would take a look around. They probably had other plans laid to be seen somewhere else most of the evening. It's a good thing to have an alibi always on hand, that's the way the gang always worked things at any rate."

"Do you think Oulton carried a purse?"

"No, I would think a miser would consider a purse too expensive. He would probably invest in a bag or old stocking. Now I was once told of an old miser—'Course I am not saying who, you know

—who always carried his money that way."

"What kind of a bag did he carry his money in?" asked the reporter.

"My old miser—'Well, he carried something like an old pocket cut out of a pair of pants—the other old miser."

"Well, was it really a pocket?"

"Yes, it was really a pocket tied with a string, which he carried—I mean the other old miser that I heard about."

"How about the division of Oulton's money?"

"Well, of course they'd divide—that is you know it there was more than one. I kind of think more money was expected to be found in the house. The old fellow I heard about—the other old miser, you know—he used to carry a pretty big sum sometimes."

"As a matter of fact, Holm, have you ever heard it said that it would be easy to kill the miser?"

"No not exactly that, but I have heard it suggested that it would be easy to get in his house and get the money out from under his pillow. He was watched several times putting it there, you know. I never heard it suggested to kill him but I have heard chloroform talked about."

"What do you think happened right after Oulton was murdered?"

"They would probably search him first and then ransack the house. Do I think the bruise came from a fall? No, I guess not. A man wouldn't fall heavy enough to break his nose. If a man trips over anything he puts out his arm—so—and that breaks the fall to a certain extent."

Holm here gave some interesting information concerning the way in which the burglaries he was concerned in were committed.

"Now our gang always selected Thursday or Friday night for such things. Why? Oh, say now, you're not up in the game, are you? Because there's always more money in the tills Thursday or Friday night. Saturday night's no good, but if you do it on Thursday or Friday you are pretty sure to get the stuff left on Monday and Tuesday, too."

"Now, Oulton might have collected rent, or had more money than usual that day. The person who was most intimately acquainted with his affairs would be the one to know this. Now, say, look here, I guess you're on the dead square all right, but let's get off this and I'll tell you about the Brownville racket."

Before the interview ended Holm was pressed to say whether his assumptions were correct. His reply was: "Self-praise isn't much of a recommendation, but I think I might say my guesses are about right. I think I'm a pretty good guesser."

Holm then detailed the particulars of the Brownville trip. According to his statement Higgins was one of the prime movers in the affair and not only carried clubs, but supplied the lead they were filled with. He told Holm he bought the lead at a plumber's on King Square.

The young prisoner told, with the utmost coolness, how, about the time disorganization came to the gang, there was a plan to rob the Opera House. With sang froid he said: "And if anybody had happened along about that time, just heard the noise and came to find out where the trouble was, well there is a long stairway there, and a man might fall down it in his hurry and get killed. Of course that would be an accident, wouldn't it?"

"It isn't true," he went on, "that the crowd was regularly organized. Just a lot of us would get together and plan burglaries as they came up."

In connection with the Kennedy burglary Holm said: "Goodspeed and I planned the first Kennedy robbery. I wanted to buy the information from him of where certain things were located inside, because he worked there; but he said sooner than take a small share, he would go in it with me."

SAMPLE LABOR CANDIDATE.

And How He Struck Representatives of
the Real Thing.

Mr. Editor:—While Boss McKay was up at Hawthorn's Friday getting a fresh plug of tobacco, we thought we would spare a few minutes from our work on the streets to drop into the Barker and see Mr. Macinerney, the labor candidate. I used to know Mr. Hazen when he was mayor, and I asked him to introduce us to the gentleman who, like ourselves, I supposed was a horny handed son of toil. "There," says Mr. Hazen, "that's my friend George," pointing to a smooth looking chap in a boiled shirt, standup collar, spotless black suit and patent leathers, "My," says I, "ain't he a beauty," and when I clasped his soft hands and gazed into his unfurrowed face, I thought what a snap it must be to be a laboring man in St. John's. I expected to see a man something like ourselves, bowed down with hard work, old before our time, a real laboring man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, but here was Mr. Macinerney as slick and pretty as one of Mr. Edgecombe's dry goods clerks.

Mr. Editor, why do they call Mr.

Macinerney a labor candidate, and if they call him that why don't they call Mr. Hazen one too. They look pretty much alike, going about the country trying to make us believe they ought to be down at the parliament buildings instead of Mr. Tweedie and Mr. Pugsley.

I'd like to have a chance to vote for a real labor candidate, but if I lived in St. John I don't think I'd pick Mr. Macinerney out as a son of toil. He looks as if he wouldn't soil his hands to comb his own hair.

Aren't these Tory politicians trying to fool the labouring men?

Please put this in your paper Mr. Editor, and oblige,
PICK AND SHOVEL.
Fredericton, Sept. 29.

Mrs. Gabbie—Mrs. Kraft has been married ten years, I'm sure. I wonder how old she was when she married. Mrs. Bizzy—I tried to find that out the other day. Mrs. Gabbie—What did she say? Mrs. Bizzy—I asked her at what age she was married, and she said: "At the parsonage."—Philadelphia Press.

Judge—Have you anything to say before sentence is passed? Prisoner—No, your honor, except to call your attention to the fact that that fool lawyer what defended me was appointed by yourself.—New York Weekly.

I see, he said, that coal has gone up some more. Has it? she replied. And they're raising rents, he continued. Well, she exclaimed, flaring up, if you wish to have our engagement broken off say so, I always hate to have people beat around the bush in a case of this kind.—Chicago Record Herald.

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of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Intercolonial Railway.

Tender for Cribwork Protection Walls
between McKinnon's Harbor and
Sydney, C. B., and Bedford
and Rockingham, N. S.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the under-
signed, and marked on the outside "Tender
for Cribwork Protection Walls," will be re-
ceived until MONDAY, October 6th, 1902, for
the construction of Cribwork Protection
Walls at points named in specification, be-
tween McKinnon's Harbor and Sydney, Cape
Breton, and between Bedford and Rocking-
ham, N. S.

Specification and plans may be seen at the
Office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B.,
and at the Station Master's Office, Grand
Narrows and Sydney, and Bedford, where
forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specification must
be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., Sept. 19th, 1902.

Sept. 20—d101

SALESMEN WANTED
An energetic man can earn from \$15 to \$18 a
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Write for particulars.
C. F. FEGAN,
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Tenasitine 5c. and 15c., (mends
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Leaves 10c., (for the breath).
Violet Breath Hearts 15c.

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Apothecary, 308 Queen St., F'ton.

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Alarm Clocks. We can give you a Solid Oak, Eight
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Autumn Footwear

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manufacture his famous Ox-
ford Sausages. He tells us
he will give the public the
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day to day.

Intercolonial Railway.

Tender for an Engine House, etc.,
at Chaudiere Junction, P. Q.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the under-
signed, and marked on the outside "Tender
for Engine House, Chaudiere Junction," will
be received until FRIDAY, 17th October, 1902,
for the above work.

Plans and specifications may be seen on
and after the 30th instant at the office of the
Station Master, Lewis, P. Q., and at the Chief
Engineer's Office, Moncton N. B., where
forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specification must
be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 24th, Sept. 1902.

Sept. 26—d151