

[Page 76 - Sheriff James C. MacKillop Remembers the Hanging of Emmett Sloane](#)

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Song: Emmett Sloane In a cold prison cell now awaiting, The day upon which he must die; By a jury, found guilty of murder A crime which the prisoner deny's. Oh, the death trap will spring on the morrow. For a young man "Alias Emmett Sloane"; In his death cell now patiently waiting. Surrounded by concrete and stone. Somewhere, a poor mother's heart broken. Is praying to God, for her boy; That the grave may extend to him mercy Tho' doom'd on the scaffold to die. Just about one a. m., that May moming The Warden, his mission made known • That the hour had arrived for the hanging. Of the prisoner. Alias "Emmett Sloane." From his cell to the scaffold unaided. Without tremor, he walked all alone; Where the noose of the hangman was dangling. Awaiting its Victim poor "Sloane." Somewhere, a poor Mother's heart-broken. Is praying to God, for her boy. That the grave may extend to him mercy. Though doom'd on the scaffold to die. ANON. Written by a Sydney Mines reader o/The Record, the above verses to be sung with feeling and expression to the air of "The Prisoners' Song." drink of rum. About 15 minutes later he took him in a pri? vate of? fice and took a confession from him. AT THE TRIAL, City Detective John Macintosh said: "We were in the old police of? fice Monday morning, about two hours after Sloane had been brought in from Ball's Creek, where he was ar? rested by Deputy Chief R. J. Mac? Donald and Pa? trolman George Peters. Sloane was sitting. He got up and leaned against the radia? tor and said, 'I was up against it. What could a fellow do? I couldn't get a job, and had no money. Couldn't sleep the last two nights. I was awake. I heard the clerk come up and call the man opposite my room. I heard the man go downstairs. I rang for the clerk. He came up. I told him the light was not working, and as he worked at it, I hit him on the head with the back of an iron bar. He fell to the bed. But he had nothing on him. I thought that I'd get the cash register. Went downstairs. Lawrence (another employee of the hotel) came back in and left. He came back in a few min- A Night Under The Stars Won't Cost You The Moon. A roomy Avis car or van is the perfect way to camp under the stars, at a price that's really down to earth. Avis features GM vehicles. GMC Safari. Call today For Full Details And Reservations! Sydney-Glace Bay Hwy: (902) 564-8341 Sydney Airport: (302) 554-8265 AVIS We're trying harder than ever.'* ?/ 'Aeroplan utes and went out. The register was locked. A giri came in, and I began to get nervous, and I left....'" Macintosh continued: "I asked him: what did he hit him with? Sloane said, 'A bar from 12 to 15 inches long that I picked up in the alleyway, round at one end, square at the other.' I asked him another question: Where did he go? He said he went to the station, walked the railroad to the house where he was found. I asked him if he changed his clothes. He said, 'No.'" The news report continued: So great was the interest in the trial this afternoon, when the place was jammed with peo? ple, that the magistrate and court officials were unable to gain an entry, and it was decided to hold the session in the Su? preme Court chamber at the courthouse. At 2:30 o'clock, when the hearing was about to commence, the Supreme Court chamber was crowded to capacity, more than 500 people be? ing present. Sloane sat slumped in his chair throughout most of the pro? ceeding. When



the charge was read to him by Magistrate Hill, he stood up, but made no other sign or movement. Throughout most of the proceedings he sat slouched in his chair with a downcast look, his eyes resting on the floor. Shortly after the hearing started, he got up once to remove his overcoat. The other witness examined Saturday was Alexander Camp? bell, cook of the lumber camp which Sloane was alleged to have fled during the slaying. He told of the conduct of Sloane during the day he was in camp. He also stated Sloane had used the name of Albert Brown when he arrived in camp in search of work, and that the prisoner had stated he had played on the McGill University hockey team for two years. Sheriff MacKillop continues: On March the 15th he was found guilty by a jury in the Supreme Court, and he was sentenced to hang on May the 20th. He was returned to the county jail after sentence to be held separate and apart from all other prisoners. That means he was held in the so-called death cell, which is sort of a cage in a big room, with a washbasin and a toilet, and a bed, and blankets and a pillow. He was under guard 24 hours a day. He had no contact with anybody except the two guards--one 12-hour shift each--and myself, and the warden. I relieved the guards at 1:30 for lunch. I'd take Sloane's meal, and stay with him for the hour and a half the guard was out. Sloane's meals were cooked in the warden's home. That was a special privilege at that time for all prisoners sentenced to death. And at suppertime I'd relieve the guard again for an hour and a half.

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