

THE GREY REVIEW

Every Thursday, At the Old, Gasfara Street, Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

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The Grey Review.

Vol. V. No. 12. DURHAM, Co. Grey, MAY 4, 1882.

Whole No. 216.

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, DURHAM.

Capital \$6,000,000; Reserve \$1,400,000.

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AT THE ROCKVILLE MILLS.

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POETRY. Lines on the Death of a Brother.

Oh brother thou hast gone away To sleep in death's dark lonely bed, Where no warm sun or cheering ray Shall light the couch where thou art laid.

A Cruel Deed.

Partly divining his thoughts, Eugenia proposed that a litter should be formed of grass and the rushes which grew in the swamp near at hand, on which the deer might easily be transported if he would lend her assistance.

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"Herman," said she, "I believe a fevered fancy causes you to speak thus."

"Mother," returned the count, in impassioned tones, "did I not in my first marriage sacrifice my own wishes to yours? Have I not given up my right of choice to you?"

THE BENTINCK TRAGEDY.

HANOVER, April 26.—The mystery surrounding the murder of William Miller, the Bentinck farmer, remains as profound as ever. It is the subject of talk on every street corner and store in the quiet town, and many are the conjectures as to the perpetrators of the crime.

THE FUNERAL.

GRIM SUPERSTITION.

CALLOUSNESS OF MILLER'S FATHER.

EVIDENCE AT THE INQUEST.

Barbara Miller, wife of the deceased, being sworn, deposed—In the forenoon my husband was larroning; he came home and had his dinner and then went home to see his father's old mule.

Three days and nights Eugenia spent in dull contemplation.

She led the way toward her son's apartment, followed by Eugenia.

But at the end of the first corridor she stopped, and sought again to change the maiden's purpose.

She had now an opportunity to care for her injured victim, and made proper arrangements for its treatment; so that in a few days, under her kindly attention, it had perfectly recovered, and followed her wherever she went like a dog.

This deer was the secret to between her and the count, binding them ever nearer and more firmly to each other.

The old countess, with womanly sensitiveness, had a presentation, a dim foreboding, of coming misfortune. They were both so lovely, so noble, so amiable, they would naturally be attracted towards each other; yet it must not and should not be so.

In fact she loved them both, and wished only that Eugenia had been only born, so that she might clasp the lovely girl to her heart as a darling daughter.

The more evident and serious grew the interest of the count in Eugenia, the greater became the coolness of the aged matron towards her, and actuated by a mother's ardent affection, she became more decided in her determination that a separation must take place.

But how? She knew the independence of her son's character, and Eugenia was possessed of equal firmness. From such dispositions what was to be hoped?

Sooner than she expected came the last act of the drama.

One evening, after the count had been out riding all day, he entered her apartment, and in a few brief words informed her of his intention of making Eugenia his wife, formally asking her consent.

she told me she wanted some year, and William then told me to go back with her and he would go on up to his father's; we came back and he went on, and I told him when parting not to stay long; he said, "I will try to," and told me to take care of myself; we waited for him until about 11 o'clock; I went out then and called him but got no answer, and then went to bed; I told my sister I thought they had a little party up there, and we had better go to bed; I woke at half past four, and got up, and told my sister there must be something wrong, as he had not come home; I told her to get breakfast, and afterwards went up to his father's; they said they had not seen him at all; and his father thought I had better send out the messenger; I sent my brother, who on his coming back said he could get no trace of him; then I remembered that he had been talking of going to see Mr. Geisel, and thought that he had gone there, as he knew that my sister was with me; I told Mr. Miller that we had better go over and see if he had been to Mr. Geisel's, for fear he might have got hurt and could not come; so my sister, my two brothers, my sister-in-law and brother-in-law just after dinner; on the road going we saw some tracks and thought they were his; so we went through the bush to the clearing and they said it was no use to go any further and coaxed me back; I went again through the bush to the clearing, and told my sister-in-law I could not go home as they were his tracks, and I would go back to Geisel's, so they went with me again as far as the fence at the clearing, and then they all sat down; I walked up and down along the fence, and as they said they would go any further I said I would go home; so they all got up, to go home; and as I was crossing a log I saw my husband lying right before me; he was lying on his face; I stooped down and was going to lift him up, but could not; the boys then came and took me away; there were no blood on the ground, I could not see any on his back and then came away; I did not see any marks of a struggle; I don't know if he was killed there; do not remember that he was lying near the path in the woods; my husband had the farm rented from my mother-in-law before her death; it was rented for 5 years; we generally lived happily together.

Cross-examined by foreman of the jury—Never got the deed of the farm; never expected it; he thought his father would take out the deed in his own name; my husband always said he would like to have the farm; he went to his father's about a quarter past eight on Saturday night; never heard my husband say he was to be a witness in the lawsuit against my father; Mrs. Miller my husband's step-mother, told me she was going to have a lawsuit with my father, who is her brother; don't think my husband knew anything of the lawsuit; my brothers did not say anything as to how he came to his death; William did not change his clothes after coming from Hanover; he took off his shoes and put on his boots; he never stayed away a night before; my brothers had a quarrel with my husband a short time ago; no blows were struck; they were under the influence of liquor at the time; I do not know who killed my husband; don't think any of the parties knew that he was lying there; I saw a pistol that I had no idea that my husband was lying in the bush when I went there; Mrs. Miller told me from the cards that my husband was lying in a three cornered place, and that there would be a funeral. This closed Mrs. Miller's evidence.

Phoebe Weis, sworn—On Saturday night when I was done with my work at home I came down for some yeast; I met deceased and his wife, my sister; she came back with me and gave me the yeast; we waited for him, but he did not come back on Saturday night; next day we went to look for him; it was half past one when we left home; we went all through the bush and found him; I saw blood on his head; when I met deceased and my sister it was just getting dark; he said he was going up to Miller's, the reason we went to the bush was because Barbara said he was going to Geisel's; my father has not a gun neither have my brothers guns or pistols; I swear this positively; never saw a gun in the house; would know if there was one; I asked William if he was going to our house on Saturday night; and he answered he was not.

Peter Weis, sworn—On Saturday morning I met deceased in the field, when he told me he was going to Hanover in the afternoon; on Sunday morning his wife came to our house to say he was not home; I then went to John Miller's and he said to send to Hanover and Elnwood, which we did; he had been in Hanover on Saturday, but not on Sunday; Sam Miller came to our house and said they found him laughing yesterday while relating the circumstance is a sad exhibition of female heartlessness and great obtuseness of feeling.

The wife of the murdered man was almost frantic with grief, and one of his sisters fainted as the clogs of earth fell upon the coffin enclosing her brother. The father of the murdered man maintained during the entire ceremony a look of stolid indifference, and when the grave had been filled level with the ground he looked down upon the resting place of his son, and a sinister smile parted the tightly compressed lips and showed the gleam of cruel white teeth. Then he walked away; and to a casual observer would seem to be the most indifferent of all the spectators who had been present at the grave. But it seems the murder was not without its serio comic aspects and incidents.

The inquest was held on Monday and yesterday by the coroner, Dr. Lundarkin, and a very intelligent jury. The County Crown Attorney, Mr. Frost, was present from Owen Sound, and below is all the evidence of any importance produced.

Barbara Miller, wife of the deceased, being sworn, deposed—In the forenoon my husband was larroning; he came home and had his dinner and then went home to see his father's old mule was talking to his father about a house he was going to buy; his father recommended him to see the party from whom he proposed buying the house; he came home before dark and said he could not agree to pay the price wanted for the house; the clock struck 8 when he had his supper; after supper he told me he wanted to go up and see his father; we started together and went as far as the hill, when my sister Phoebe met us;