

# **T.B. DIGGER'S PLIGHT.**

## **Jealousy Makes Him Shoot.**

Love and jealousy are so intermingled, that a man suffering from either does foolish things.

**R**ICHARD MITCHELL GREGOR-ENKO, a returned soldier, suffering from T.B., returned from the war with nerves and health shattered.

Six years ago he married, and three children were born to him and his wife.

The couple were happy for a few years, although Richard was always somewhat jealous of any attention paid by other men to his Vera.

About two years ago their relations became strained because of Richard's jealousy, and he appeared before Mr. Harris, P.M., on Thursday, on a charge of attempting to kill his wife.

Sub-inspector Coman prosecuted, and Richard was represented by Mr. W. T. King.

For the last two years Richard has been in and out of hospital and sanatorium.

After a few more or less bitter quarrels with his wife, the two separated by arrangement.

Vera took a room in the Valley, while Richard found lodgings elsewhere. On June 17 Vera went out washing, and late that day returned to her room.

At 7.30 p.m. Richard came to Vera's window and said, "Let me come into your room."

"No, go away, or I will call the landlady," replied Vera.

At 9.30 p.m. Vera undressed and was getting into bed when Richard again appeared and asked her to let him come in. Again she refused, and put the light out and went to bed.

Ten minutes later he was back at the window begging her to let him in, and again she refused.

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once more disappeared. About 2.30 a.m. Vera heard a noise at the window. She heard Richard's voice raised in entreaty and asking to be allowed to come in to her.

"I won't cough," was his pathetic plea.

"No, you can't come in," replied Vera.

The next thing she remembered was awakening to find him in the room. She switched on the light and again ordered him out. "You've made some arrangement with somebody," he said passionately, and commenced to abuse and threaten her.

**They sat on the edge of the bed, he pleading to be allowed to remain with her, she obdurate.**

Then he walked towards the door, and making a dive into his pocket, pulled out a revolver and said, "You're gone." She made a rush to take the revolver from him, and it went off.

She heard the report, and the flash almost blinded her. Rushing out she called the landlady, and when the two women returned, Richard's revolver had been placed on the bed, and he was standing by the door.

**"You know I can't live without you," he said.**

Next morning Constable Hogan questioned Richard, who told him that he had no evil intentions towards his wife, and only meant to shoot himself.

"When my wife told me to leave," said Richard to Acting-sergeant Hogan, "something came over me and I thought I would end things. I sat on the bed and cried, and said, 'You know I can't live without you, dear.'"

The P.M. committed him to take his trial at the next criminal sittings of the Supreme Court on July 5.

