

## RECORD OF WRONG-DOING

What the Maple City Police Court Statistics for the Past Year Show. Churches are well represented in Criminal Records.

A glance over the statistics on the local police court register gives some very interesting information and shows that Judge Houston has been a very busy man during the year of 1902. No less than 256 cases have come up before him during that time and of these 197 were convicted, 34 dismissed, 17 withdrawn, five committed for trial and three not disposed of. "This," said Chief Holmes to The Planet, "is about an average year in our line of business."

It is interesting to note the class of people who come up at this station and the crimes with which they are charged. With the exception of a few highly respectable citizens, whose names appear in Chief Holmes' records, as the result of riding bicycles on the sidewalk and other minor offenses, the people who are brought up to face the stern countenance of the Judge each morning, to repent of, and pay up for the wrongs they have done their fellow-men, are chiefly among the more careless classes. Not infrequently the same people are brought up from time to time and there are a certain number of persons in the city who are, for this reason, known to the authorities as "police court characters." The police court seems to have an irresistible attraction for these people and their visits are naturally quite generally looked forward to by the Chief who handles the money.

Drunks are a police court specialty. The number of these cases last year amounted to 70, and then there were numerous others who were not caught, probably because they can "carry their load" better than the poor unfortunate who has to be taken under the kind and sympathetic protection of the police or probably because their friends were sober enough to take them home in "Sulman's ambulance."

Be this as it may, a person with half an eye can see that drink is either the direct or indirect cause of the majority of cases which find their way down in the police court records—which fact has been sorely announced on the public platform in past temperance campaigns. "Drunks are generally among the poorer and lower classes," said the Chief, "but the law is no respecter of persons and they have to pay up for their fun at the same rate as the very richest—and," he added philosophically, "I don't include all of the rich in the higher classes."

It is also shown that theft is the next popular crime. There were 47 of these cases disposed of last year. They range from seven to 52 years, and fully 37 of the 256 defendants were under the age of 21 years. This speaks very poorly of the younger generation.

One very interesting feature of the records is the ages of the defendants. They range from seven to 52 years, and fully 37 of the 256 defendants were under the age of 21 years. This speaks very poorly of the younger generation.

Females are by no means a novelty in the police court. There are 27 fair defendants whose names were inscribed upon the register last year. The charges brought up against them are drunkenness and neighbor quarrels chiefly. One feature of these trials is the nerve displayed by the defendants and, in matters of neighborly disputes, no matter how fair the decision, it is seldom that either side is satisfied, so that the matter comes up before the trial. This, however, is, no doubt, to be expected and the authorities are not much concerned over it.

A close examination shows that about half of the defendants are married and the other half are single. This will, no doubt, set at naught the arguments of certain people who claim that marriage reduces crime. From the point of nationalities, Canadians of course, in a Canadian country, head the list. There were 207 Canadian defendants last year. The Americans claim the next position on point of distinction as to numbers. They number 25. The English come next with 10, the Irish next with seven, and the Scotch hold the place of honor at the bottom of the list. There were just five Scotchmen up for trial last year. The Chief wisely suggests that this almost denotes the theory that drink is the chief cause of so many police court offenders—but it must be remembered that the Chief is English.

One remarkable fact in connection with these 256 law-breakers is that every one of them, except two, belong to some religious denomination. Odd as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, true, as is shown in the records. The Methodists are in the lead in point of numbers, there having been 78 up during the year. The others are Catholics 50, Baptists 44, Episcopalians 25, Presbyterians 30, Lutheran 2, Saints 4, Salvation Army 1. This, connected with the fact that the offenders are chiefly among, and in fact, almost entirely confined to the working class is good evidence of the genuineness of the work done by the Salvation Army among the poor classes and the laborers, as compared to that of the churches of the city, as only one of their converts went astray last year.

Farmers are also high up in num-

bers as police court offenders. They numbered 19 last year. These were chiefly drunks and abusers of animals. The name of "gentleman" seems to be somewhat out of place on a police court register, yet there were four persons who gave that out as their occupation, and were so credited by the Chief.

As is to be expected, the general class of people who come up are not educated. Forty-four of the 256 last year had no education whatever; 210 had a common school education, just enough in many cases to write their own names, while only two had superior education.

Already this year the register is filling up fast and the Chief describes it on the same old story.

"People it seems will do wrong," he said, "and we are here to deal with them when they are caught."

## A Family History

Manager Fred. H. Brisco, of the Grand Opera House, is a lineal descendant of one of the oldest English families. Few people know that

try. The name is spelled in this work Brisco. There are a number of families of Briscos in Ireland but they spell their name Briscoe. They too, are a branch of the English family. Ages ago some member of the English family went over to Ireland and settled. All the Briscos in England and Ireland are sprung from this one head. The surname was originally De Briskshagh. The progenitor of the English branch came to England with William the Conqueror. He was of the Norman French race. They lived at Birkeshagh or Birkeshogh near Newbiggin in a lordship belonging to the Priory of Carlisle. Later the name came to be spelled Brisco. The abode was called the Manor of Brisco or Briscothorn. Lord Brisco obtained the Manor of Crofton, Wiltshire and Dun-draw, with Margaret his wife, daughter and heiress of Sir John Crofton, of Crofton, Cumberland County. The Briscos, after this, were known as the Briscos of Crofton. Crofton was the home or seat of the family. Christopher Brisco, of Crofton, in the time of Tudor dynasty was taken prisoner at the burning of Wigton. After this, Burk's History of the Landed Gentry then skips over twelve descendants of the family from Christopher Brisco. These are given in full in Burk's History of the Commoners. The twelfth descendant from Christopher Brisco was the Rev. John Brisco, D. D., of Crofton Hall, Cumberland County, rector of Orton. His son John was created a baronet in July, 1782. He was succeeded by his son Westall Brisco. The motto of the family is "post virtutem curio." The Brisco family had only one crest. It represents at the top a greyhound running after a hare, beneath are three greyhounds also running.

It is no wisdom to go to the edge of the precipice—the safe path is the middle of the right way.

Neither adversity nor prosperity ever changes a man; each merely brings out what there is in him.



Mr. Brisco has Norman blood in his veins, but he has. His paternal ancestor went over to England from Normandy in the train of William the Conqueror. His descendants were noted amongst the landed gentry of England and the name was well known. One of the younger brothers was an officer in the English army and was sent to Virginia with a British force in the early days. Falling in love with the new country, he resigned his commission and threw in his fortunes with the new world. At the time of the American revolution, the family was quite noted. They owned large lumber mills in one or the New England States. The love of old England had remained with the Brisco family in the new world and they had been so intensely loyal to the motherland that at the conclusion of the war, they were forced to leave their business and property and seek a new home in Canada. With the other United Empire Loyalists, they settled in Canada on the land granted by the Government. The Brisco family settled near Napanea and the 200 acres granted by the Government of Canada is still in the possession of the family. Manager Fred. Brisco was raised on that farm and his father lives there yet. One of the most highly prized possessions of Mr. Brisco, Sr., is the original Crown deed granting the 200 acres to the Brisco family as being United Empire Loyalists. At Adolphustown, near Napanea, is the old church built by the United Empire Loyalists who had settled in the neighborhood. The church was erected shortly after the arrival of the Loyalists in Canada and shows that they were not loyal alone to the motherland but also to a higher power. The walls of the church are studded with brass plates commemorative of the different families of United Empire Loyalists and the Brisco name is found amongst the others. The family history is given in Burk's History of the Landed Gen-

## Sour Grapes.

Nothing could be more ridiculous than Congressman DeArmond's proposal to annex Canada to the United States, or rather to empower the President to enter into negotiations looking to that end, says The Chicago Journal.

We do not believe that the people of the United States are crying for Canada, and we are sure that the people of Canada are not crying for the United States. We are good enough friends and might as well stay that way. Such propositions as Mr. DeArmond's do not tend to strengthen friendship.

We have never heard that there was the least sentiment in Canada favorable to annexation to the Union. There was none at the time of our war for independence, and we failed then as we failed in 1812 in conquering the Dominion. The Canadians have always had the reputation of being the most loyal of British subjects and they are very proud of it.

Besides, what have they to gain by union with us more than they possess already? They have a Government that differs but little from our own, for in the essentials Parliament is quite as independent as Congress. In fact it more nearly reflects the popular will than Congress, for it is modeled after the English Parliament, and, as in England, the Ministry is responsible.

On the other hand what have we to gain from annexation? The extension of our limits to the north pole or thereabouts and that is all. What do we care for all that frozen region under the Arctic Circle, where there is nothing either interesting or amusing except the northern lights and the north pole.

We have enough of that and to spare in Alaska, and there is no need for further icy expansion. It is merely academic, and will hardly meet with a responsive vote, but why can't the Missouri Congressman devote his powerful mind to subjects that will have some interest for his fellow-citizens? Canadian annexation has no attractions for the American people.

## MAPLE CITY'S NEW LIBRARY.

The Generous Gift of a Series of New and Valuable Works by a Philanthropic Citizen, who is Interested in Literary Pursuits.

A Maple City man of marks, literary proclivities purposes to make up a collection of rare volumes for the new Carnegie Library in this city. His selection will include the following:

"Confessions of a Manager," by Frank H. Brisco, of the Grand Opera House. This is a volume of travels in Kent County, containing the story of incidents that Mr. Brisco participated in while running around his theatrical circuit. Mr. Brisco had the theatre at Wallaceburg, Dresden, Blenheim and Ridgelytown leased this year, and the work contains many interesting stories from life, never before published. The presses broke down after printing the first edition, which was limited to one copy—very rare.

"Autobiography of the Funniest Man Alive," by W. W. Scane, revised and expurgated by Capt. Fred. B. Stevens.

"How to be a Soldier, a Story of Hard Work and Military Life," by Lieut. Norman D. Harper.

"Etiquette and Rules for the Conduct of a Concert," by Judge Houston, written with the aid of a stenographer. The title page bears the mark of the author.

"How I Became a Joker," by John Lee, M. P. P., being a monograph that will be of use to every Liberal politician who hopes to rise.

"The History of the Marx Tile." This book is published anonymously, but the identity of the author is betrayed to the initiated by certain

ing on the sidewalk by-law, when it fell into the hands of the City Council. "Camelia, a Western Love Story," by School Trustee H. S. Clements. This is a very touching little romance. "Fish and their Habits," by Vival Goudreau, with editorial introduction by G. S. Heyward. This work is in 284 volumes. It is a charming piscatorial narrative abounding in new and startling situations.

"Belts and How to Make Them," by Susie. This is a sweet story told in light effeminate language.

"How the City Buncoed the Tennis Club," by Dr. Musson, in two volumes. This is a bitter satire. There used to be good grounds for the story or rather before it.

"Best Ways to Sell Bad Oil Stock," by the Banner man. This is purely a work of fiction.

"The Office Seeker." This work is anonymous but, of late, several well known names have been connected with the authorship.

## Practical Pointers

Possibly at no time in the world's history have so many questions arisen to demand the attention of thoughtful people as at the present time.

German characters in the style. It is a polished work.

"Why I Left Jail," by Annie Reaume, showing how seeming misfortune may be turned into an artistic disappearance triumph. It's a cheeky but instructive and explains a great mystery.

"A Manual of English Pronunciation," by Francis M. Bechard. This work has been pronounced by experts to be the finest directory of what not to do that this country has ever seen.

"English Oratory and Public Speaking," by T. L. Parry, M. P. P. This is said to be the shortest volume on this subject in existence. The binding is superb. The spell-binding is wanting.

"Shows I Know are Good," a second product of the gifted pen of Manager Fred. H. Brisco. This is a very extensive work, but few of the plays mentioned have ever reached Chatham.

"Letters of an Absent Comedian," by George Perrin, being the first of a record of a apical which Mr. Perrin was to have given at Brisco's Benefit last year.

"The Golden Path to the Stage," by Burney Waldon. This story is short but it is bright and teeming with jokes.

"Steamboats Fast and Otherwise," by the owner of the Snail in Distress. This book shows that the author has a lot of sense.

"Cool, How to Burn It," by the city dealers. This is a very black tale.

"By the Church Door," by the Chatham girl. This is a very realistic novel which is bound to interest also in call. It gives a very lucid explanation why some young men, who are never seen in church, are always found at the church door when services dismisse.

"Hints to Help Build an Electric Road in Kent County," by the late George C. Rankin. This is a very deep work, about 400 pages.

"Recollections of a River Thames Pilot," by Stained the sailor. This would be a very interesting story were it not for an unaccountable doubling in the thread of the narrative.

"Sidetracked, a Cyclist's Story," by S. B. Arnes. This is a vital tale of the awful fate that befel a wheel-

This is perhaps a matter of course, for with increased years comes increased knowledge; increased knowledge means often not greater simplicity but greater complexity, hence questions that one hundred years ago (or even much less) were simple and well settled, to-day are exceedingly complex and very much unsettled.

The relation of labor to capital, employer to employee, the standard of success in life, the public ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, electric light and waterworks systems, etc., these are questions continually coming up for solution, and to the discussion of some of these and kindred questions this column will be devoted each week in the special Saturday issue.

A suggestion was made some weeks ago by one of our citizens that a club might be formed in Chatham somewhat similar to the Canadian club of Toronto. This is a club of the ordinary men, business and professional, doing business in the city.

Once a week these men meet and have luncheon together from 12 to 1, each man paying for his own lunch.

As there are always fifteen or twenty minutes to spare, some one comes prepared to give a short talk on some municipal, social or literary questions. This creates a spirit of good fellowship and dispels many of the misconceptions that business and professional men entertain of each other.

Once a month something somewhat more elaborate might be enjoyed, when the members could have supper together, going directly from business at six o'clock and spending a short time, not later than till nine o'clock in social intercourse and mutual improvement.

Any such scheme should be heartily endorsed, and some of our young and enterprising business men should take hold of the matter and the result can be nothing but beneficial and pleasant.

One of the many advantages accruing to this city from the building of an electric railroad, will be the existence of an all-day current for supplying power. It has been a

mystery for some time why Chatham should be without an electric current for power purposes. Probably the gentlemen who comprise the Chatham Gas & Electric Light Company know what they are doing, but surely if an all-day current pays in such places as Stratford, St. Thomas and many smaller places it could be made pay in this the best city of its size in Ontario.

It is true that for some years past we have had a day current during the summer months to supply power for the electric fans. But if the current could be assured all the year round, would not many of our citizens who require power, avail themselves of it and supply themselves with electric motors?

No other power is so desirable for wood turners, printers, machinists, gunsmiths, jewelers, etc., etc. Besides, many of our stores would, in all probability, put in elevators and in a great many ways the all-day current would very soon become a paying institution and add materially to our citylike ways.

Just at the present time when a good deal of attention is being given to the investigation of the Ganev charges in the local House, it might not be amiss to draw the attention of those having authority to the rights of witnesses in the box. Most of the Toronto papers refer to "the heckling," "the badgering," "the severe ordeal," "the evident attempt to provoke Mr. Ganev and cause an anger cause him to make unguarded statements" in discussing Mr. Johnston's cross-examination.

Now to the ordinary mind a great deal of this appears to be both unnecessary and undesirable. Of course the fullest opportunity must be given to obtain the facts and all the facts, "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," but this does not necessitate the hall-doing, the tally-raising, the irrelevancy, the insolence, which comprise a great part of the stock in trade, of many lawyers. Of course it is presumed the same thing will happen when the witnesses for the Government are being cross-examined by the lawyer for the prosecution. Attention is not drawn to this particular case, but to the general disregard of the rights and feelings of witnesses under cross-examination.

Our police magistrates and judges will earn the gratitude of the community if they will force the browbeating and often insolent lawyers to respect the rights and feelings of witnesses.

## CLOSE-STICKING HABIT.

One of the Difficulties About Smoking—A Definition of Friendship.

The recent agitation against cigarettes has caused Canadian newspapers to recall many anecdotes about smokers and smoking. The Toronto News says, speaking of Parliamentarians who smoke, that it was down at Harvard, when Sir Hilbert Tupper was in his student days, that he learned to smoke. As at most colleges, almost every youngster soon picked up the habit, and once contracted, it stuck to him closer than a brother. That would seem to be the difficulty about smoking. Like every other habit, it is hard to abandon.

George Augustus Sala, who was a world-renowned connoisseur in tobaccos, was once asked for a definition of friendship.

"Well," he said, "I can only give an illustration. Suppose two smokers to be wrecked on a desert island, and one of them having preserved a solitary cigar, while the other has none. If the man with the cigar should cut it in half and give one piece to his companion, I think he would give the finest exemplification of true friendship that could be presented."

Sala is pretty nearly correct, but the party of the first part is purely supposition. It is not to be believed that he ever could exist. He is all right as an example, but he will never be met by anybody. And Kipling, in his somewhat coarse manner, has sung that

A woman is only a woman,  
But a good cigar is a smoke.

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