THE CITY'S MORALS

Rev. Ralph W. Trotter Declares That Vice is Allowed Too Much Latitude.

A Sermon on the Subject—His Experiences on Two Tours of Inspection.

Following is the full report of the sermon preached by the Rev. Ralph W. Trotter in Calvary Baptist church on Sunday evening last:

"The Crime of our City and our Police Force."

Habakkuk 2:12—"Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and 'stablisheth a city by iniquity." Matt. 6:13—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

During the past six months I have been tempted a hundred times to draw back from the task before me to-night; at times I have, for a moment, yielded to such feelings, and with each such weakness I have felt, like Solomon, shorn of my power. No, I know too much of the truth to draw back now.

Two months ago, in a sermon on "the ethics of municipal politics," published in the Times of this city, I set forth our obligation to elect men of character and ability to our executive board. It was then stated that an ethical duty rested upon each elector to see to it that righteousness moved, and justice seconded the nominations, and that every one used his God-given power, the ballot. It was also shown that an equal obligation rested upon men of clean heart and clear head to offer themselves for municipal service, or to stand when brought out by their fellow-citizens. Moreover, our duty was not done when we had elected such men, but we had an obligation to support them 365 days in the year, 24 hours out of every day, 60 minutes out of every hour, 60 seconds out of every minute.

An examination of the candidates will reveal to every one that the election through which we have just passed was the fight of light against darkness, of right against wrong, of God against devil; and I thank God that to a great extent right has triumphed. It is a fact to be proud of that the first resolution passed by our new council was one calculated to abolish the crime of gambling in our city. I am proud that every member of the council of 1896 has declared himself opposed to gambling. I regret that all did not see fit to support the amendment, which makes a clean breast of the whole business, covering adults and minors alike, but it is a satisfaction that the entire board stated its position as opposed to gambling. And it is even more gratifying to see recorded at their second meeting a motion which asks for a detailed report from the police, and looks toward the enforcement of British law.

I have been flooded with letters and visitors asking me to do something for immediate moral reform in our rum-soaked community; mothers, asking me to save their boys from gambling and prostitution; fathers helpless to save their boys from the lowest forms of vice; outraged citizens calling for the organization of a citizen's league. The Ministerial Association have been at their wits' end over the debased condition of our society.

I have preached here Sunday after Sunday, with this church crowded with young men, who were attentive, genial and generous; but you may appeal to them in vain to accept the Christian life. The sensitiveness to moral appeal is blunted. I determined to fathom the cause of this moral deadness. I had preached sermons which in other churches had brought scores to Christ, but here without avail. I looked for this cause in their environment. To do this I had to make personal investigation. I have done so, and have found the cause. And let me say right here that the statements of this address are not the result of newspaper articles or hearsay, nor are they "ministerial generalities." I am prepared to put the facts of this sermon into the form of hard, cold affidavits if you want it.

All these forces have been at work making it impossible for me to be silent longer and be honest. My personal investigations have made it imperative that I take one of two courses. Having the facts which are now in my possession of the crime of this city, I must speak, or vacate the pulpit to truer men. I must raise my hand to strike to death the vice of this city, if I fall fighting, or I must leave, like a coward a disgrace, and play Judas in betraying the Master I serve. Moreover, I believe the town can be cleansed. If I doubted this for one moment I would not preach this sermon. It can be done. You don't think so? Well, you appoint me chief of police for six months and I'll show you.

But you are becoming impatient to learn the "how" and the "what," and I may be the "where" of my midnight journeys through the dens of this rum-ruled town. In

OUR FIRST NIGHT'S INVESTIGATION

we had a very congenial companion. We were green, and when once really started we were a little embarrassed. And boys! I am not ashamed to confess it, I felt very much out of place. The vernacular of the saloon was not congenial, although I have been a commercial traveler. We had to get accustomed to it, so we began with something easy. First we entered the saloon at the foot of this very street. (Herald street.) We bought a cigar and counted the men drunk and sober and noted the gaming tables in the bar, checkers, I suppose. From there we went over to Government street and entered a saloon which we understood had a concert hall or beer garden behind it. Purchasing two tickets for 25 cents we entered the concert hall. Here we found about 200 young and old men. Yes, "nothing but the infinite pity was sufficient for the infinite pathos" of that crowd. The songs were suggestive and the dances more so. Along one side of the hall is a balcony or gallery in which were girls who, for that night at least, were a part of the institution, and who kept up continually a conversation with the young men below. All the while the energetic salesman walked up and down shouting: "Order your drinks, gentlemen."

From there we went to a similar "joint" on Broad street. To give it its just dues it was one grade higher than the one we had left. We bought a cigar for 15 cents and found about 200 men in the concert garden listening to and looking at a performance on the stage. It was the night of the "hat trick," and the "coin farce"—you remember it well. It was getting late, and we determined, if possible to assure ourselves of the truth or falsehood of statements we had heard of the frightful extent to which prostitution was allowed to exist and traffic in human souls in our city. We had no trouble to locate it. The red blinds and wide open doors, and occupants standing outside to solicit us were too thick and numerous to leave us in doubt. Within three blocks of this church I can stand on one spot and throw a stone through the windows of ten houses of prostitution, and some of you who are stronger in muscle than I could break twenty.

We were stopped six times in one block. We stopped and talked. I cannot repeat their conversation here; enough to say that six creatures in the image of my mother and my God, offered to sell themselves, body and soul, to me for $1. We stopped each time when hailed, talked, excused ourselves and walked on. We had walked past their houses three times when one of the women to whom we had spoken said, "If you fellows walk past here again I'll have the cop after you." Mark—a prostitute will put the cop on a citizen for walking three times along a public highway in this city. Now, I'd like to have one point settled. To whom do our streets belong, to the prostitutes or the preachers? And which has the "corner" on our sidewalks? I claim no advantage and grant none to any other being, not even to a prostitute. Five minutes had not elapsed before we met two of our policemen. We were a little anxious to see if our jade of the open door would carry out her threat, so we turned and followed them. They entered the very house she occupied and stayed there for over an hour. They made no arrest, came out and went their way. I refer to this fact, which I can prove, to show that our police are cognizant of each of these houses. They walked past their open doors as we did. Whilst they were in that house not less then seven young men had entered these dens of infamy within one hundred yards of where our paid officers were visiting.

This vice has its "East Ends" and its "First Avenues," its "low downs" and its aristocrats among us. Its fires are smouldering and its disease is festering and its blood is poisoning and sending the curse of the second commandment upon our children to the third and fourth generation. In the name of omnipotent God I dare this city to be indifferent to what I say on this matter. I would rather be put on the rack and hear my joints crack in the thumbscrew than expose another man or woman's sin to no purpose. But, listen! if that is the price you put upon action, then I will pay it. For I have names of owners and agents and frequenters and inmates, with day and date and witnesses to boot, and I say to this town, clean thyself or I will publish thy nakedness. Courage and the painfulness of the truth had grown by experience to such a degree that I determined to see what was to be seen, no matter what it cost or where it took me. On

MY SECOND NIGHT'S WORK

I had a new companion. Careful work was to be done, and it demanded an expert as guide. On previous occasions I had gone dressed as you see me now, but on this second tour there were bolts to have drawn between us and the game we wanted to see. We began by entering a tea store on the west side of Government street. I suppose some of you ladies buy your tea there. Well I wish to inform you that it is a gambling hell. Most of the stock is in sight; the chief trade of the place is lottery tickets. The place is run by Chinamen, but it is chiefly white men who gamble there. Our second night was a study in more ways than one. The fact is that Victoria is a wonder of architecture. It is fearfully and wonderfully made. It abounds in little doors and head traps and back alleys, and stairways and subterranean passages. After sufficient documentary evidence had been secured in the tea store, we betook ourselves to sundry windings and devious dark passages, my guide always in the lead. Soon, to my relief, we found ourselves in a brilliantly-lighted billiard hall. Here were business hotels. Here I recognized business men playing "an innocent game of billiards," but to my astonishment to one side in the open billiard room was running a "chuck-luck" game run by a Chinaman, and around him sat four young men playing. I at once joined them with my companion. I saw money won and lost. I have the names of all present. I won't tell you how the game is played; I may have to do that in court.

Our next visit was on Fisguard street. We entered a very dingy Chinese store, in which sat a number of listless Chinamen. I could see nothing, and began to fear my companion was mistaken. But we had only to move toward the back of the store to find Chinaman briskly engaged in the sale of lottery tickets, and a rap on the narrow door and a soft "let 'im in Sally," caused it to open and a wee Chinese girl stood before us. "All right," and three rooms back we found ourselves again in the chuck luck gang. I was scanned from head to feet; in fact, eyes seemed to see through me. However, I braced myself and chatted with men on the chances of the game and lent them matches to light their cigars, who little dreamed they took them from a preacher's hand. I secured evidence and the names of all present, received an invitation back and left in favor with all.

A few doors away we entered another. Here we found business good, a brisk sale of lottery tickets in the store, but I looked in vain for the "chuck luck" canvas with its ominous "No. 4." But instead of going out at the front door I found myself in the back yard. Passing along in the lee of a low building, we paused at a door. "Rap, rap, rap," and we entered, and here sat a number of Victoria's brightest boys gambling, while in stolid silence the Chinaman threw the dice.

To the honor of the Chinamen, let me say, that again and again that night as the boys of Victoria asked for lottery tickets and put their silver on the "chuck luck" board, I heard the Chinamen say, "No, no, you too young." I confess there was something weird about it, amounting to agony.

We next visited a den kept by a wily old Chinaman. It is wonderful how the attitude of men change according to circumstances. Men who would spit on a Chinaman in ordinary life are bosom friends with them in these dens of darkness. The painful thing is that though Chinamen run the games it is our white boys who gamble in them.

We secured evidence again, and were invited back. In fact, I became quite a mark. I was even promised a look at the "little game up stairs" in some places. Probably I looked green or acted somewhat prodigal with my money.

Further along we entered another. Here was an old one-eyed Chinaman, but kind, and gave me a warm welcome. Here the Chinaman talked good English and I became well acquainted. I had the opportunity of seeing opium prepared and smoked. In fact I felt that one night was quite sufficient to initiate a young man to a night life of crime, such as I have not seen out-done in any town of our size. Once during my travels I felt sure a keen-eyed Chinaman had "got on to" my disguise, for the signal was immediately given to the "little game up stairs."

The next place was the Chinese "Oriental Tea Store" on Government street, quite near the first tea store spoken of. Here at all hours of the night and day white men and Chinamen may be seen going in and out. For months I had watched it and wondered why our police never took occasion to ask the "reason why of all this male trade?" But now I found myself in the very presence. I had the evidence in my hand and my witness to prove the facts, and the tea store with its foreign characters so interesting to me when I first came west had changed into a den of vice and crime. I felt that my second night had not been in vain, and I was no longer in doubt as to where the germs of moral death were generated in this community.

In a saloon on Government street I had noticed advertized on the walls "social dance Friday nights." I determined to see what this dance was. The night came. I went at 12 o'clock midnight. I was too early. I went at 1 a.m., and after waiting half an hour the dance began. In plain words it is the prostitutes' dance of this city. I can give you the names of every woman present and forty-two of the men. After each dance the man takes the girl to the bar (drinks are 25 cents during the dance) the girl gets a drink and part of the price. These girls danced like mad things till daylight with drunken men, drunk themselves. The obscenity, and blasphemy, and lewdness, and drunkenness was too hideous for public speech. It may be interesting to Victorians to know that at four o'clock that morning one of our officers who wears the blue, entered in civilian's clothes and witnessed the scene as I have described it. And upon another occasion he entered at the same hour and in the same dress as drunk as any in the rum-soaked crew. This den has a back entrance from Broad street, and they say ran a gambling hell up stairs, which fact I am prepared to put over my affidavit. I have only touched the fringes of what I know. This is only the beginning of the end." But a piece of evidence came under my notice the other day which I feel ought to be in the possession of the public. The main facts of the evidence are these. A young man bought a lottery ticket which won $1178, and had $400 of the amount paid. The balance was refused him. He thereupon paid a lawyer some $45 to collect the balance. After five or six weeks without success, he went to the chief of police. The chief said: "We don't know anything about these people." The young man told him he thought he did, and as the game was allowed to run so openly he would be able to get a settlement. The chief said it was very hard to stop the game, as you only get at the agents, and can fine them only $20. If he had the money he could get two Chinamen who, for $200 or $200, would give the names of the companies, but they would have to leave town or be killed.

The young man then went back to the lawyer, thinking he would give the matter up, and asked for a refund of $45 he had paid. The lawyer wanted "another crack at these people." In a few days the young man went again to the lawyer. He had hired a detective for $15 to get the names of the companies, and when he had the names he would let him know. On his next visit the lawyer was getting on finely. He had been promised $500, which amount was soon reduced to $250, and finally they refused to pay at all. The young man then went to the police office to secure summonses for the arrest of the Chinaman. The chief said: "We must see your evidence, as we don't wish to waste time." The chief then said that one of his staff had heard that the young man had remarked that the police received $30 a month to let the game alone. The young man said: "Yes, that's what I said." The chief said he was liable to get himself into trouble, and then told him to come next day.

So he went the next day and the chief referred him to the clerk, who said he had never filled in such papers and said he had better go to his lawyer.

On going to the lawyer he was found to be busy, so the young man went home, and while there two Chinamen came to him, saying: "We hear you are going to take us to court." Remember, he had spoken to nobody but the police, and the lawyer, regarding taking out the summons.

The Chinamen wanted to settle, and he agreed to, for $100, not wanting to make trouble for anybody. The next day they refused to settle, saying they could only raise fifty dollars, and asked the young man to go and see another Chinaman to make up the hundred. This was his mistake, for the moment he settled both the chief of police and the Chinaman could have a case against him. If he takes out the summons they still have a case. You may judge for yourselves of such police service.

And now what of all this, and what is my purpose in this review of crime? Well, we are paying a force of twenty-six men to protect this city from just this kind of evil. In other words, to enforce British law in this community. Now I say they have not done so during the past few months, and as a citizen and a man I protest against paying men who are not doing their work. Our police are either ignorant, incompetent or in collusion. If ignorant, then such innocence should not be allowed out alone after dark; if incompetent, they should be dismissed and able men appointed. I protest against this waste of public funds and vice being allowed to flourish practically undisturbed. If in collusion, they should be punished as other offenders. I happen to have the facts, which I can prove, that on the very night of our new council's first meeting, within a few hours after their famous amendment had been passed, nearly every gambling house referred to to-night had been closed by the police. This goes to show that they are not ignorant; and to this extent, not incompetent. The fact is the police of this city have demonstrated that they can close the gambling dens of this city any hour they choose. Business is dull down in the ward this week and last. Let them follow it up. If they are incompetent to keep track of the shuffle in Chinatown I'll do it for them and keep the commissioners posted.

My purpose in this exposure is not to bring into disrepute any man. It is not to expose to public gaze any unfortunate woman. It is not to punish any poor Chinaman. But it is to arouse public sentiment to rise and demand that British law be enforced in this city. It is to ask all citizens, irrespective of party or creed, to rise and put down this rum-soaked, besotted, gambling, licentious pack of blood-hounds that are fattening themselves by sucking the blood from the quivering vitals of this community. To do this, let us demand that our police commissioners be elected by popular vote—and I am not reflecting on them when I say this. I supported our mayor in the election and I have seen him for these matters and have been received by a gentleman as a gentleman. I shall furnish him with such facts as I have and deem wise.

I hope our council will demand an investigation. I hope the citizens will back it up by a strong citizens' league, as was formed in New York against Tammany Hall.

Be vigilant; be earnest; be united, and victory is sure. "Woe unto him that buildeth a town with blood, and 'stablisheth a city by iniquity." Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever Amen.

WRENCHED HER BACK.

THE PAINFUL RESULTS WHICH FOLLOWED.

Limbs and Body Swollen to Twice Their Natural Size—The Sufferer Became Helpless and had to be Turned in bed.

In a cosy little cottage on the outskirts of the village of Merrickville, live Mr and Mrs. Edward Williams. Mrs. Williams is one of the thousands of people who admit that they owe their health if not their lives, to that greatest of life-saving medicines—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. And with a woman's gratitude she is never tired of sounding the praises of the medicine that has done so much for her. To a reporter who called upon her Mrs. Williams gave the following account of her illness and cure:—Up to two years ago I was always a strong and healthy woman, and always able to do my share of hard work. Two years ago I began to feel a sort of wearied depression and my head began to bother me considerably, but I still continued to do my work. In July, 1894, while helping to lift a load, I gave my back a heavy wrench, which affected the spine. My back and right side became very painful; my body and legs began to swell and I made up my mind that along with other complications I had dropsy. I began to grow weaker and weaker until at last I had to be turned in my bed. My body and legs had now swollen to twice their natural size and the pain in my back and side were almost unendurable. I continued in this terrible condition until about the middle of last March, unable scarcely to move. I had tried three different kinds of medicine, but they did me no good. I now fully made up my mind that I could not live and this was the opinion of all who saw me. One day as I lay thinking of my terrible condition, a paper was handed me to look over, when my eyes rested on the testimonial of a minister of the Gospel who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had, like many others, doubts concerning medicine testimonials, but I said to myself surely that good man would not tell a lie. I decided to give them a fair trial and by the time I had used two boxes the swelling began to leave my body and legs, and at the end of my third box the pain in my side, hip, knee and back had entirely disappeared. I still continued to use the Pink Pills and daily grew stronger until, as you see, I am as healthy to-day as ever I was. I still continue to use the Pills occasionally and always feel better for them. I feel confident that had it not been for Pink Pills I would have been in my grave to-day. Mr. Williams was present and confirmed and endorsed all she said.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the medical marvel of the age. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed. They are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

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MURDER IN WINNIPEG.

A Burglar Attempts to Kill His Pal on Their Way to a Robbery.

Winnipeg, Feb. 5.—A most foul and deliberate attempt at murder was made here at an early hour this morning. Two men, John Nankville and William Smith, staying at the Salvation Army rescue home recently met in the penetentiary at Stony Mountain, and there formed an acquaintance. Last night they planned together to burglarize some house at Armstrong's point, presumably the residence of J. H. Munson, Q. C., and about 2 this morning both started out. When crossing the Osborne street bridge, Nankville stepping back shot Smith under the right ear, claiming that it was done by accident. Smith fell to the ground and begged his pal to go for a doctor, as he was dying. Nankville went away and returned in 30 minutes, when he again fired three shots at Smith, all taking effect. Then he beat his head into a jelly with the revolver and buried him under the snow. Smith after lying there about an hour managed to crawl to a neighboring house. The police were sent for and obtained the foregoing story from the dying man. Smith also stated that Nankville was the man who attempted to murder Supt. Genwright, of the street railway company, a few weeks ago. Between eight and nine o'clock this morning Nankville was arrested and was identified at Glenwright as the man who fired the pistol shot at him. Smith is dying, and not expected to live.

One Honest Man.

Dear Editor:—Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially I will mail in a sealed letter, particulars of a genuine, honest, home cure, by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from nervous debility, sexual weakness, night losses and weak shrunken parts. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, and thank heaven I am now well, vigorous and strong, and wish to make this certain means of cure known to all sufferers. I have nothing to sell, and want no money, but being a firm believer in the universal brotherhood of man, I am desirous of helping the unfortunate to regain their health and happiness. Perfect secrecy assured. Address with stamp. L. A. Edwards, Jarvis, Ont.

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