



THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

A "GLOBE" EXPERIENCE. IN THREE SCENES.

THE FEAST OF SATYRS.

It came to pass at the end of the year, that the high priests of the temples of Bacchus and the craftsmen who make firewater, as wine, whiskey, rum, old tom, beer, and other brews,

Seeing that the craft was in danger, took counsel together, saying: Men and brethren, was it not enough that this fellow Howland whom this new sect did twice elect to be mayor of Toronto, should beard us here in our den; shutting up our places of business wherein we are licensed to turn men into beasts, and saying to our faces—ye shall not further demoralize the people, nor make profit of the weaknesses and infirmities and diseased appetites of these our citizens, but ye shall be curtailed of your liberty to blast and destroy in order that ye may become rich and live without labor.

But now, behold! he hath also gone to New York and hath boasted how he hath sat down upon us and flattened us out, declaring that Toronto is now a moral city,

And hath stirred up the inhabitants of New York to go and do likewise.

Now, therefore, let us take counsel and let us, on the anniversary of the birth of Christ, institute a feast of satyrs, a Bacchanalian orgie, wherein by lavish gifts of firewater we shall turn all whom we can by any means persuade into beasts.

And when some are maudlin and sunk beneath the beasts which perish, and others have become raving maniacs, lo! we shall turn them loose into the streets and close our doors, so shall men see how virtuous we really are, in that we regard the morals of the city more

than the shekels—for—shall we not have closed our doors in order that the people may keep sober!

And it shall be that when the people of New York shall hear the report of all this drunkenness on the streets of Toronto, they shall say unto each other, Go to—what hath this fellow Howland been giving us?

Thus shall we strengthen the hands of our brethren in the trade in New York.

Moreover we shall defeat the second Fleming by-law, for the people will see that more are drunken this year of reduced licenses than last year when there was no reduction.

Now, when the craftsmen and liquor dealers heard these sayings, they hilariously smote upon their thighs and shouted, Great is the whiskey ring! bully boy! great is Diana of the Torontonians!

And straitway they sent out invitations to all who were known to love strong drink, and to all the mean men who drank when they could get it for nothing, and to the men whose wives went out working and whose children Howland and his friends were feeding.

And to all whom the curse of inherited desire had rendered helpless to resist temptation, and to all who hated Howland—the friends of those whom he had caused to be hustled out of office because of their often delinquencies, and to all and sundry whom they could possibly persuade to come and drink.

Now when it was early on the Christmas day, the temples of Bacchus were filled to overflowing with the morally halt, and the lame, and the blind; and the men of skewgee principles; and the boddlers of the city.

And High Priest Moyke Maw-canaille and other priests of the temple ministered unto them, and there was a great cannonade of champagne corks *in transitu*, and they did drink and were drunken early in the day of the blessed Christmas morning.

And when the fumes of the various kinds of firewater had arisen into their heads so that they were rendered insane thereby, the priests thrust them forth into the streets—and lo! they were as wild beasts feeding in a menagerie; and they fell upon one another, and their limbs did twist and bend under them, and the smoke of their curses and their blasphemy rose and polluted the pure benign air of the smiling Christmas morning.

And men of all Christian creeds, and men without a creed at all, were drunken, and the priests cried out, Is it not terrible the drunkenness of this people!

And they closed their doors.

And the interested, and the unthinking, and the uninitiated, said behold, Things are worse than before. Let us defeat this by-law lest there be more temperance and consequently more drunkenness.

And the wily and those in the employ of the whiskey ring urged them on against the by-law, even the men who gave for the support of the gospel the shekels drawn from the demoralization of the people.

And they overcame the hesitation they discerned, and they spake privily in the ears of the people, and the people hearkened and voted with the high priests who had done this thing.

Now the new sect had forgotten that the mills of the gods grind slow, and when they saw what had been done they were dismayed, and the corners of their mouths declined downwards. But presently they remembered that the moon was not yet full, when the stream tide should be due, and the highwater mark of Total Prohibition reached, and all Bacchanalian saturnalia swept away into the gulf of oblivion.