

was particularly solicitous in the matter. "By all manner of means, your Majesty," said he, "this Wholesale Slaughter of your Subjects should be stopped!" "But you must not forget," whispered the King, taking him aside, "that it will not be good politics for us to injure the Business of those who deal in this alleged Poison." Then a sudden light broke over the Minister's face. "*Alleged!*" he repeated, "your Majesty has suggested a happy thought to me by that word *Alleged*. I would advise your Majesty to appoint a Royal Commission of Snails to make a Tour of the world and take evidence as to whether Rough-on-Rats really is a Poison." "Good idea," replied the King. "It will at all events stave the Matter off for a few years. And so the Commission was appointed.

MORAL.—A policy of delay is the master-stroke of Satan in destroying souls, and it is the trump card of the politician in fooling prohibitionists.