

learn the Duties required of them. This one seemed to be of a Strange Nature, and without the Kind Instincts of the others. As it grew Larger and Stronger, it grew Fiercer, and on every occasion when it was set to mind the Sheep, it Worried them and ate their Flesh. The farmer was much put about and knew not what to do. Beating the Dog made him no better ; when chained up, he somehow always managed to get Free and continue his ill work, Killing both Sheep and Lambs. The Farmer tried both Long and Short Chains, but one was no better than the other to Control this unruly Brute. At last, at his wits' end, the Farmer called in a Veterinary Surgeon, who knew all about Dogs, to give his opinion about this particular Collie. " Ah, my friend," said the Surgeon, when the Dog was brought before him, " there is only one thing to be done with this Animal in order to make Peace between him and your Sheep." " And what is that ?" asked the Farmer. " Shoot him," replied the Surgeon. " It is a Hopeless Case ever to train him to guard the Flock. Your Collie happens to be a Wolf."

MORAL.—The Liquor Traffic is in its very nature a law-breaking business, and has no right to a place among the legitimate industries of any country. All efforts to control it and make it respectable have failed, and will continue to fail. It must be put out of existence.