



Concrete Fence Posts Last Forever

THEY never rot away in the ground. They stand the hardest knocks and never have to be replaced, for they are practically everlasting. They are easily and cheaply made and are the most satisfactory of all fence posts.

Concrete Drain Tile Cannot Decay

Concrete drains do not decay and are cheaper, because they do not crumble and stop up drains, hence they need no digging up or relaying.

Let us send you this free book, "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." It shows you how to make concrete fence posts and will save you many dollars when doing other building 'round the farm.

Farmer's Information Bureau
Canada Cement Company Limited
772 Herald Building, Montreal

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FARMER CAN DO WITH CONCRETE



FIGHT FLIES WITH TANGLEFOOT!

For 30 years Tanglefoot has been America's surest, safest, most sanitary fly-destroyer. It is non-poisonous, easy to use, and costs but a trifle. Each sheet is capable of killing 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that destroys the germs as well. In buying, ask for the genuine "TANGLEFOOT"—it costs you no more and lasts twice as long as the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper, or sticky fly-paper.

Made only by the O. & W. Thum Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

How to Use
 Open Tanglefoot slowly. In cool weather warm slightly. For best results place Tanglefoot on chair near window at night. Lower all shades, leaving one at the Tanglefoot window raised about a foot. The early morning light attracts the flies to the Tanglefoot, where they are caught. (31)



When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

cerned. He jumped to his feet, seized a lighted brand, and holding it over the powder keg loudly declared that if he was going to be shot, he and his partners should go together to —. By unanimous consent of the jury the sentence was suspended indefinitely.

Many tales of daring and nerve, yes, and of heroism too, are told; of Indian attack and reprisal; but all is legend now for the country is given over to the peaceful settler.

The Blackfeet were excellent horse-men, perhaps the best in the world. The trail of the whisky smugglers led across their territory. Often in the difficult places on the trail the Indians would swoop down upon the troubled drivers with the yelling of incarnate fiends that would have stampeded more sober brutes than oxen driving kegs of whisky. Sometimes the raids took place at night when pickets would be cut and

dressed in civilian clothes haunted the south side of the line and sent word for patrols to look out for bands of smugglers nearing the boundary along the Benton trail; but instead of smugglers, behold four priests with their personal belongings on train of pack mules to the fore! But the men who entered "Slide In," dressed in the black robes of the priest, left "Slide Out" in the buckskin regimentals of frontiersmen.

The police, of course, exercised the right to search the incoming freight of the ox trains for dutiable goods. In goods billed for "Whoopup" some interesting discoveries were made. Liquor was found in every imaginable disguise—in piano boxes, in stoves, in barrels of coal oil, in bags of flour, inside the yellow rim of cheese, yes, and inside what were ostensibly hymn books and coffins. The most common form of smuggling whisky into Whoopup was in bottles labelled



Curious Snow Formation on Moloch Glacier, B.C.

the oxen stampeded with the bellowing of a frightened buffalo herd. If the smugglers made a stand there was a fight. If they drew off, the savages captured the booty, and there was also a fight, but, in this case, the victims were the Indians killed in their own drunken brawls. Then the smugglers organized their famous Spitz Cavalry to escort the freighters and defend the fort. Officers were named and regulations drawn up after which the demoralizing trade went on merrily for the smugglers, but to the utter degradation of the natives.

Whoopup lay in the bottom of a deep ravine. On one side was a defile through the hills named "Slide In." On the other side was a narrow pass called "Slide Out." When officers of the law rode clanking through "Slide In," the smugglers quietly slipped out through "Slide Out." Patrols scoured the boundary country to the south. Scouts

"Perfume," "Painkiller," "Ginger," and "Medicine."

The smugglers were on friendly terms with the police and visits were interchanged between Fort Macleod, the police headquarters, and Whoopup. Sometimes surprising discoveries were made during these friendly visits. The story is told of an officer absently poking his cane in the ground as he stood talking to an old trader in front of his store. What the sensations of the trader were when the officer's cane suddenly clicked against the iron hoop of a buried barrel, one may guess. An excavation in front of that store resulted in the spilling of several kegs of liquor.

To-day Whoopup is a quiet little fort without life or interest, save that which comes down from the days of the old traders and smugglers. The timber is falling into decay and soon all will be wreck and ruin.

The Baltimore Oriole

By Arthur Guiterman

Lord Baltimore has come! I know
 That mellow-noted bugle-horn!
 He hunts the bee above the sloe,
 The snail upon the thorn.

Then curl beneath the wasted leaf,
 Base catiff slug! thy doom is nigh
 Marauding worm, thou orchard thief
 Beware his eager eye!

Lord Baltimore is gay, I ween,
 In livery of black and gold;
 He flits among the branches green
 Right gallant to behold.

A feathered athlete, lithe and light,
 He frolics, hovers, lirts and swings;
 Anon, anon, in pure delight
 Of air-borne life, he sings.

Lord Baltimore, a lover true,
 Has hither brought a gentle bride
 Of softer note and sadder hue;
 Together, side by side.

Where wattled branches lift a roof,
 With creeper, with the raveled string
 He weaves the warp and she the woof
 To frame a cradle-swing;

And there, beneath the mother's breast,
 All warm and safe from lurking wrong
 Her purple-tinted eggs shall rest—
 Four spheres of future song.

Lord Baltimore is stern in fight
 Should danger menace brood or dame,
 As well befits the doughty knight
 Who bears that lofty name;

His rush is swift; and strong the blow
 And sharp the beak when honor calls!
 Then, braggart jay and thievish crow,
 Avoid his castle walls!

The prince of summer's tuneful bands,
 He cleaves the air with golden oar:
 Thrice welcome to thy northern lands,
 O brave Lord Baltimore!