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It contains 70% Brandram Genuine BB White Lead and 30% Pure White Zinc, mixed in pure Linseed Oil and ground to exceeding fineness in our modern plants. Science and extended tests have proved that this combination produces a paint of great Covering Capacity and Durability,—one that will protect your home against the destructive weather of Canada's changeable climate.

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PERCO-TONE—For wall and ceiling decoration.

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B-H. FLOOR LUSTRE—An enamel floor paint.

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ANCHOR SHINGLE STAIN—A durable stain that will not fade. Comes in twelve colours.

It tells in an interesting manner the many uses to which you can put "China-Lac Varnish stain." Explains how to use this wonderful home beautifier for best results. Shows conclusively that a small investment in a tin of China-Lac and a varnish brush will repay you many times over in the like-new effect it gives to furniture, floors, woodwork. Also made in gold and aluminum for radiators.

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Operated by The Dairy Branch, Department of Agriculture

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Hearthurst	Neefort	Shellbrook	Wadena

Express charges on cream shipments are paid at the Creameries. For further information write to the manager of one of the above Creameries, or to the

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE REGINA, Sask.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?

We would like to have you write and tell us what you would like best to have in this page. Do you like the stories, and which ones do you like best?

Did you like the pictures that were to be colored? Please tell us also about any other thing that you have seen in other children's departments that pleased you especially.

Just address your letter as usual to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man., and make it a nice friendly heart-to-heart talk.

This is for all the members of this club, and for all those who feel that they would like to become members.

DIXIE PATTON

THE SNOW FAIRY

It was a cold winter's night; the night before Antoinette's birthday—so cold indeed that she drew the warm coverlet closer around her pretty ears. Antoinette lay awake wondering what the morning would bring her. She had hoped she would get a painting—a painting like those that covered the walls of the art galleries. She was passionately fond of paintings and not un-clever with her brush, yet she hoped; but she refrained from speaking of it to anyone thinking that such vulgarity as begging for anything was beneath the behaviour of a lady. But soon her eyes grew heavy, her head nodded and she slid into the misty depths of oblivion called sleep. She found herself outside her own house before her very own window. A beautiful fairy in a filmy white gown, with spun-glass hair was clinging with one of her milk white arms to an icicle, twice her size, and winking cleverly with the other, a brush so small it was scarcely visible, on the window pane. "How beautiful," breathed Antoinette. The fairy turned; "Do you think it pretty, dear child?" asked the fairy. "It is pretty," admitted Antoinette, "but not half as pretty as yourself. You are altogether lovely." "Oh!" said the fairy, "but I do hope you think it pretty, so few people admire my work. They call it frost. It isn't frost, the sillies, but my silver paint—the paint used by the snow fairies of northern Fairyland. I haven't any pretty colors like you have, but only silver, oh dear! This isn't finished yet, but it will be by morning and because you like paintings you may have it for a birthday present." "Oh!" gasped Antoinette, how did you know I love paintings and that tomorrow is my birthday? But it's lovely of you all the same and I don't know how to thank you dear, dear Snow Fairy. "Oh!" laughed the fairy. "Fairies always know what you wish and think, but now shut your blue eyes and fall asleep and you shall see it all tomorrow."

When the sun peeped in, in the early morning, Antoinette threw off her covers and crept to the window. There, vast, grand and completed was the most beautiful landscape Antoinette had ever seen. It was a fairy world, with a sparkling little stream winding in among the trees. Upon its banks, flowers that sparkled like diamonds, nodded their heads at their reflection in the stream. While Antoinette stood, marvelling at the beauty of it, the sun shone through the silver splendor and cast its golden rays on the flaxen hair of a happy Canadian child who had found her heart's desire on a frosty window pane.

OLGA OLSON,

Fairview, Alta.

Age 13.

A FAIRIES' BALL

After a great deal of toying, turning and shaking my pillow I fell asleep and this is what I dreamt.

I was walking along to school. The sun was just over the horizon and it was a frosty morning. The snow and frost glittered with diamonds. Everywhere I looked I saw these little sparkling things. I tried to pick a bough with all these diamonds and frost on it, but as soon as I touched it they fell to the ground.

After awhile I came to a sheet of ice. It glittered all over with frost so I took a run and began to slide. I wasn't any more than half way over when a funny voice said, "Stop or you'll run over me."

I slowed up as quickly as I could and was startled to see a little fairy, three inches tall, standing about a foot from me. He was dressed in many bright colors and bowed politely and said, "Thank you for not running over me. To those who don't stop when I tell them, I send ill luck. Come along with me." I followed him for a little way and then asked him if he wasn't cold. He seemed rather offended at this and said, "We fairies are supposed to live in the snow. Look, see them dancing in the snow." My new friend led me to a little hollow on the hillside and in the hollow was the loveliest castle you ever saw. It was about eight inches high and painted with many pretty colors and had crystal windows.

"Come in, there is going to be a ball," said the fairy. "But I can't get in, as I'm nearly four feet high," I replied. For answer he touched me with his wand. "Now," he said, "come in and have a good time." This I did as I was now the same height as he himself.

There were a few fairies inside and I took a seat with my friend. After a few minutes the queen of the fairies came in with about twenty others holding up her train so that it wouldn't get dirty. Soon the ball began. The trumpets played tunes and everyone sang "God Save the Queen." Then several fairies sang songs. How softly and sweetly the fairies sang. Then every fairy chose a partner. I chose the one who invited me. We all danced until we were tired and then all went home. No one was left but my friend and myself. I asked him to give me back my old self as I'd get laughed at or maybe trodden on if I was so small. This he did by touching me with his wand. Then I heard father's voice saying, "Get up or you'll be late for school."

DORIS RANDALL,

Age 12 years.

MY DOG'S ESCAPE

It was on a morning in the early winter of 1912, when the ground was covered with snow and the sun was just peeping at the new day, that our curiosity was aroused by the continued barking of the little pup, who would run up and down the outdoor cellar steps and bark. Mamma went to the door to see what it was barking at. Her attention was soon drawn to the little dog's mother a short distance away, who was surrounded by three vicious coyotes ready to tear her to pieces. Mamma closed the door softly and called papa to get his gun. We all ran to the window just in time to see papa's bullet make the snow fly a few inches away from the coyotes, and they, thinking their fun was over, were soon speeding for cover in all directions over the prairie, and they did not come back for a long time. But Teddy, that was the other dog's name, a short time afterwards, disappeared also, and we have not seen or heard of her since. Her little pup (Guard) that saved her life once, is a big dog now and we would not take a great deal for him.

NINA E. COLE,

Age 11.

THE OWL'S NEST

Last spring as I was plowing in the field, an owl flew up right ahead of the horses. I didn't pay any attention to it because I thought it was just catching mice, but the next time I came around I noticed a nest with eight eggs in it. They were about the size of a pigeon's egg, but a little shorter. The left horse walked right over the nest, but didn't break the eggs, so I made a nest on the plowed ground and put the eggs in it. The owl's real nest was a hole in the ground with a couple of straws and a few feathers in it.

When I had that piece done, papa harrowed it and harrowed right over the nest and broke five eggs. I put the rest back in the nest. When I got back after dinner I went to the nest and saw that the eggs had been sucked. I saw two crows on the fence nearby, so I guess they sucked them.

AUGUST DAGEFORDE,

Dalbury, Alta.