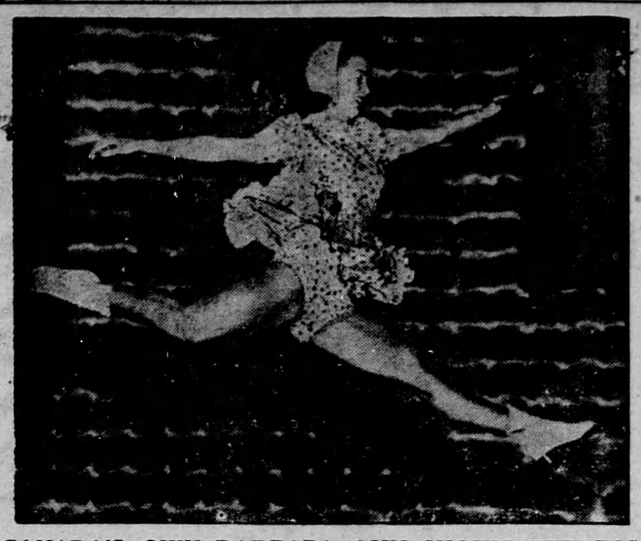

CANADA'S OWN BARBARA ANN SHOWS THE BIG-CITY FOLKS—Displaying the form that charmed judges and spectators at the Olympic games, world's figure skating champion Barbara Ann Scott is "packing them in" at Radio City Music Hall in New York, making her debut as a professional.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to Everybody—and let me tell you, I think you are the nicest people! Yes, you must be, because the readers of this column were so kind to me this Christmas. I do appreciate your cards and letters and hope to acknowledge each one of them personally—but it takes time, you know, so, until you hear from me further, you will please accept my thanks this way.

I also want to tell you how much it helps me to know that this column gives you a little pleasure; to get a letter now and then makes me realize I am writing to real people—some of you on farms like ourselves; some in towns and cities; and some, indeed, not in Canada at all, but "across the line." And here is rather a curious fact—more of my reader-letters come from the U.S.A. than from Canada—folks who have moved away and still have the home-town paper sent to them. Perhaps this column helps to keep green in their memory the Canadian way of living, especially on a farm. Perhaps you too, raised chickens, fed calves, gathered eggs—or knew the joy of having electricity after living with coal-oil lamps year after year. Perhaps you re-live with me the busy summer days; the unexpected threshings; the difficulties of entertaining with the season's work at its peak—and yet loving it all and not wanting to trade one week of it for a salaried job in the city. But time moves on and it sometimes happens that force of circumstances make it impossible for us to live exactly where we wish or do just exactly as we like. So, perhaps, having made your choice, you find yourself living a different life from what you were used to. You are happy but yet you have memories—memories that you cherish and like to keep . . . of an old home in some part of Ontario — of which maybe Ginger Farm reminds you . . . of helping Dad down at the barn; or bringing home the Christmas tree and trimming it for the younger folk. Or perhaps, with a New Year dawning, you remember how you trudged off to school again, through snow-filled roads to the little red school-house up the line; and you remember the day of "the big storm" when Dad came after you in the cutter, and coming home the cutter upset when you struck a fence-post which you couldn't see because a huge drift had completely covered the fence.

And you remember how you knew Mum would be trying to watch for you coming through the blinding snow—and how good it seemed to come into the big, warm kitchen where she was waiting with piping, hot cocoa, made with half milk—such cocoa as you never tasted before or since. And it probably isn't a stream-lined kitchen that you remember but one where there was room for the whole family; where Dad would sit in his chair by the stove, reading the weekly paper, while Mum dished up a wonderful meal of savoury soup and dumplings. Likely as not there wasn't any hydro to ease the work for Mum—but there were several pairs of willing hands! Of course you don't want to go back to days with no conveniences but yet somehow it seems kind of nice to remember the soft glow of the big coa-oil lamp in the centre of the kitchen table.

And then after supper, because there wasn't a car in the family, and no show or dance to go to, the boys amused themselves with some carpenter work they were doing down in the basement; and Mum got out her mending, or set her sponge for the bread next day, while the girls did the dishes.

Today things are a little different. In many homes there are conveniences such as mother and grandmother never dreamed of . . . but sometimes I get a-wondering—in which era is, or was, the true Golden Age? And what breed of men and women will modern life produce? Sometimes we seem to have our sense of values mixed. Time of course marches on. There is 'no turning back—and we are carried along in its forward march. But sometimes I wonder if we couldn't satisfy ourselves with more of the simpler joys of country life—good books, magazines, papers and neighbourly visits. Perhaps we don't make too good a job of distinguishing the gold from the dross.

That is just an idea—perhaps it might do as our New Year's thought for today. What do you think, folks?

IT TAKES A MAN TO BAKE REAL PIES, GIRLS, Leland McMillen of Oak Park feeds his prize winning apple pie to runners-up in the National Farm and Garden shows contest. Mrs. C. A. Hintz (left) won second prize while Mrs. H. Williams finished third. McMillen was only male contestant.

Three Bears and a Long Tail Monkey

A Chimney Farm Story

Once upon a time, three little bears lived in a wood all alone without a father or mother. But they had a very good time. They were full of fun and curiosity, and one day the smallest, who had most fun and curiosity in him, fell into an old well near the edge of the woods. There wasn't much water left at the bottom of the well, but what there was felt cold and wet, and the little bear yelled loudly for help.

In vain his brothers hung sticks over the edge. He couldn't reach any of them.

A friend of theirs, a monkey, happened to be passing by when he heard the excitement and came up to see what it was all about.

"Oh, that's easy," he said. "Each of you cubs hold me by a paw down the well as far as you can reach, and the littlest bear can catch me by the tail. You may have noticed that it's exceptionally long."

No sooner said than done.

The two little bears leaned way over; the monkey stretched out his tail with all his might, and the littlest bear caught hold of its end with all his might. But what a time they had pulling up so much weight so far However, it was done at last, and the monkey was thanked and the littlest bear rubbed dry.

"And now we'll have a party in celebration," said one of the bears.

They wanted the party formal, so they rolled five stones from the farmer's wall, four to make chairs and the biggest one for a table. The table had a hollow place in it. This they filled with spring water and mashed roots and wintergreen berries and raspberries, and that was their drink. As for their cups they used their own paws, which worked pretty well. They didn't have any food, as there wasn't any.

"This drink is delicious," said the monkey who was guest.

"Thank you," said the little bears. "If we only had some cake to serve with it!"

"No matter," said the monkey politely, though he did not like cake.

Just as the party was going finely, they heard a loud angry shout.

It was the farmer who was running towards them, waving his pitckfork. He had seen the gap in his wall where the five big stones had been rolled away.

The three little bears and the monkey gave one look and ran as fast as their legs would carry them, deep into the woods. The farmer went back to the farm, where his wife stood watching at the kitchen door.

"Yes, John," she said, "I saw you chasing them, but what for I can't imagine. They were all as nice and quiet as any party I ever saw. I wish our children behaved half as well."

"They'd been breaking down my wall," the farmer began still crossly, but his wife interrupted him.

"Now, John, you know that wall ihn'tisn't any good for anything these days. You don't pasture the cows either side of it. The poor little creatures were just having a good time and you've run them off."

"I guess I just forgott about not mending that wall," said the farmer, "Well, no use crying over spilt milk."

He was really a very kindly man, but he did have a quick temper.

His wife had an idea.

"John, I've been making doughnuts. Why don't you take a bag of them down to where they were sitting and leave it there? The smell ought to bring them back."

So the farmer very willingly took the doughnuts and left the bag on the boulder table, and no sooner was his back turned than the three little bears and the monkey stole back, and sat down again, each on his boulder chair. They smelled the doughnuts and understood that the farmer had brought them a present. So they dipped up their home-made sarsaparilla with one paw and ate the doughtnuts with the other, and when the farmer looked back, they waved warmly, and the monkey picked up a handkerchief and waved it at the end of his exceptionally long tail.

Zacharius Jansen invented the first compound microscope about 1590.

★

Taxes

When an old South African native was told he had to be taxed because the government, like a father, protected him from enemies, cared for him when he was sick, fed him when he was hungry, gave him an education and, for these reasons, needed money, the old native said:

"Yes, I understand. It is like this: I have a dog, and the dog is hungry. He comes to me and begs food.

"I say to him, 'My dear faithful dog, I see you are very hungry. I am sorry for you. I shall give you meat.'

"I then take a knife, cut off the dog's tail, give it to him and say: 'Here, my faithful dog, be nourished by this nice piece of meat.'"

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

Some of these recipes I honestly intended to include in this column before the festive season—but, somehow or other, there just didn't happen to be room. Still, I don't believe that there should be any excuse for publishing them now, as they're all guaranteed to have been tried—tested—and found very good indeed. Here is one for some easy-to-make cookies that I know your folks will enjoy.

Sour Cream Cookies

1 cup sugar
¼ cup shortening
1 egg
2½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup cocoa
1 cup sour cream

Method

Cream the sugar with the shortening (melted) and add the whole egg, beaten until light and fluffy. Sift together the flour, soda, salt and cocoa. Add these dry ingredients alternately with one cup sour cream to your first mixture. Roll out, cut, and bake in a moderate oven.

* * *

Although these spicy raisin squares are delicious when cold, they're even more so when served warm. What's more, they can be reheated—that is, providing they all don't disappear the first time you serve them. Recipe makes from 18 to 24 squares.

Spicy Raisin Squares

¾ cup seedless raisins
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
½ cup crushed pineapple, drained
2¾ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1½ teaspoons nutmeg
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup heavy cream

Method

Cover raisins with boiling water and let stand 5 minutes. Drain and stand on dry cloth or paper towel. Cream shortening and one cup sugar till light and fluffy. Add beaten eggs, raisins and pineapple. Sift together the dry ingredients and blend thoroughly with the first mixture. Spread thinly in greased baking pans and pour a mixture of ¾ cup sugar and ¼ cup cream over the top. Bake in hot oven—400 degrees—for 20-25 minutes. Cut into squares and serve warm.

Many of my readers, I know, butcher their own pork; and a few hints regarding that particular delicacy may not be amiss 'round about now. The big thing about pork, of course, is thorough cooking—and I actually mean THOROUGH. Pink pork is what you SHOULD NEVER serve — it must be well done, right through to the bone.

But that doesn't mean over-cooking. The rules for roasting call for pork placed—fat side up—in an open pan, then a moderate oven (350 degrees) and 35 minutes baking per pound. Trying to brown roast pork at — say — 500 degrees means a lot of waste because, more than any other meat, pork shrinks under high heat.

Here's how to cook spare-ribs in that good old way known as "sweet sour."

Sweet-Sour Spareribs

2 lbs. spareribs
1 tablespoon shortening
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup hot water
4 tablespoons corn starch
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon sugar
3 tablespoons ketchup
1 cup pineapple juice
1 cup cubed pineapple
¼ cup chopped green pepper or celery

Method

Cut meat in strips between the bones. Brown in hot shortening, cover and simmer for an hour and a half. Drain off any excess fat, add salt and water. Combine corn starch with sugar, stir in vinegar, ketchup and pineapple juice. Pour over ribs. Bring to steaming, then add pineapple and green pepper or celery. Heat thoroughly and serve. Extra good with steamed rice.

Will To Win

A horse called Forrester presented a remarkable illustration of how thoroughly racers enter into the spirit of the course. Forrester had won many a hardly contested race, but in an evil hour was matched against an extraordinary horse called Elephant. Around the course they raced neck and neck, but just before the finish Elephant pulled slightly ahead. Forrester, finding all his efforts to recover the ground ineffectual, made one desperate plunge, seized his antagonist by the jaw, and could scarcely be forced to quit his hold. A similar incident occurred when a fine horse was rendered so frantic at finding his antagonist gradually passing him that he seized him by the leg, and both riders were obliged to dismount and combine their efforts to separate the animals.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

General Statement

30th November, 1948

ASSETS

Notes of and deposits with Bank of Canada	$ 177,157,400.06
Other cash and bank balances	158,536,879.14
Notes of and cheques on other banks	89,509,786.47
Government and other public securities, not exceeding market value	918,420,522.36
Other bonds and stocks, not exceeding market value	136,626,725.57
Call and short loans, fully secured	56,534,207.84
Total quick assets	$1,536,785,521.44
Other loans and discounts, after full provision for bad and doubtful debts	600,923,527.65
Bank premises	11,729,957.85
Liabilities of customers under acceptances and letters of credit	65,104,477.12
Other assets	7,944,302.47
	$2,222,487,786.51

LIABILITIES

Notes in circulation	$ 4,320,934.27
Deposits	2,067,488,996.81
Acceptances and letters of credit outstanding	65,104,477.12
Other liabilities	4,087,930.88
Total liabilities to the public	$2,141,002,339.08
Capital	35,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	44,000,000.00
Dividends payable	952,655.37
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	1,532,792.06
	$2,222,487,786.51

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1948, before Dominion and provincial government taxes, but after contribution to Staff Pension Fund, and after appropriations to Contingency Reserves, out of which Reserves provision for all bad and doubtful debts has been made		$9,517,432.87
Less provision for Dominion and provincial government taxes	$5,150,000.00	
Less provision for depreciation of bank premises	808,887.36	3,958,887.36
		$5,558,545.51
Dividends at the rate of $1.00 per share		3,500,000.00
Amount carried forward		$2,058,545.51
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 29th November, 1947		3,474,246.55
		$5,532,792.06
Transferred to Reserve Fund		4,000,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1948		$1,532,792.06

SYDNEY G. DOBSON, President

JAMES MUIR, General Manager