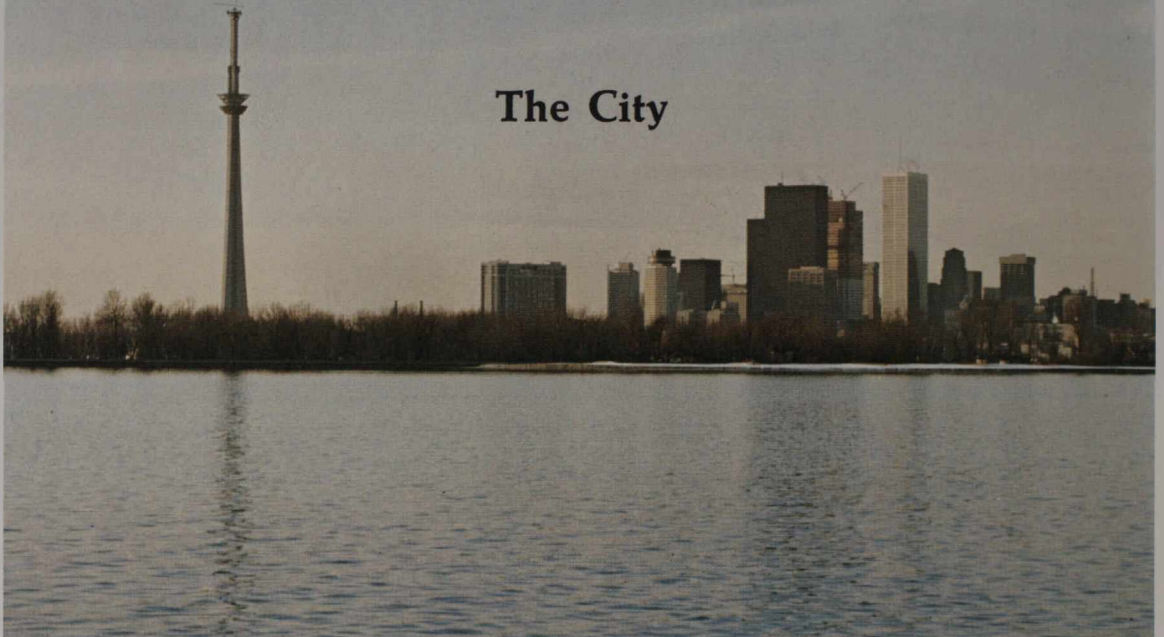


"The most stunning improvement has taken place in Toronto . . . a formerly tedious provincial capital has emerged as the world's newest great city" — *Fortune* MAGAZINE



The City

Once the disgruntled young people of Toronto called it "Toronto the Good." Editor Robert Fulford has recalled that "we all grew up believing that ours was just about the most miserable and boring hick town on the face of the earth."

Today it is very different. Depending on the point of view, it is: "Swinging Toronto," "the only city in North America worth saving," "the middle class capital of the world," or "a monster consuming itself." Each view has some measure of truth. It is an entertaining city with good restaurants, good shops and theatres, and a semi-

sinful stretch for a few blocks along Yonge Street, but it is not Paris, London, New York, Montréal or even Baltimore, Md. It is close to the middle-class dream; a great many families live in satisfactory circumstances right in the city and it lacks the more grievous urban problems. It is obviously worth saving but so are (to name only two) Vancouver and Louisville, Ky.

For the moment at least Toronto has achieved a sort of pleasant plateau—a good place to live, a good place to visit and in the words of one writer, "a boomtown without peer and a com-

Robertson Davies



Robertson Davies is Toronto's, and one may well argue Canada's, most illustrious literary man. He was born in Thamesville, Ont., he wrote his first book of fiction in 1947, and for the last decade he has been Professor of English and Master of Massey College at the University of Toronto. There are many who think he is the best novelist now writing in English. *Fifth Business* is considered

his best book to date, though *The Manticore*, a more recent one, is very close. His work has a quality that is profound, religious and humanistic. He is his own best interpreter, as can be seen in these comments by him, excerpted from a published interview by Donald Cameron:

"Orthodox Christianity has always had for me the difficulty that it really won't come, in what is for me a satisfactory way, to grips with the problem of evil. It knows an enormous amount about evil, it discusses evil in fascinating terms, but evil is always the other thing; it is something which is apart from perfection, and man's duty