



The Canadian Pacific Railway still holds Canada together with a belt of steel. The picture, by Gregory Keen, is from *Together We Stand* (Gage, 1978). The 124 pages of pictures and appropriate quotes were gathered by Donald G. Swinburne.

ings with black coffee in the kitchen with the snow lying thick and silent and trackless outside my windows as I pored over the columns of figures in the *Globe & Mail*, the *Financial Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*. Finally I began to discover a number of shares on the Toronto and New York stock exchanges that had well below average price-earning ratios, but in spite of that had good records of increased earnings." By page 217 he has his own booming investment advisory business. By page 224 he is saying to his cousin, "Listen, I'm rich now. . . ." By page 227 he has reduced money making to a painless chore: "I work now in the Toronto Dominion Centre and I issue crisp commands to my small staff, and I stare philosophically out my window." By the last page the grandmother is dead, having fallen down the stairs, and Gould and his cousin-bride are free to live happily ever after.

But wait! There is one last, vague hint of disaster to come. He is about to be interviewed by a *Toronto Star* reporter. "And I sit down once more for an interview feeling tired, and chastened, and more than a little afraid."

Shrewsbury is the climactic book of a trilogy that began with *Stepping Stones* and moved on with *So Free We Seem*. Since each is no thicker than a man's thumb, they might well have been combined into one not too massive volume.

Morley Callaghan, in and out of Toronto since 1903, is a grand old writer. His heroes of the past have been in the Canadian tradition, but the hero of his new novel, *Close to the Sun Again* (Macmillan of Canada, 1977), is cast in a different mold, though not exactly the one described by Sutherland. Ira Groome might almost be considered a gentle joke Callaghan has played on the categorizing critics. Morley gives us not a nonconforming loser nor a nonconforming winner but a conforming winner/loser. Ira, a naval commander and bemedalled hero in World War II, is the most expensive of grey flannel men: the flawless chief executive in a multinational corporation, the perfect corporate man, and as essential a contributor to the whole as the original die from which the interchangeable parts are cast. His sad and drunken wife dies; his son departs forever; and he returns from his command post in Sao Paulo to Toronto to become the commissioner of police and a figure of impressive façade. He acquires a noble house and a splendid mistress and begins drinking gin in great, discreet quantities. He never shows obvious signs of intoxication, and every now and then he checks into a luxurious nursing home to dry out. He is fatally injured in a wish-fulfilling auto crash. As he lies dying, he remembers in total detail a World War II adventure when he, a strange, rich girl and her lover-manqué/bodyguard were torpedoed in the North