

GALSWORTHY'S SWAN SONG LAST OF SERIES COVERING FIFTY YEARS

By S. MORGAN In
The Montreal Star

It is long since I have laid down a novel with a keener sense of solid satisfaction than that which I experienced on concluding the persual of John Galsworthy's "Swan Song." The title is expressive in no ordinary measure, for not only is this book in truth the swan song of the Forsytes, but the swan song of the author who has portrayed for us, through their eyes, the comprehensive vision of the latter half of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth century, as they have affected English life. The actual period covered by the life of that splendid old Victorian, Soames Forsyte, is seventy-one. Mr. Galsworthy began writing about the Forsyte in 1906, with "The Man of Property." Now he closes the record with "Swan Song."

What a record it is! When you regard the magnitude of the task, the mastery skill of its achievement, the amazing accuracy with which the author has mirrored not only the manners, morals and life, but also the thought of the times, the vividness of his portraits, the realism of his characterizations, and the dexterity with which he has combined the actions and reactions of his protagonists with the contemporary developments of the period, you are the more inclined to rank his work as of a very high type indeed. I have no hesitation, personally, in saying that I hold John Galsworthy to be the greatest of all living novelists—the greatest novelist, in fact, now writing the English language. I base the estimate upon his Forsyte sagealone, but upon the completed achievement of the author since he first attracted the attention of serious critics right up to the present time.

The younger generation will hardly recall the beginning of the Forsyte novels. But they will readily recall the first of the trilogy of post-war novels of the saga, which began with "The White Monkey," was continued in "The Silver Spoon," and ends with "Swan Song." Apart from Thomas Hardy, no English novelist has shown such a profound understanding of the workings of the English mind and the depths of the English nature, nor has any brought the penetrating light of his sympathetic irony to bear more searchingly upon the follies and foibles, the tragedies and the fallacies, the spirit of unrest and the craving for experience that have given this post-war period a distinction all of its own—not wholly one to be envied, but

one that stamps it as significant and apart.

"Swan Song" carries the romance of Fleur and Jon to its enviable debacle, and the life of Soames Forsyte to its close. Opening with the period of the general strike, it presents a peculiarly fine perspective of English action and English thought, and threads the various lives of those who had formerly figured in "The White Monkey," and "The Silver Spoon," through the confusing maze of conflicting opinions, standards and prejudices. The old order is shown changing, and those who have held to the old traditions are shown reluctant to the last to yield to the irresistible force of time and change waging through the life of the nation and the life of the individual. There is really only one new character of any importance in the book, and he is the ultra-modern artist who has a habit of stripping his sitters of their veil of assumed indifference and showing them most concerning pictures of their real selves.

One hardly knows who are the most interesting, however—the old generation, or that new one of which Fleur is such a typical example in some ways and in others so lacking in character. Those who remember the passionate interlude of the romance between Fleur and Jon will not be surprised to find that passion flare up again on Jon's return from America with a young and charming wife. It is once more Fleur, selfish with the unthinking selfishness of her generation, who fans the flame, and it is upon Fleur that the fire, dying, throws its baleful glare. But even in her deepest distress she remains the one love of her old father's later life, and in the end he sacrifices himself to save her.

Fashions may change, moral standards may alter, the ways of men and women in life may veer with the devious paths progress follows, but the fundamental qualities of humanity remain firmly rooted upon the principles of understanding, sympathy and forgiveness. This, Mr. Galsworthy makes quite clear, beyond all possibility of challenge or of doubt.

I have little space in which to discuss the quality of the writing. Suffice it to say that "Swan Song" is Galsworthy at his best, alike in its clarity, the beauty of its style, the unflinching charm of the manner and the often austere and noble dignity of the vision. It forms a fitting climax to one of the most important contributions to modern English literature our day and generation have known, and it is, in the most complete sense of the phrase, a splendid criticism of life.

JUDGMENT SUSPENDED

You can dope a man's rank oftentimes by his bank,
Or his suits, or his socks, or his ties.
You can judge his finances by headwaiter's glances,
Or the kind of a house that he buys.
You can reckon by looks, by manners, his books,
Or his choice of a pipe or cigar.
There are thousands of ways you can weigh and appraise,
But you can't judge a man by his car!

It frequently gives you a jar;
You see Midas driving a Star,
Or Croesus right busy Directing a Lizzy,
While stevedores covered with tax,
Go by in Packard
All shining and lacquered;
You can't judge a man by his car!

The landlord may toddle along in a model
That ceased to be made in nineteen;
The janitor's steering a boat whose veneering
Would dazzle the eyes of a queen.
The people whose choices are Benz and Rolls-Royces
Aren't always patricians, by far.
They're frequently beggars or Harlem bootleggers;
You can't judge a man by his car.

The limousine gleaming with spar,
Belong's to the garbage man's "par,"
While the battered old can
Is Vere de Vere's van
(The Blue Book will show who they are).
Race, servitude, class is no bar,
If you write, or you fight, or you char,
You can buy you a bus
On installments and thus,
You can't tell a man by his car!

BERTON BRALEY,
In New York Sun.

"What kind of a car have you?"
"I got a Wreck."
"A wreck?"
"Yeah. Every time I park it a dozen people come up and ask me if I've reported the accident yet."

be as follows: Nova Scotia, \$260,000,000; Dominion, \$151,000,000; Imperial, \$147,000,000; Toronto, \$142,000,000; Total, \$700,000,000.

This would create a bank that would be practically neck and neck with the Commerce.

All four of the banks mentioned have their administrative head offices in Toronto.

If, as leading bankers say, Canada is to get down to a few large banks, it must be by merger of the existing banks and the mergers above discussed are the "logical" ones.

But several things stand in the way of their consummation. The shareholders and directors of the banks referred to may prefer to let each bank go its own gait, as they are doing very successfully right now. Or the government might not permit further mergers, although its policy in that regard seems to exist only for the breaking thereof. But what is more important, and probable, the public may have had its fill of mergers and refuse to accept any more such combinations without expressing its disapproval.

FINANCIAL POST SEES MORE CANADIAN BANKS IN MERGERS

From the Financial Post

It was inevitable that the Commerce-Standard merger should revive discussion of the mergers. The definite statements by executives of both banks that the merger was in line with the tendency towards fewer and larger banks in Canada was in itself enough to start tongues wagging.

Even though there are signs apparent that the public wants no more bank mergers that does not stop the gossips from projecting other banking combinations.

The "logical" combinations at once suggest themselves. A "logical" combination is apparently one that will get by the minister of finance who has declared himself as opposed to shifting the balance in banking as between Montreal and Toronto. Thus, Toronto banks may merge only with Toronto banks and Montreal banks with Montreal banks.

Three-Bank Merger

In Toronto, the four banks that are left out of the seven after the Big Three — Montreal, Royal and Commerce—have been eliminated from discussion are the Nova Scotia, Dominion, Imperial and Toronto. A few years ago there was talk of a merger between the latter three. This has been revived, though probably to the

embarrassment of the officers of these banks who declare that such a merger is purely hypothetical.

Such a merger would provide a bank with total assets of \$400,000,000 as follows: Dominion, \$151,000,000; Imperial, \$147,000,000; Toronto, \$142,000,000.

In Montreal there are only two banks outside the Big Three, the Banque Canadienne Nationale and the Banque Provinciale du Canada. A merger of these two has been, from time to time, discussed, but again quite unofficially. It is not certain that either side wants it. But both banks are French Canadian in aspect. Their combined assets would total over \$200,000,000. The figures follow: Can. Nationale, \$149,000,000; Provinciale, \$55,000,000; total \$204,000,000.

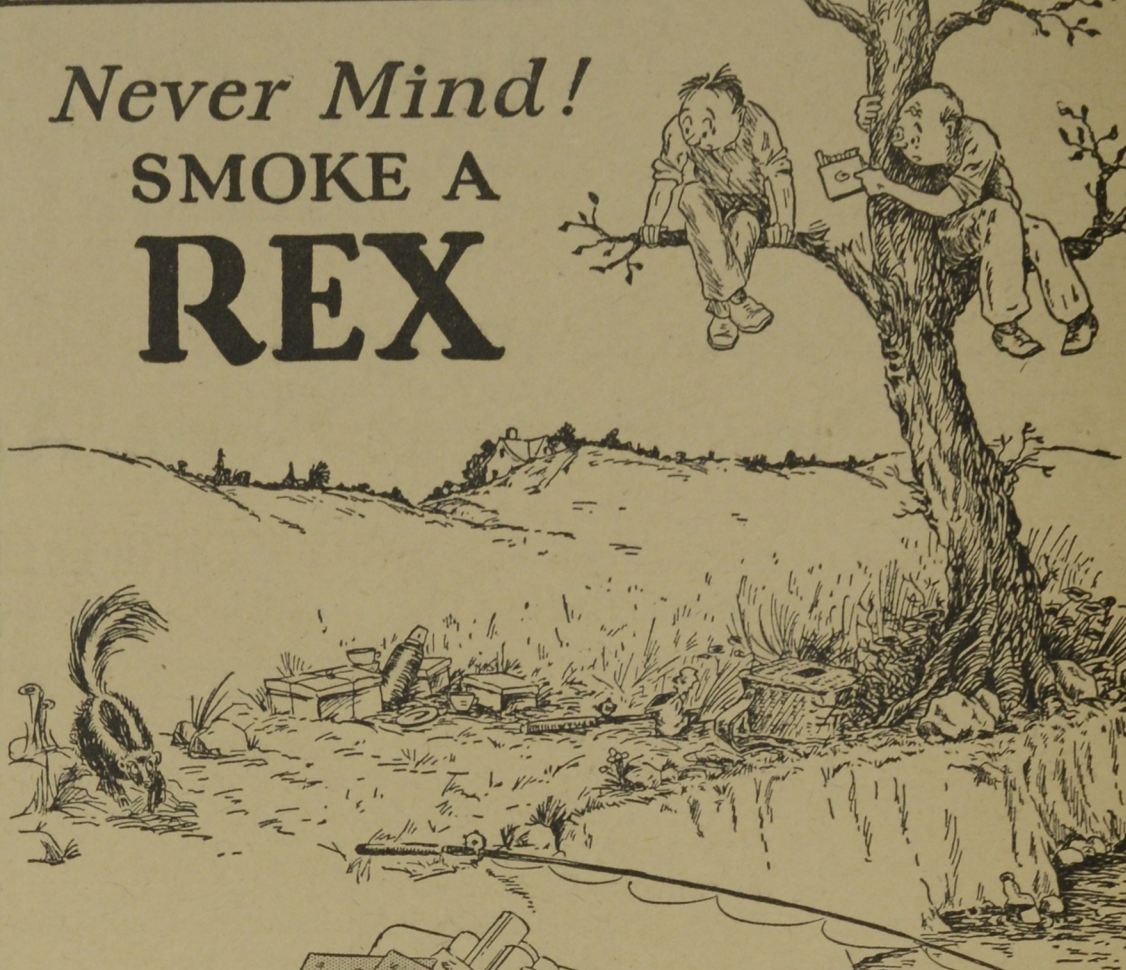
Neither of these combinations would provide a bank to rank in size with the Big Three, although they would be substantial institutions for all that.

Another \$700,000,000 Bank

About the only way that a fourth large bank in the three quarter billion dollar class could be set up by a merger of the present banks would be in the union of the Nova Scotia, Toronto, Dominion, and Imperial. The combined assets of these four would

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Remember once there was a flame in me
Think well of ashes after this, re-

First Collegian—Does your roommate covet your belongings?
Second Collegian—Heavens no! Why should he covet what he already has?

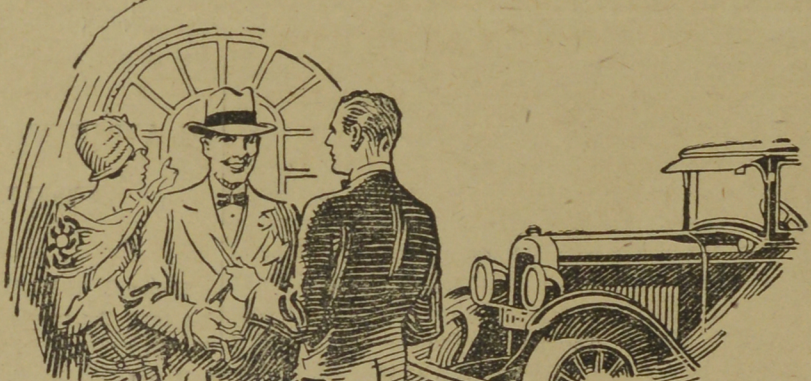
An expert says the ideal card game would combine some features of auction with others of poker. And what shall we call it? Drawbridge
An old timer is one who can remember when every brazen hussy with powder on her nose was suspected of being a grass widow.

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