

## MORE OF THE ARTS

Every year, for the past number of years, the Kinsmans' Club of Charlottetown has sponsored the visit here of The Canadian Players giving the finest drama in our language. Not only is the drama itself good, but the actors are probably the best in the whole of Canada. This is a fact for which the students at St. Dunstan's should be extremely grateful. However not always is it possible for the students to attend these performances as they would like; this year on the day on which the plays were being presented many of the "Saints" were over at Mount "A" watching the football game; while yet others were held off by the admission price. Nevertheless the plays were missed, and if this sort of arrangement continues, they shall continue to be missed in the future.

Now this fact is indeed to be lamented because as part of our cultural education, these plays and other entertainments which come to the Island should be seen by not a few of the students, but by the whole body of College students. This can be done only if there is some way in which these displays of fine art could be brought closer to us.

If some arrangement could be made with these groups to at least occasionally, give a presentation right here on the campus, it would more than likely stir the interest of people and give to them also a lesson as to what they are missing in not seeing these things. If you remember, last year on the occasion of the visit to the city of the Vienna Boys' Choir, the College authorities invited that fine group to sing for us. Many of the students went to hear them again that night having been given a taste of the group's singing in the morning.

It might be a fine example if the College were to investigate this matter and see if it is at all feasible to have some of these groups come here so that we, who are so far off the beaten track of such fine displays of art, may, on occasion, mingle with the greats of artistic achievement in our country, with the hope that a little of what they have may rub off on us.

—EDITORIAL

## TERRY'S TROUBLES

High above him the bright sun was pouring forth its dazzling rays on a mild autumn day, and the air smelled clean and fresh, but even this failed to rouse his heavy spirits. Terry Brown, son of a coal miner, wandered aimlessly down the narrow trail through the small forest at the edge of the town to the quiet banks of a small stream. For a moment he stood there on the bank, staring at the clear waters; then, with a heavy sigh, he slumped down at the foot of a tree.