



MT. ALLISON MALE ACADEMY AND COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

Your room-mate is perhaps the daughter of a sea-captain; she has spent two years at sea in her father's ship. She is familiar with the ports of South Africa, South America, and the West Indies. She spreads on the floor the skin of some wild beast slain in Africa. She drapes the mantel with some dainty fabric which she purchased in Buenos Ayres. Your next door neighbour proves to be the daughter of a seal-merchant from Newfoundland. She, too, has had her quota of strange experiences. Across the hall in No. 90 is a sweet, blue-eyed maid from "the land of Evangeline." She has been reared in sight of the old historic willows in the meadow of Grand Pre. Her room-mate later tells you of her home in "the garden of the Gulf," as they call Prince Edward Island. Down the corridor a little Creole girl from the West Indies is unpacking a commodious trunk, and a few of the denizens of Quebec, Ontario and the Eastern States have just arrived.

At the Y.M.C.A. reception, the first social event of the season, you meet a "theologue" who relates to you something of his experience as a probationer among the fisher-

folk and the ice-floes of Newfoundland and "the Labrador." Your next number is taken by a homesick Academy lad from the Bermudas. You begin to wish you were in some way connected with the literary profession, so fertile a field does Mt. Allison afford the pen of a ready writer.

Nor could a more romantic setting have been found for these institutions. Those who have roamed the world over acknowledge a peculiar spell about the marshes of Tantramar.

Baled 'hay—the famous baled hay! That is all the name suggests to the world of commerce. But to the world of poetry and of art what a wealth in their far horizons, their low red tides, their dreamy mists, their miles of brown sea-grass and solitary dykes! Many a Canadian singer, and not a few poets of other lands, have felt the spell and sung the charms of Tantramar. It is here, within about three miles of Mt. Allison, that the genius of Charles Roberts was cradled. It is of this land he wrote—

O tranquil meadows, grassy Tantramar,  
Wide marshes ever washed in clearest air,