

# Acta Ridleiana.

ST. CATHARINES, EASTER, 1895.

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### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

Mr. H. G. Williams. T. B. F. Benson.  
W. E. H. Carter. L. Price. A. J. Hills.  
J. L. Street.

It was the hope of the Editorial Committee to be able after Christmas to publish the ACTA regularly every month, but at length they decided for the present year to issue one number every term and make that as attractive as possible. Next year it should be possible to restore the ACTA to its old position among the leading monthlies of the Dominion. The task of the Committee has already become serious, and the editorial waste paper basket has lately caused poor Ize many a groan as he has struggled down stairs under its weight. The committee at first sorrowed to see so much fine literature go to waste, but they are growing callous now. Some of the members, with an eye to business, have suggested that the *Star* and the Toronto dailies would be very glad of our rejected manuscripts and would pay us handsomely for them. But it is urged that our contributors write from no motives of solid gain. Glory is all their desire, and if they cannot achieve fame through publication in the ACTA, no money consideration can ever induce them to allow their fondly polished verses or their finery rounded prose periods to appear in such low-priced publications as the *Mail*, the *Globe* or the *Star*. Better had they pass into oblivion! At the present rate Ridley College will soon be able to supply authors, poets and otherwise, advertising canvassers and funny men to the whole country. The Committee go about the College in bodily fear. Wild-eyed, disappointed authors, clutching rejected manuscripts, glare from dark corners upon us, and we are considering the advisability of asking for extra police protection and of binding some of them over to keep the peace. It is proposed, however, to satisfy these ambitious young Dickenses, Mark Twains and Tennysons by issuing an extra grand Midsummer number, and by this half promise we hope to escape from all hurt and at the same time to spur to further efforts those who think they have fulfilled the whole duty of man and can live on their fame for the rest of their days, because we have already graciously accorded the honor of publication to their manu-

script. This Midsummer number we hope to make very attractive, and have engaged or intend to engage some of the most famous old boys to contribute. In addition to this special feature we hope to be able to call it a "specially illustrated number." Of course if we make this number so extra specially grand it will naturally have an extra special price, which will certainly be not less than 15 cents.

We desire to offer our hearty sympathy to Trinity College School in the loss they have suffered. It was no doubt a cause for the greatest thankfulness that every boy escaped without injury from the burning building. We trust that in a short time the school will rise again "beautiful from its ashes," and that this experience may do no more than add an exciting chapter to the history of the school.

### A Midnight Experience.

Some time ago a favorite prank among the boys was to annoy one another with rather stale porridge while they were asleep. I had thought this quite a joke, and enjoyed exceedingly seeing others get it. Finally my turn came. One night I was rudely awakened by a "spat," and the idea that someone had hit me with some canal water. I tried to rub my eyes, which seemed strangely obstructed, and found that my face was covered with something sticky. I sat up in bed and pondered over what it could be. Finally a smothered laugh at the end of the hall and an odor of porridge brought me to my senses. A little water and a towel removed the debris and I crept back to bed vowing vengeance. I thought I knew who did the deed, and the next night, amply provided with the necessary porridge, I stole down the hall and, after waiting at his door, crept to the bedside. I could just see the outline of his head on the pillow and, raising my hand, I brought the mixture down with a splash. I waited in the hall and listened. Not a sound! What did it mean? Had I choked him? Stealthily I crept back to his bed and lit a match. Heavens! he had prepared a dummy for me, made out of a pillow and my own fur cap, and I had filled the cap half full of porridge.

L. R. P.

NOTE.—Will any old boy to whom this may be sent please remit 25 cents for this and the Midsummer number, which will be sent to any address named as soon as possible.