

Acta Ridleiana

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Acta Ridleiana.

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A GREETING.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all our readers, old boys and new boys, past and present, fathers and mothers, sisters, brothers, and pretty cousins!

THE ACTA, thrilled to new life by the wafted fragrance, already in the air, of Christmas roast beef and turkey and plum pudding, awakes from its long slumber and gives you greeting! The warm blood again begins to surge tumultuously through its veins. THE ACTA is going to have a good time with the rest of you, and vows it will sleep no more till July days grow sultry, and denizens of Wing and Main have hied them to the coolness of Muskoka's shores or Toronto's sandy isle. Yes! we are here to stay if you will have us. If you like us, say so. Feed us, boys, with contributions financial and poetical! Pour forth your dimes and your verses. Perpetuate your youthful aspirations high, your feeble puns, your tortured rhymes in everlasting printers' ink. Buy an extra copy for that pretty girl who condescends to wear a bit of the orange and black you gave her, though it doesn't match her blouse. Put your numbers away, and twenty years hence they will look into your face and recognize you in spite of that fine, large moustache, and you will fall to thinking of the days when the world went well, when cares sat lightly, and the sun shone for you every day. Happy man, if you have still kept the innocence of boyhood unsullied!

Of course, by that time Ridley will have altered considerably. Tommy's mansion and barns will all have disappeared, and on the spot will stand a magnificent chapel, with stained-glass windows, erected by a pious and patriotic Old Ridleian who always used to be late for prayers.

Another Old Boy millionaire will have built us a fine suspension bridge over the canal to the cricket ground. No doubt the boys then at the College will have petitioned Mr. Miller that Gare be allowed to drive a 'bus over the bridge every five minutes. The cinder track around the field will already have been

beaten down by many generations of sprinters. Some fine June day, while Ridley is playing the annual match with the Australian eleven, a young booster on the grand stand will be telling a few choice spirits of the fourth team how his father, when he was at Ridley, slugged a ball into the middle of the canal.

All this—and more! In the spacious library, once the prayer hall, will be seen upon the shelves twenty magnificently bound volumes of ACTA RIDLEIANA.

TO OLD BOYS.

We shall be very happy to consider the publication of articles by Old Boys, and shall always be glad to hear of the movements of Old Boys. Subscription will be \$1 per annum, strictly in advance.

TRUE ROMANCE.

The sun was setting, and its crimson light shone like fire over the water to where on the sandy beach sat a young couple in deep conversation. The young man was a romantic-looking fellow, and his feelings seemed to be at this time overflowing.

Stopping for a short time in his conversation with her, his thoughts seemed to be too much for him, and with her parasol he traced upon the sands the words, "*Agnes, I love thee!*" There was silence for a moment, the maiden blushed, held down her head, and took his hand, and the only sound was the rippling of the little swells upon the sand.

One tiny wave, more enterprising than its fellows, rippled up the beach to where those words were written on the sand, and, alas, when the water receded, the sand showed no signs of the fond words which had been there. Neither of the couple spoke for a moment, until he, trembling in his excitement, broke out, "Darling, what would I not do for you? With your parasol I traced upon these fickle sands the words, 'Agnes, I love thee,' and the angry little wave came rippling up and washed away the lines; but, dearest, *one word from you, and I would climb the highest Alpine peak, and dip the stateliest pine thereof in the flaming crater of Vesuvius, and with it trace in fiery letters upon the gigantic cliffs of Eternity, so that the whole world might see those magic words, 'Agnes, I love thee!' and I'd like to see any blamed little wave come up and wash THAT out!*"