



Victoria College



*Thou little thinkest what a
little foolery governs the
world — SELDEN.*

Students' Carnival

CONCERT CHAMBER, TOWN HALL,
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,
June 30th & July 1st, 1910.



CAPPING DAY

*The yearly course that brings this day about shall never see it
but a holiday, a wicked day and not a holy day.*

—KING JOHN.

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MACHINES.**

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GRADUATES OF THE YEAR

Honours in Arts :

THOMAS ANDREW GILBERT, Third Class in Latin and English.
 WILLIAM PATTESON POLLOCK GORDON, Second Class in Mental Science.
 ELSIE MILLICENT JOHNSTON, First Class in English and French (conferred at Auckland).
 ROBERT KENNEDY, First Class in Mental Science.
 EUPHEMIA ETHEL LAW, First Class in Latin and French.
 HAROLD WYATT MONAGHAN, Second Class in Mental Science.
 ISABEL NEILSON, Second Class in English and German.
 CLARA CONSTANCE HERBERG ROCKEL, Second Class in Latin and German.
 CUTHBERT HARGREAVES TAYLOR, Second Class in Political Science.

Honours in Science :

MARY RUSHTON BARKAS, Second Class in Organic Chemistry.
 LAURA CHRISTENSEN (Canterbury College), First Class in Electricity and Magnetism.

Bachelors of Arts :

ROBERT HEDLEY BIGGAR.	PIATA HENI PARK.
FREDERICK COLUMBUS BOWLER.	EVA MARY PICKERING (conferred at Auckland).
JESSIE MARION BUTLER.	JOHN CARRINGTON POPE.
JOHN GEORGE THOMAS CASTLE.	BERTHA ISABEL LANGLEY REEVE.
FLORENCE WINIFRED COOKE.	CHARLES REILLY.
OLIVE VYSE HADDRELL.	JOSEPH SNELL.
ETHEL MARGARET BAIRD HALL.	STUART TICHBOURNE CAMPBELL
JAMES HENRY LYNKEY.	SPROTT.
GEORGE WILLIAM MORICE.	JOHN EDWARD THWAITES.
JAMES OGG.	
ARTHUR JOHN PAPPS.	

Bachelors of Science :

THEODORE RIGG.
 ROBERT EDGAR RUDMAN (conferred at Auckland).

Bachelor of Commerce :

GEORGE WILLIAM REID.

Bachelors of Laws :

FRANCIS PATRICK KELLY.	THOMAS NEAVE (Otago University).
ROBERT KENNEDY.	GEORGE STANLEY PROUSE.
HENRY GREATHEAD REX MASON.	DAVID STANLEY SMITH.
BERNARD EDWARD MURPHY.	FRANK KINGDON TURNBULL.

Senior Scholars :

ROBERT HEDLEY BIGGAR, in Latin.
 STUART TICHBOURNE CAMPBELL SPROTT, in Greek.
 BERTHA ISABEL LANGLEY REEVE, in Mathematics.

Luce festa concinamus
 Laureatos iuvenes;
 Ad diploma gradientes
 Concinamus virgines.

Universitas salveto;
 Cancellarius floreat;
 Ad honores largiendos
 Multos annos maneat.

Students are free from Colds when Clothed in Under-clothing from WALLACE AND GIBSON.

THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

*Aedem colimus Minervae
Acti desiderio
Artes nosse liberales
Hoc in Hemispherio.
Aedem colimus Musarum,
Sub Australi sidere ;
Nos a Musis maria longa
Nequeunt dividere.*

*Nomen quod profert sodales
Fausto sit oraculo ;
Ut Deus regno reginae
Faveat curriculo.
Per vias laboriosas
Doctrinarum omnium
Docti ducunt professores
Obsequens servitium.*

*Studiosi, studiosae
Captant sapientiam ;
Circa venti turbulenti
Auferunt desidiam.
Omnium Collegiorum
Surgit hoc novissimum ;
Ergo vires juveniles
Exhibent fortissimum.*

*Corpus sanum ne sit absens
Properamus ludere
Subter iugum occupantes
Fuste pilam trudere
Oratores, Oratrices
Audias effundere
Voces dignas Cicerone
Et sellas pertundere.*

Chorus :

*Oh Victoria, sempiterna
Sit tibi felicitas :
Alma mater, peramata
Per aetates maneat.*

GAUDEAMUS.

*Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus ;
Post jucundam iuventutem
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus.*

*Vivat Academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet
Vivant membra quaelibet
Semper sint in flore.*

*Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter
Rapit nos atrociter
Nemini parcetur.*

*Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae !
Vivant et mulieres
Tenerae, amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae.*

*Pereat Tristitia
Pereant osiores !
Pereat diabolus
Anti-Academicus
Atque irrisores !*

*Floreat Georgius Rex
Haud minus quam Pater
Ob virtutes sic ametur
Optimus ut appelletur
Patriaeque Pater.*

**Pure Wool Underclothing from 4/6 per garment at
WALLACE AND GIBSON'S, Willis Street.**

“EVOLUTION.

(“SIR BEDIVERE.”)

Air: “Little Mary.” (The Orchid.)

Some many weary years ago, I climbed to V.C. hill.
 A simple Freshman. A simple Freshman.
 My destiny seemed plain to me, a Rhodes Schol. bill to fill,
 Though still, a Freshman, a simple Freshman.
 I swore my burning ardour I would never let grow cold.
 Consulted dons and sporting Vons and many students old,
 Their kind advice was awf'ly nice, join ev'ry club, they told
 To me a Freshman, a simple Freshman.

Freshman, Freshman, happy, simple Freshman.
 Ere long each sec. will have your pound of flesh, man
 If you wish to join a club,
 Just hand 'em up your sub.,
 You'll soon be a bankrupt Freshman.

To make my name redound with fame I first set out to play
 A game of football, a game of football.
 I'd prove to all both great and small, that I knew how to play
 A game of fooball, a game of football.
 But when down the field the Melrose pack like lightning slipping
 sped
 I boldly dived to stop the rush and stopped it with my head,
 And saw the comet blazing bright for three days from my bed
 Through playing football, a game of football.

Football, Football. A dainty game is football.
 Even bonny Prof. MacKenzie might play football,
 He would surely rise to fame
 (If he bought a rubber frame),
 Eh mon! he'd be grand at football.

When K. of K. came round this way, he spurred me to enlist,
 In Rawdon's Rangers, in Rawdon's Rangers.
 I felt that I would add that tone till now so sadly missed.
 In Rawdon's Rangers, in Rawdon's Rangers.
 As the bugle sounded gaily, I was ready for the show,
 When Rawdon said “Fall in my boys!” I shouted back “Right
 Ho!”
 And maybe that's the reason why I since have had to go,
 From Rawdon's Rangers.—From Rawdon's Rangers.

Rangers, Rangers, Rawdon's Roving Rangers,
 We pass each other now as total strangers.
 If you ever wish to sneeze
 Say “Captain may I please?”
 “Have a sneeze amongst the Rangers.”

**For Gloves, Sox or Ties go to WALLACE AND GIBSON'S
 Willis Street.**

Tho' Master of Arts of various parts I felt I must acquire,
 The art of Boxing, the art of Boxing.
 Some day I guess before I die I surely would require,
 The art of Boxing, the art of Boxing.
 I studied "Burns on Boxing"—swotted Spalding "How to Spar"
 (But when it comes to practising you don't know where you are),
 I'd rather be Jack Johnson in his speedy motor-car,
 Than when he's boxing—Jack Johnson Boxing.

Boxing, Boxing, the noble art of Boxing.
 The way most people learn the art of Boxing
 Is to take it round by round
 Mostly lying on the ground
 Waiting the ringing of the Tocsin*

But now my youthful days are spent, I want a little peace.
 I take on bowling, the game of bowling.
 At Thorndon green may "lying" well and "kissing" never cease,
 When I am bowling, when I am bowling.
 I roll my ball, I wave my legs, I wriggle in the air,
 I play the game and always win although I may look queer,
 I even beat dear Mr. Quick, so young, so debonnaire.
 When he is bowling, so gently bowling.

Bowling, Bowling, the graceful art of bowling.
 I've found my forte at last, that forte is bowling.
 You may skate or box or run,
 Kick a ball or shoot a gun,
 They are nought compared with bowling.

"THREE MUSKETEERS."

(By "TERRITORIAL.")

Air: "Three Blind Mice."

Three musketeers. (Bis.)
 All belong to Beere's. (Bis.)
 Officers of the Training Corps,
 Three's enough we don't want four,
 Profs. in V.C.'s Training Corps,
 Three musketeers.

Easterfield, Kirk and Von. (Bis.)
 All put a uniform on. (Semel.)
 (Pretty to look upon.) (Semel.)
 Off they marched to the Kitchener camp,
 Through the mud with a steady tramp,
 They had no gamp, so got very damp.
 Three musketeers.

* Tocsin.—[F. fr. OF., toquier to touch. F. toquer (originally a dialectic form of F. toucher). Slint (for sein) a bell. LL. signum. Fr. L. Signum—a sign, signal.] A time bell rung at the end of each round in pugilistic encounters.

VICTORIA COLLEGE HOODS
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WELLINGTON.**

Three musketeers. (Bis.)
Starting their careers. (Semel.)
(Wifeys shed their tears.) (Semel.)
On the way to Johnsonville,
Easterfield soon had his fill,
Feared that he might catch a chill,
And he went home.

Two musketeers. (ter)
As gay as gondoliers. (ter)
Zedlitz didn't like the grub,
Said it was like a country pub,
Besides there's a dinner on at the Club,
And he went home.

One musketeer. (Bis.)
It's hard to find just here. (Semel.)
A rhyme for musketeer. (Semel.)
"I feel as cold as cold can be,
Has anyone got a drop of "tea"
"(In a flask)?" And Trevor said "That's me."
Said Kirk "This treatment agrees with me."
So he stayed on.

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THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

"A VETERAN."

Air: "Peace, Peace." ("Country Girl.")

At our great 'Varsity
If you're secretary
For any important committee;
You will find that your life
Is continual strife,
And that you are an object for pity.
Grievances by the score
Will be laid at your door,
And schemes for your consideration,
And you sit up all night,
Putting these matters right,
While you long for a quick liberation.

CHORUS:

Peace, peace, oh for some peace,
This life is a mixture of woes.
When you hit on a plan
To suit every man,
It is promptly put out by your foes.

If you start a bazaar
You will have de la Mare
On your tracks with a monster petition,
On the grounds—somewhat long—
That to raffle is wrong,
And will send you to lasting perdition.
If attendance is small
And the gains of each stall
Less than two hundred sovereigns amount to,
When a thousand or more
They expected to score,
As an "absolute waster" they count you.

CHORUS:

Peace, peace, oh for some peace,
You work till you nearly collapse,
Then you try to repose,
But the telephone goes.
—And you slumber "to-morrow," perhaps.

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the City. Quality for Quality. The "Kash," Willis St.**

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Hall about the middle of July.

Ear Instruments a Speciality.

IF YOU HAVE GOOD



SIGHT TAKE CARE OF IT!

If it falls to your lot,
Whether rightly or not,
To manage the capping arrangements.
The songs that you choose
And the ones you refuse,
May lead to the saddest estrangements.
When the young undergrads.—
Men of fashion and fads—
Try to show their superior knowledge,
By creating a "row"
That the "Profs." won't allow,
On you falls the blame of the College.

CHORUS:

Peace, peace, oh for some peace,
And rest from this terrible strife.
If scholarly fame
Or Degree is your aim,
Beware of the strenuous life.

**WALLACE AND GIBSON'S Hats and Caps are Second to
None. Always up-to-date and on top.**

OBITER DICTA

Tune "There's beauty in the bellow of the blast." ("Mikado.")

There is power in an infinite pursuit
 Of algebraic functions and the surd,
 When the low and vulgar masses we can subdivide in classes
 And behold a cipher soaring like a bird,
 Tho' we used to think it hopeless for the multitude of soapless,
 A theory which is palpably absurd.
 So if you haven't managed very much,
 Still there always is infinity betwixt
 Every penny and a penny, so that if you haven't any
 You aren't any more uncomfortably fixed.
 Yes it really doesn't matter, we can prove your purse the fatter,
 For the subject is inextricably mixed.

If that be so it's evident very
 We may all be merry
 And proceed to play.
 Away we'll go, sing derry down derry,
 Our care we'll bury,
 And we'll all be gay.

Use Bertie for precision and attack
 When appealing to a jury or a judge,
 And if you want to floor 'em try the eloquence of Oram
 Never minding if your matter's only fudge.
 Or try Julius to follow—if his sentiment is hollow
 It is useful when appealing to a judge.
 Or if you want a tip or two on sport,
 Or how to drop the leather in a game,
 Call on Duncan, he's a sprinter, playing football all the winter,
 Or ask Froggy re the ethics of the same.
 Yes in eloquence that's flowing and in everything that's going,
 We can always show you how to play the game.

If that be so, etc.,

If you want to study dancing or the law,
 Why there's Short to give instruction free to all,
 If you take him as a sample we can set a good example,
 For he's excelent at following the ball.
 And he gives his learning gratis till his hearers cry "Iam satis."
 While the secretaries are treasuring it all.
 Then there's Tiger too a lion for bazaars,
 And a dozen more all aspirants for fame,
 Such as Kennedy and Davy, tho' the former is so grave he
 Puts all frivolous committee men to shame.
 Yes, whatever is your knowledge, if you scramble up to College,
 We can teach you something new about the game.

If that be so, etc.

"Excuse me."

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THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE REMEDY

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SORROWS OF WORKER.

Tune: "Hassan." ("Rose of Persia.")

When I was young (some time ago),
I first came up to College,
With good intent and a book or two
To pursue the search for knowledge.
But somehow now since I'm up the hill,
No more for books I hanker,
A man may work at home if he will,
But he won't at Salamanca.
It's a curious fact that he sometimes will,
But he won't at Salamanca.

I made a speech after Oram's style,
With a phrase or two pathetic,
I trained a bit and I ran a mile,
And they said I was athletic.
And somehow now I am training still,
Tho' for peace and rest I hanker,
A man may work at home if he will,
But he must at Salamanca,
It's a curious fact that if once he will,
He must work at Salamanca.

I may sit all day in the library
And toil with the toiling Skinner,
And yet be as far from the Pass Degree
As the laziest beginner.
But I'm president, secretary, treasurer still,
Tho' for such I never hanker,
Oh, a man may study at home if he will,
But he can't at Salamanca.
It's a curious fact that he sometimes will
But he won't at Salamanca.

"Excuse me."

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"EASTER OH."

"BARRACKER."

Air: "Try Again, Johnny." ("Country Girl.")

This year by the Avon's side,
Easter war was waged.
Canterbury's fame spread wide
While the battle raged.
For as Hosts her student band
Showed their qualities were grand,
And the teams of every land
Spoke of them with pride.

CHORUS:

Try again, Christchurch,
Try again, do.
All their enjoyment the teams owe to you.
Wondrous Wainoni,
Tennis and Ball,
Are scenes that your visitors are glad to recall.

Teams from gray Otago lands
For new honours sought.
They knew how to use their hands,
Boxing was their forte.
But their victory we ascribe
To the teachings they imbibe,
Next year Hoggard's Boxing Tribe,
Meets them in this sport.

CHORUS:

Try again, 'Tago,
Try again, do.
Boxing, we see, is the sport meant for you.
Yours is the glory
In 'Varsity fights,
As a Pugilist College you exerted your rights.

Aucklanders did not aspire
To such heights of fame.
They had only one desire—
That—"to play the game."
But their victory was great
When the judge pronounced their fate,
They had won the big debate,
Putting us to shame.

**WALLACE AND GIBSON supply Overcoats from 22/6 to
6 gns. each. The "Kash," Willis Street.**

CHORUS :

Try again, Auckland,
 Try again, do.
 You proved debating the right art for you.
 Marshall and Algy
 Showed us your skill,
 To the luck of your future teams our glasses we fill.

Our own College sent four teams
 To that Easter field.
 Filled their heads with foolish dreams—
 Foes to them must yield.
 But their fondest hopes were vain;
 Canterbury earned the fame,
 All Victoria could obtain
 Was the Haslam Shield.

CHORUS :

Try again, College,
 Try again, do.
 Tournament field is the right place for you.
 Be not discouraged
 By your defeat.
 You can still be a "starter" in a Tournament Heat.

THAT KITCHENER CAMP.

Air: "The Irish Orchestra,"

By Corporal Punishment.

The College Officers' Training Corps, now known as the Old Tom Cat,
 Were jaunty and perky and horribly jerky when marching along
 the flat.
 When Kitchener came to Wellington, they had to go into camp,
 Though ravin' and rantin' for lack of a cante'n, the weather it
 kept 'em damp.
 The Company seized its picks and spades and under the lash of
 Short
 'Twas delvin' and ditchin' and all because Kitchen-er wanted to
 have some sport.
 Atkinson drew his little sword as he boldly shouted "'Shun!'"
 With their laager here and their Captain Beere, they made
 things hum.

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 Manufacturers. The "Kash," Willis Street.

II.

A terrible horrible row they made when trying to find their tents,
The rustics and farmers came out in pyjamas with words that
caused offence;
And when they finally fell asleep and dreamt of their dear old folks,
They suddenly woke up and listened to Bauchop a'laughing at all
his jokes.
And all too speedily came the dawn, like a dripping mackintosh,
The fanfares and tuckets rang out "Man the buckets, come for-
ward ye swabs and wash."
Though all of 'em wished the Kitchener Camp in far-off Kingdom
Come,
With their laager here and their captain Beere, they made things
hum.

III.

They drilled in the morning and afternoon, they drilled when the
light was dim,
The buttons and tassels that dangled from Lascelles made every-
one envy him,
And when they were weary and fit to drop and covered with
mud and clay,
They were told there were millions of blighted civilians, three times
as good as they.
And oruerlies washed like scullery-maids, and orderlies cooked like
toffs,
The steak fried by Inder was burnt to a cinder, so they gave it
to the profs.
Easterfield boiled a succulent duff, but they couldn't find the plum,
With their laager here and their captain Beere, they made things
hum.

IV.

When the notable day arrived, under Kitchener's notable stare
They stormed with much shoutin' but divil a bit scoutin' a mill
with no one there.
And Kitchener smiled his sacred smile and winked his eye at a
star,
For he'd seen enough and he went puff-puff in his little motor-car.
The Officers' Training Corps that night with vehemence struck
their camp,
The side-lights and head-lights were doused by von Zedlitz, the
weather still was damp.
And if ycu should wish to make a foe or want to lose a chum,
Only say you hear that with Captain Beere they made things hum.

**WALLACE AND GIBSON'S Overcoats are the Cheapest in
the City. Quality for Quality. The "Kash," Willis St.**

MILLIGAN'S

Collegian Clothes

Will take you into the "well dressed"
class and equip you to - - -

Meet Success Half-way

Wearers of the Milligan Suits are generally
the men who get

The Best Positions

One of the reasons is, they do not disdain
- the advantages of a good appearance. -

The cheaply dressed man may be a better
man than his clothes indicate, but— —

He has to prove it

The discriminating student takes no chances,
as he finds by experience that the Milligan
suit is worth more to him in improved
- attire than the cost of the clothes. -

THOMAS.

Air: "Janie," by Scott Gatty.

By "Novice."

We have got a new professor,
 Thomas Laby is his name;
 He owns some grains of Radium—
 Is not unknown to fame—
 He's just come back from Europe,
 And has toured New Zealand through;
 Our archaic College system
 He's eager to renew
 Is Thomas,
 Who's full of promise.
 The present state of College he disdains,
 He says it's not progression,
 And he wears a sad expression,
 That alone proves Thomas full of brains.

He was at the Easter Tournament,
 But hardly very keen;
 At tennis and athletics
 Thomas wasn't to be seen;
 He thinks that Cantie College
 Is the least-starved Coll. of all
 With libraries and lab'rat'ries
 Not frantically small—
 Does Thomas
 Who's full of promise, etc.

He's been writing to the papers,
 Has been helping on the "Times,"
 Comparing our poor Varsity
 With those of other climes.
 And Zedlitz (who is von-less)
 And Professor Hunter too—
 But not John Brown of Oxon—
 Share the new Professor's view.
 For Thomas
 Is full of promise.
 The present state of College he disdains,
 He says it's not progression,
 And he wears a sad expression,
 That alone proves Thomas full of brains.

CAVEAT SENATUS.

Air: "Kathleen Mavourneen," by "Still an Undergrad."

Senate, O Senate, your Profs. are rebelling,
 The voice of the Hunter is heard in "The Times,"
 The hotbed of treason is certainly Welling-
 ton, Senate, O Senate, your death knell now chimes.
 O have you forgotten the glory of Luther,
 The heretic fate of the stubborn Sorbonne?
 The ways in those days were more brusque and uncouth,
 But now we've refinement embodied in Von.
 If ends were attained by their methods uncouth,
 No wonder you tremble now, Senate, O Senate.

Senate, O Senate, awake from your slumbers,
 The Standards are raised of the host of Reform;
 Then why not raise yours and as cool as cucumbers
 Consign all that host to a place that is warm?
 O Senate, O Senate, I know that I'm clever,
 Yet vainly the Pass of Degrees I have stormed;
 I may sit for years and I may sit for ever,
 Unless ere that period you're greatly reformed.
 I may sit for years and I may sit for ever,
 So I'm a Reformer, Senate, O Senate.

SMOKING.

Sir Robert Stout held that students should not be encouraged to smoke. "Very few students who smoke," he said, "come to any good."—REPORT OF COLLEGE COUNCIL MEETING.

Air: "In Cellar Cool." By Plug-cut.

Farewell my pipe, for we must part,
 The Chancellor has said it;
 The cheerful glow within your heart
 Is little to my credit.
 O fragrant piece of briar wood!
 The fellow must be joking!
 He says I'll come to nothing good
 Through smoking, smoking, smoking.

And now I know why Von and Brown
 And all those other jokers
 Are such disgrace to cap and gown;
 It's just because they're smokers.
 The men by Isis and the Cam
 Will find it most provoking,
 When told that they're not worth a ———*
 Through smoking, smoking, smoking.

**The MS., an old one, is illegible at this point. Soft music.*

**WALLACE AND GIBSON'S Overcoats Stand Second to
 None. The "Kash," Willis Street,**

**An OUNCE of FACT . . .
is worth a TON of THEORY**

IT IS A FACT that

“WERTHEIM” SEWING MACHINES

Are Made only of BEST QUALITY. In DESIGN and FINISH are UNEQUALLED. Their POPULARITY GREATER than EVER. Their MERIT PROVED by over 20,000 users in New Zealand.

H. Oscar Hewett & Co., Ltd.,

Head Office and Show Room :

56 Cuba Street Extension, Wellington.

I long to sit when twilight ends,
Your bowl with fragrance stuffing,
And see the faces of old friends
Within the rings I'm puffing.
The flames roar round the pine-wood logs,
Without the Frogs are croaking,
But I'd be going to the dogs
If smoking, smoking, smoking.

Oft when my Muse was sick or slow,
(And so she is at present)
She'd waken in your genial glow,
Becoming bright and pleasant;
But now when things look pretty blue,
My pain and sorrow cloaking,
I cannot find my peace in you
In smoking, smoking, smoking.

But let them go their narrow way,
And you and I'll be vagrant;
You're worth ten thousand such as they
And twenty times as fragrant;
Your logic's just as good as theirs,
So I'll continue stoking,
And kill the germs of all my cares
By smoking, smoking, smoking.

**For Gloves, Sox or Ties go to WALLACE AND GIBSON'S
The "Kash" Willis Street.**

Programme

**Thursday and Friday, 30th June and 1st July
at 8 p.m.**

Your grace may enter now.—HENRY VIII.

Part I

1. COLLEGE SONGS—(a) "Gaudeamus." p. 3.
(b) "The Song of Victoria College." p. 3.
*"Hail thou most sacred venerable thing!
What Muse is worthy thee to sing?"*
—J. NORRIS, OF BREMERTON.
2. GLEE—"Glory and Love to the Men of Old." p. 3.
VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.
"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."—GRAY'S ELEGY.
3. SONG "Smoking." p. 18. J. D. SMITH
"Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits."
—PUDD'NHEAD WILSON'S CALENDAR.
4. CAPPING SONGS—(a) "Evolution." p. 4.
*"Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond;
cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education."*
—PUDD'NHEAD WILSON'S CALENDAR.
(b) "Thomas." p. 17.
*"Tom, Tom, the piper's son
Stole a pig and away did run,
He took it right to Kingdom Come
And pushed it thro' the window."*
—THE SCARLET TROUBADOURS
5. SONG "Rosebuds." MISS C. T. STRACK
"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."—HERRICK.
6. RECITATION—"A Melodrama; In Five Acts and Fifteen
Scenes." DR. D. N. ISAACS
"Ha, ha! what sayst thou?"—LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.
7. GLEE—"Water Lilies." VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
"Consider the lilies how they grow."—SCRIPTURE.
8. CAPPING SONG—"The Kitchener Camp." p. 14.
"I never did see such pitiful rascals."—KING HENRY IV
"Come, Sleep: O Sleep! the certain knot of peace."
—SIR P. SIDNEY

Interval of Ten Minutes



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Part 11

"The Bended Bow"

or

"The Survival of the Fit"

= A Musical Extravaganza =

OPENING CHORUS.

TABLEAU I.

SOLO—"The Herald."

J. D. SMITH

TRIO—"Pax Vobiscum."

G. W. REID, L. P. LEARY, and
C. GAMBLE.

RUN THROUGH CHORUS.

TABLEAU II.

SOLO—"The Praetor."

L. P. LEARY

RUN THROUGH CHORUS.

TABLEAU III.

SOLO—"The Tohunga."

J. C. McDOWALL

SOLO—"Captain Cook."

G. W. REID

RUN THROUGH CHORUS.

TABLEAU IV.

SOLO—"Britannia."

MISS E. R. FELL

TRIO—"Three-a-Penny."

C. GAMBLE, J. D. SMITH and
J. C. McDOWALL

SOLO—"The Captain."

L. P. LEARY

RUN THROUGH CHORUS.

FINAL CHORUS.

The Students' Association is especially indebted to Mr. J. MAUGHAN BARNETT for his most generous assistance in writing music for some of the songs and choruses.

SCENERY, DRESSES and UNIFORMS by MISS SYBIL L. JOHNSON and other celebrated artists.

The Bended Bow

—OR—

The Survival of the Fit

Showing how the Call to Arms was obeyed at certain stages in the Ascent of Man (chronologically arranged).

A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

In the composition of which the following are more or less implicated: MISS ERICA FELL, A. H. BOGLE, G. M. CLEGHORN, S. EICHELBAUM, F. A. de la MARE and G. H. NICHOLLS.

Music by Wagner, Sullivan, Maughan Barnett and other celebrated composers.

Scenery by Miss Sybil L. Johnson.



"Thus, from the war of Nature, from famine and death the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving * * * directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life * * that * * from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.—DARWIN'S "DESCENT OF MAN."

"The play was not good. The punishment for those that laughed at it was capital."—GILBERT.

OPENING CHORUS.

Air: Bridal March in "Lohengrin."

Pathways of men—peopled by slain,
Where do you lead us—oh, where do you end?
Legions of Rome, marched ye in vain,
Where do ye lead us, with death for a friend?
Babylon's ashes, dead is the fire.
Mingle thy dust with the ashes of Tyre.
Gayly men marched in days of declining—
Marched to the Fall—the heroes repining—
Nations defenceless—speed to your fall—
Choose ye the path, and answer the call!

Pathways of men—winning the height!
Hard was the struggle the banner to set.
Honour's the call, and freedom, and might,
Follow the Standard and never forget.
Drake on the main, prepare for his drum
Beating to quarters, it calls you to come.
'Ware ye your ease, your heritage spending,
Build with your might a City unending.
Stand to your arms—be ready the blow,
Peace shall answer the bend of the bow.

WALLACE AND GIBSON'S Overcoats Stand Second to None. The "Kash," Willis Street.

TABLEAU I.

*"Nulla non donanda lauru
Is our city, you could not
Placing Europe's map before you
Light on a more favoured spot."*—CALVERLEY.

DRUIDS' CHORUS

*"Although your Royal summons to appear
From courtesy was singularly free,
Obedient to your summons we are here,
What would your majesty."*—"UTOPIA LIMITED."

Air: The Greek Chorus from the "Grand Duke."

Ancient Druids we, and grim;
Anwyld! anwyld!
Hearing gone and eyesight dim,
Careless yet of life and limb—
Anwyld!
Peering in the future vast,
We have seen a sign at last,
So the magic word is passed—
Anwyld! anwyld!
Gwlad fy nhadan, etc.

Read the portent, rouse the mob—
Anwyld! anwyld!
Ancient Britons on the job,
Forth to ruin and to rob—
Anwyld!
Comet's tail across the sky
Redes us that our doom is nigh,
Forth we must, to fight or die—
Anwyld! anwyld!
Gwlad fy nhadan, etc.

HERALD'S SONG.

*"If patriotic sentiment is wanted,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted
All other local banners are defied."*—"THE MIKADO."

Air: "In the Name of the King."

Rouse ye, men of the greenwood—men of the woodland bow,
See the beacon burning—Hark! 'tis the coming foe,
Test ye the strings for the arrow's flight,
And join in the march with the Dawn's grey light.
The shields of the Roman in battle shall ring,
We shall fight—we shall conquer—for home and the King.

**WALLACE AND GIBSON'S Hats and Caps are Second
to None.**

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

Comrades, Hark! List to the voice. See! The bended bow
 We all shall gather and grapple the foe,
 We shall be ready—the welkin shall ring,
 We'll fight to the finish in the name of the King.

Rouse ye, Sons of the Brave, the strong in bone and thew,
 Sons of Pathless Woods—benders of stoutest yew;
 The were-wolves are gone, in flight is the boar;
 The Norseman departed, his dead on the shore;
 The Roman his trust in his armour shall rue,
 When we show what stout British bowmen can do.

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

Comrades, Hark! List to the voice. See! The bended bow,
 Think of our fathers—our sons—and the foe,
 By fire and hearthstone—by book and by ring,
 We'll march at the dawning to the side of the King.

PAX VOBISCUM

“Societies we admire, but don't belong to.”—PUNCH.

*“If you value a peaceable life,
 This maxim will teach you to get it;
 In all things give in to your wife—
 I didn't—I lived to regret it.”*

—“HASTE TO THE WEDDING.”

TRIO. Three ladies constituting the Peace Society.

(Music Specially Written by Mr. J. Maughan Barnett.)

Three ancient Britons here you see,
 Embarked for Immortality;
 The Olive is our family tree,
 We're models of propriety.
 And anything that looks like gore,
 Those Norsemen dead upon the shore,
 We unreservedly abhor,
 For we're the Peace Society.

The woodland bow is just the kind
 Of thing for those who stand behind;
 But those in front must really find
 The game a bit monotonous.
 And certainly we must debar
 The current use of boiling tar—
 (It gives the system such a jar)—
 Especially if it's shot on us,

We have a faint suspicion, too,
 That benders of the stoutest yew
 Would get a bend on impromptu,
 When pressed by foes emphatically;
 And you'll agree with what we say,
 That if one side has run away,
 And no one's offering for to slay,
 Then Peace is hailed ecstatically.

Our influence spreads far and wide,
 And even o'er the Styx's tide,
 For all the dead are on our side,
 And they're the great majority.
 It's also very strong with those
 Who constitute the country's foes,
 And that should tell, for Heaven knows
 They speak with some authority.

The Cymri—they're the Welsh, you know—
 Have made our progress rather slow,
 For every maiden has a beau,
 And every fellow has an axe;
 And many are the fishy tales
 Of men who spend their days in Wales,
 Of how they live on leek and snails,
 And woe betide the Sassenachs.

The Were-wolves in the Pathless Woods
 Have got away with all our goods,
 They don't believe in Sisterhoods,
 Or set much store by piety;
 And having nothing to defend,
 Irrevocably we contend,
 For ever, always, without end,
 We are the Peace Society.

VILLAGERS' CHORUS.

*"The only place to see such blokes
 Is underneath the Druid oaks."*—EICHELBAUM'S "RHYMES."

Air: "Yeomen" in "Merrie England."

Summoned are we all to battle for England,
 Priest of the Cymri, war-man and chieftain;
 Climb to the signal fire,
 Beacon it high and higher,
 Shine out at our desire, the signal for England.

REFRAIN.

Then stranger invaders,
 And all ruthless raiders,
 Will never surprise us,
 The guardians of England.
 No other land can despise us,
 Nor the mother-land, old England,
 So still for our country we'll fight and we'll die.

Come from the mountains, the mist-crowned, the dreary,
 Come from the low-lands, the withy-thatched dwellings,
 Come to the winding horn,
 Come to the coming dawn,
 Gather ye all, for the battle preparing.

Bind on your forehead the green wreath, the garland,
 Take up your bows and be ready for England,
 Quench ye the moon to-night,
 Quench with your signal light,
 Forward to join the fight, striking for England.

CHORUS.

*"If this upsets some sweet and skeat conjectures
 Just come and hear my Anglo-Saxon lectures.
 —EICHELBaum's "XAM TIPS."*

Music Specially Written by Mr. J. Maughan Barnett.

When our prehistoric mother and our prehistoric brother
 Saw our prehistoric father hit
 By an elongated foeman, or an under-rated bowman,
 They pondered the "survival of the fit."
 Though the battle lasted long, the fight was to the strong,
 And the winner always carried off the fleece;
 For the law was tooth and fang when the blast of battle rang
 And the foe employed the Votaries of Peace.

Refrain.

So they passed the sign that men might know,
 And be ready the call of the bended bow.

When a battle-raising Druid, filled with spirit-mazing fluid
 Took his cabalistic uniform,
 Why, not Jimmy Gibb's condition, nor a Henry Potts's mission.
 E'er rivalled the revivalistic storm.
 And they counted every soul who answered to the roll
 As a jewel for the Kingdom of the Free,
 But the folk who dodged the hurt, they were counted *unconvert*
 And exposed upon the branches of a tree.

Refrain.

And this was a sign that men might know
 And be ready the call of the bended bow.

TABLEAU II.

*"Painted emblems of a race
Ali accurst in days of yore,
Each from his accustomed place
Steps into the world once more."*—RUDDIGORE.

ROME, BOYS, ROME.

*"The heart which grief hath cankered
Hath one unfailing remedy—the tankard."*
D. SMITH'S "TOASTS."

Air: "Home, Boys, Home."

Out on the ramparts the standards are unfurled,
Far from the city whose pulses move the world;
We sing her heroes' praise—their spirit ever thrills;
We long for a glimpse of her seven hills—
We long for a glimpse of the home—the homeland hills.

CHORUS:

Rome, boys, Rome, it's at Rome we ought to be,
Rome, boys, Rome, where the wine flows free.
Up with the glass and down with every foe,
And down with the wine when the tankards flow.
Sing we of Horatius, the Captain of the Gate,
Sing, too, of Maximus, who taught us how to wait;
Of Julius triumphant, the spoils he carried home,
And sing of maidens fair we left in Rome.
And sing of maidens fair we left—we left in Rome.

PRAETOR'S SONG.

*In enterprise of martial kind
When there was any fighting,
He led his regiment from behind,
He found it less exciting."*—"GONDOLIERS."

Air: Recit. and Song (Ludwig) with Chorus in "Grand Duke."

RECIT.

Behold, my friends, a Praetor much admired;
My armour's rather rusty, but it's hired.
Pray don't mistake, I'm not a wandering showman,
But kindly recollect I am a Roman.

SONG.

We've been growing strong and famous
Since the days when playful Remus,
For his puerile behaviour, was irrevocably slain;
We're a race of burly fighters,
Though of course there are some blighters
Who regard this soldier business as peculiarly insane.
Aye, the men about the Tiber
Are of tough and hardy fibre,
They're at home behind the rampart or when storming down a
ridge.
You have heard about Horatius,
If you've not, why then, good gracious,
He's at present doing six months hard for keeping someone's
bridge.

There are Caesar and Valerius,
 And Rordonius Tiberius,
 And the ever genial Cato, who while feeling rather bored,
 Or while suffering from lumbago,
 Cried "*Delenda est Carthago*,"
 And his namesake Uticensis who descended on his sword.
 And we also sail *per mare*,
 On our galleys rowed by slaves;
 O our tars are rich and tarry,
 And Romannia rules the waves.
 Tho' the Roman *quinqueremis*,
 Doesn't seem the thing that steam is, } *Bis. second time with*
 Her surpassing breadth of beam is } *chorus.*
 Such a comfort on the waves.

I've no doubt you'd like to learn all
 Of our State's affairs internal,
 If we wield the rod of office as we wield our trusty swords;
 So I'll start with poor old Gracchus,
 Who, no devotee of Bacchus,
 Introduced a Roman budget and was murdered by the lords.
 Then our methods of election
 Have not yet attained perfection,
 For our memories and our purses must be uniformly long;
 We must know papa or may be
 Kiss ten thousand miles of baby,
 See a joke or tell a story, sing the latest comic song.
 As for higher education,
 It's a blot on all the nation
 That our youth for erudition fly to Athens, run to Greece,
 Where the baby from its bottle
 Takes to reading Aristotle,
 And the sole uneducated are the soldiers and police.
 Now the Senate is a body
 Most deserving of applause;
 Roman punch and whisky toddy
 Smoothly alternate with laws;
 Oft reformers Herculean
 Start reforming by the aeon, } *Bis. second time with chorus.*
 But a flight from Rock Tarpeian }
 Points the virtue of our laws.

As to family relations
 In this Queen of all the nations,
 O, we aren't at all effusive with our "darlings" and our "pets";
 But the *Lares* and *Penates*,
 Are the most important parties,
 And the *Patria Potestas* won't encourage suffragettes.
 The stern papa *familias*
 Who deems his son a silly ass
 And not at all the kind of chap his father's son should be,
 Or a pampered molly-coddle,
 Taps him firmly on the noddle,
 And the Tiber bears his *corpus* to the blue Tyrrhenian Sea.

But the son whose tastes are classic
 In Falernian and Massic,
 And who spots a likely winner, pater couldn't do without;
An hereditas damnosa
 Sets that gilded youth a poser,
 How to keep the family chattels *a canale* (from the spout).
 Now my song's been long and flowy,
 And as airy as the foam,
 But I havn't mentioned Chloe
 And the little girls of Rome.
 Yet I love to think of Pyrrha
 As she sits before her mirror
 Tinkling sweetly on her *lyra*,
 And I'm going back to Rome. } *Bis. second time with chorus.*

ROMAN MARCHING CHORUS

*"And the only things we left that day
 Were the things we couldn't take away."*
 A. MACDOUGALL'S "THE ROADS I NEVER TOOK."

Air: "The Blue Bonnets."

March! March! Southward and home again,
 Where round the border the foe darky gathers.
 March! March! March we to Rome again,
 March to the aid of the land of our fathers.

Sons of the southern land,
 Leave we the foreign strand,
 Gird on the sword and bind tighter the sandal.
 Long is the homeward road, need we no spur to goad.
 Death to the Northmen! yea, death to the Vandal!

Sword blades are flashing,
 Shield on shield crashing.
 Quit ye like men nor doubt ye the ending.
 Shall hostile lances gleam, foes rule by Tiber's stream?
 Romans, strike home, for the Empire's defending!

CHORUS.

*"Oh, History is a fickle dame
 She oft repeats, but never is the same."*
 —LYON'S "STAGELAND."

Music Specially Written by Mr. J. Maughan Barnett.

Now the Druid's finished calling, and the Roman Empire falling
 (Hear the legion's distant marching tramp),
 For the Empire City's leaders they are dissipated pleaders,
 And men have left the training of the camp.
 Now the youth is "muddied oaf" and men have studied sloth,
 And the mercenary panders to the plebs.
 And extinction is not slow for a race that's turning "pro,"
 And the glory flickers faintly as it ebbs.

REFRAIN:

And this is a sign that men may know
 And be ready the call of the bended bow.

When the Senate's Orthodoxy is assured by "voting-proxy,"
 And control is rested in the "tout,"
 When the helmsman takes direction by a cautious introspection
 And weaklings are the playthings of the Stout.
 When there is no Jeremiah to tend the sacred fire,
 Nor a Laby, nor a Hunter, nor a Von,
 And reform and high renown wait upon Macmillan Brown,
 Then the State towards extinction must have gone.

REFRAIN:

And these are the signs that men may know
 And be ready to swoop with the bended bow.

TABLEAU III.

*"I think their theory was pleasant,
 And oft I own my 'wayward fancy roams'
 Back to those times so different from the present,
 When no one smoked cigars nor gave 'At Homes.'"*
 —STOUT'S "REVERIES."

TOHUNGA'S SONG.

*"Oh, my name is John Wellington Wells,
 I'm a dealer in magic and spells."—"THE SORCERER."*

Air: "The Deathless Army."

From mountain, river, lake and sea,
 Called together in haste are ye,
 Hark to the voice of Destiny,
 Now hark to its note of warning.
 Where lies the sacred *kura* stone
 On Puketapu's summit lone
 A dirge upon the breeze is blown
 A Day of Doom is dawning.
 Once more shall Matariki rise
 Ere clear against the western skies
 The stranger's mast-head pennon flies,
 Farewell! the land you cherish.
 For though the strife be fierce and long,
 Thy courage high, thine armour strong,
 Yet at the last, so runs the song,
 The Maori People perish.

REFRAIN.

Gather then from *pa* and *kainga*,
 Gather ye to meet the foe,
 The *mana* falls upon you
 Of your sires of long ago.
 Gather then from *pa* and *kainga*,
 Gather ye to meet the foe,
 For the souls of heroes die not,
 In the Land of Long Ago.

The rock by the sacred tree beneath,
 Set are the wands of Life and Death,
 But the wind of Battle's ice-cold breath
 Sweeps past: and Life lies broken.
 The fern-stalks cast by the questing hand
 Drift and scatter along the sand,
 A star lies close in the circling band
 Of the young moon's early token.
 The hawk flies low o'er the council-fire,
 The owl hoots not as its flames expire,
 The omens all are of import dire,
 The Day of Doom is dawning.
 But fair the haunts where your fathers played,
 And dear to you where their bones are laid,
 Fight on! Reck not Te Reinga's shade,
 Death's night is Glory's morning.

WARRIORS' CHORUS

*"Burnt cork and walnut juice
 Are not without their use."*—"HIS EXCELLENCY."

Air: "Marching Through Georgia."

Kia ora tonu nga kai-ako ra,
 Nga tino puna o te matauranga ra,
 Kia nui ai hoki matou katoa,
 I taua puna tino nui rawa.

CHORUS:

Hura! Hurei! Mo nga kaiako ra.
 Hura! Hurei! Mo koutou katoa.
 Kua noho nei i te nohoanga nui,
 O Kingi Horomona-a-a.

CAPTAIN COOK'S SONG.

*"If ever they were dull or sad,
 The captain danced to them like mad;
 Or told, to make the time pass by,
 Droll legends of his infancy."*—"BAB" BALLADS.

Air: Sir Joseph's Song in "Pinafore."

A sailor bold and free am I,
 With a roving smile and a big black eye,
 And assured by personal charms like these
 And a really intense desire to please.
 I have no hesitation in coming once more,
 To see if things are better than they were before.

All:

We'll waive all apologies for coming once more,
 To see if things are better than they were before.

Even as a tender child of three
 I made a point of discovery.
 Virtue like this has a sure reward,
 And I soon became acquainted with the pantry hoard.
 And the *water-melon* jam grew so dear to me,
 That mother soon decided I should go to sea.

All: The water-melon jam grew so dear to he,
 That his mother soon decided he should go to sea.

Well once at sea I sailed the world,
 My flag to every breeze unfurled;
 And a poignant private grief to me
 Was the North Pole's inaccessibility.
 But now my spirits are as light as air,
 For the Doctor of the family has just been there.

All: Hurrah! his spirits are as light as air,
 For the Doctor of his family has just been there.

When first this pleasant land we saw,
 The saucy cannibals lined the shore.
 And it shone from each expectant mien
 That as soon as we were ready then the dinner would begin.
 But I had no gentlemen of the "cloth,"
 And an extra cook would have spoiled the broth.

All So he let them lay without the cloth
 And carefully abstained from interfering with the broth.

We originated commerce though
 With the festive pig and the potato.
 And for each dispute our infalible law
 Was the anchor weighed at night. Taihoa!
 For if weights are short day after day,
 To weigh at night is the safest way.

All And we glow with pride that the game to-day
 Is obviously modelled on our good old way.

But I must confess that I feel upset
 That you haven't put up my statue yet.
 And why should a gaol usurp my name,
 And military lodgers share its fame?
 It doesn't seem fair on a chap like me,
 The next thing 'll be a University.

All: No, it doesn't seem fair on a chap like he,
 Tho' of course it might have been a University.

Reject from below for my British views,
 I'm to tour on an "Empire-building" cruise
 For ever and ever, but I'm not dismayed
 For grandson Thomas* is in the trade
 And on every rock where it hasn't been yet
 The flag of England shall be set.

All: And on every rock where it hasn't been yet
 The flag of England shall be set.

*Of T. Cook and Sons (advt.)

WARRIORS' CHORUS

*"The Islanders of Rum-ti-foo
Are well-conducted persons, who
Approve a joke as much as you,
And laugh at it as such."*—"BAB" BALLADS.

Air: "Marching Through Georgia."

Kia ora tonu nga kai-ako ra,
Nga tino puna o te matauranga ra,
Kia nui ai hoki matou katoa,
I taua puna tino nui rawa.

CHORUS:

Hura! Hurei! Mo nga kaiako ra,
Hura! Hurei! Mo koutou katoa.
Kua noho nei i te nohoanga nui,
O Kingi Horomona-a-a.

CHORUS

*"Your mask, your paint, are not mere giddy superfluities
They serve to hide your blithering incongruities."*
—BOGLE ON SKINNER'S "ANCIENT MAORI."

Music Specially Written by Mr. J. Maughan Barnett.

Now the modern Maori Lion uses corrugated iron
Where his grandsire fenced with warning hand.
With our missionary ardour, yes, we sometimes filled his larder
But mostly got possession of his land.
And the price for being weak was paid to us, the meek,
Who had humbly learned the lesson of the "Bow."
That the cause of man and right may be helped by dynamite,
And the Brave may be the victims of the blow.

REFRAIN:

And this is a sign that we may know
And prepare the recoil of the bended bow.

Praise the battle-loving fighter who was never such a blighter
As to lease his weapons to a slave.
Though his son may pawn his taiaha and may use our Black
Maria,
Yet mighty were the buffets that he gave.
But our Cook could fix his eyes on fields of enterprise
To be won and to be holden by the brave.
For he knew the Union Jack was no shelter for the slack
But a token of the Empire of the Wave.

REFRAIN:

Let this be a sign that men may know
We are ready the call of the bended bow.

TABLEAU IV.

"Man may be excused from feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale.—DARWIN'S "ORIGIN OF SPECIES."

BRITANNIA'S SONG. WITH COLONIES' CHORUS

*"A singular lady who turns a page
And owns with pride increase of age."*

—CLEGHORN'S "DREAMS."

Air: "Blue Blood" in "Iolanthe."

Britannia (alone on stage):

Ah Neptune, cruel fate
Has laid us low now,
Tridents are out of date
And useless too now.
Leo has cast his crown,
I must my shield lay down,
Since fate is sure to frown;
What shall we do now?
Ah me, ah me!
Oh, Whither can we turn
For helping hands I yearn,
Pray, am I one to spurn?
Ah me, ah me!

Chorus (outside):

Hark! 'Tis Britannia cries,
Tears dim heraldic eyes,
Come, aid her where she sighs,
Ah me, ah me!

Britannia.

Is this the voice I hear
Of bold Australia?
New Zealand too draws near
In full regalia.
Afric and Canada,
Bringing from near and far
All their peculiar
Paraphernalia.

Chorus (in a depressed manner):

Ah me, ah me!

Britannia (brightly):

Small need I fear the foe,
Small need to strike the blow,
England can still lie low.

Chorus (shaking heads):

Ah me, ah me!
We then must bear the brunt,
Sharpen our weapons blunt,
And all our foes confront,
Ah me, ah me!

Britannia:

I do not crave command
Of things aerial,
Who stands at my right hand
Is immaterial,
So I can rule the sea,
And keep my people free,
By letting all things be
With calm imperial.

Chorus:

Ah me, ah me!

Britannia:

What if old England sleep,
Her Colonies will keep,
Dominion o'er the deep.

Chorus:

Ah me, ah me!
She leaves it all to us,
Dreadnought and blunderbuss,
Without the slightest fuss.
Ah me, ah me!

TRIO

BRITANNIA, LEO AND NEPTUNE.

THREE-A-PENNY.

"A King, though he's pestered with cares,
Though, no doubt, he can often trepan them;
But one comes in a shape he can never escape—
The implacable National Anthem."—"HIS EXCELLENCY."

Air: "The Flowers that bloom in the Spring" in "Mikado."

Britannia:

The poets that bud in the spring, tra-la,
Are most unoriginal knaves;
I'm sick of that song and its swing, tra la,
It's something like "God Save the King," tra-la,
And I'm tired of ruling the waves.
And that's what I mean when I say or I sing
"O bother the poets that bud in the spring."
Tra la la la la la, etc.,

Main Chorus:

And that's what she means when she says or she sings
 "O bother the poets who bob up on springs,"
 Tra la la la la la, etc.,

Neptune:

I'm king of the whitebait and shark, tra-la,
 Britannia has collared my fork;
 I used to spear fish after dark, tra-la,
 And prodded the dog-fish who bark, tra-la,
 And used it for drawing a cork.
 Now mermaids all guggle and say "What a lark:
 He's not what he was in the days of the Ark."
 Tra la la la la la, etc.,

Main Chorus:

Now mermaids, etc.

Leo:

I fear my designer's deceased, tra-la,
 I wish I could get on his trail;
 The Unicorn's quite a nice beast, tra-la,
 I don't want to fight in the least, tra-la,
 And I'm tired of wagging my tail.
 And if from my bearings I could be released
 Of artists heraldic I'd make a great feast.
 Tra la la la la la, etc.,

Main Chorus:

And if from his bearings he could be released,
 Of artists heraldic he'd make a great feast.
 Tra la la la la la, etc.,

All Three:

And now we're off back to our job, tra-la,
 Adorning the tail of a coin;

Neptune:

Britannia may rule and may rob, tra-la,

Britannia:

And Neptune may sigh and may sob, tra-la,
 But here we must peacefully join.

Leo:

And here's where I score and take one for his knob,
 They're only a penny while I'm on a bob.
 Tra la la la la la, etc.,

Main Chorus:

And here's where he scores and takes one for his knob,
 They're only a penny while he's on a bob.
 Tra la la la la la, etc.,

CAPTAIN'S SONG.

*"We are members of a secret society,
Working by the moon's uncertain disc;
Our motto is 'Revenge without anxiety'—
That is, without unnecessary risk."*
—"THE MOUNTEBANKS."

*Air: "I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General" in
"Pirate of Penzance."*

Capt.:

I am the bold commander of a troop I'm quite devoted to,
'Tis to my boldness that I owe the rank I've been promoted to;
I am the true successor both of Caesar and of Hannibal—
I have no fear of Japanese, of Kaiser, or of cannibal.
I know just what a Colonel does and where a General's duties lie,
(A General's uniform's the thing to catch a College beauty's eye),
Of military genius of course you know I have a lot—
(*Bothered for next rime*)—have a lot—have a lot —
(*Struck with an idea*)

I know by heart the tactics both of Bannockburn and Gravelotte,
(*Joyously*):

I know by heart the tactics both of Bannockburn and Gravelotte,

All:

He knows by heart the tactics of Bannockburn and Gravelotte.

Capt.:

I'm keen on getting in recruits, and always make 'em serve a lot,
At tennis too I'm not so bad—I cause the ball to swerve a lot.
In fact I am a model for ambitious young New Zealanders,
Both native-born and immigrants, from Cingalese to Hielanders.

All:

In fact he is a model for ambitious young New Zealanders,
Both native-born and immigrants, from Cingalese to Hielanders.

Capt.:

In law I've collared all the trade; 'tis really almost humorous
To think of LL.B.'s as scarce—they formerly were numerous.
In cross-examination I'm a regular Inquisitor,
To keep in form I make a point of "charging" every visitor.
I always was a ladies' man—I'm famed for my urbanity.
Which backs me up if things go wrong and Majors use profanity,
Such wicked words as "drat" and "blow," I never heard of them
afore—

(*Bothered for next rime*)—them afore—them afore—
(*Struck with an idea*)

When I'm a general I shall always say such things by Semaphore.

(*Joyously*):

When I'm a general I shall always say such things by Semaphore.

All:

When he's a general he will always say such things by Semaphore.

Capt.:

I know the ins and outs of torts, of ping pong and topography,
I am an expert in the arts of swimming and geography.
In fact I am a model for ambitious young New Zealanders,
Both native-born and immigrants, from Cingalese to Hielanders.

All:

In fact he is a model for ambitious young New Zealanders,
Both native-born and immigrants from Cingalese to Hielanders.

Capt.:

I am, whatever I take up, I say in all humility,
From Euclid to Diabolo, unrivalled in ability,
When on parade my uniform is always most immaculate,
Bad words, as I remarked before, I never do ejaculate.
My corps is famed throughout the land, its discipline is beautiful
(I always like to see recruits obedient and dutiful).
In war I do the wisest thing—I seek a sheltering stone apart—
(*Bothered for next rime*)—stone apart—stone apart—

(*Struck with an idea*)

And safely ponder o'er the fact that *I'm* the modern Bonaparte.

(*Joyously*):

And safely ponder o'er the fact that *I'm* the modern Bonaparte.

All:

And safely ponder o'er the fact that *he's* the modern Bonaparte.

Capt.:

I'd make a first-class donkey-man, bus-driver or grammarian,
Already I'm a martinet and strictly vegetarian.
In fact I am a model for ambitious young New Zealanders,
Both native-born and immigrants, from Cingalese to Hielanders.

All:

In fact he is the model for ambitious young New Zealanders,
Both native-born and immigrants, from Cingalese to Hielanders.

CHORUS.

*"When I look to the top of the family tree
I feel the perfection that's centred in me."*

—BEERE'S "NUTS I HAVE CRACKED."

Music Specially Written by Mr. J. Maughan Barnett.

Let us thank arboreal Simeans in our civilised Dominions
For the prowess on the branches spent;
We are heirs of all the ages, this the moral of the stages,
The fittest are the pride of the "Ascent."
Though the Druids lasted long, the Romans proved them wrong
In a manner quite conclusive in debate,
And the world must bend the knee, to the famous O.T.C.
As the last and finest product of the State.

REFRAIN:

So we pass the sign that all may bow
And may praise the men who defend them now.

Shout, ye sons of Drake and Raleigh, all creation's grand finale
 In the struggle upward from the brutes.
 Shout the Gen'ral's embryonic with their skill Napoleonic,
 And Atkinson's predolomitic boots.
 When the final trump shall roll its thunders to the Pole
 With its message to the kingdoms at the last,
 Then the quick who kept ahead shall be placed before the dead
 Who reposed upon the laurels of the Past.

REFRAIN:

And Britannia's trust let all men know
 Shall be guarded for aye with the bended bow.

FINAL CHORUS.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

Air: "The Old Brigade."

Just one stave more and the song is done—
 A stave for the olden time:
 One age has passed, and the age to come
 Is the age of the golden prime!
 So praise we men who have passed away,
 Who hold to a legend bold—
 Whatever a sordid world may say,
 Wisdom is more than gold.

CHORUS.

So when we are singing of College,
 Singing the songs of old,
 Think of the past,
 Hold to the last,
 That it's wisdom that's more than gold!

For this is the burden of the world,
 Which it speaketh day by day,
 Though many a worldly lip be curled
 With a sneer that it does not pay;
 In our ears is the voice of a Mammon age,
 In our hearts is a tale that's old,
 The tale of our garnered heritage—
 The Wisdom that's more than gold!

*"Men nudge each other—thus—and say
 'This certainly is Shakespeare's son,'
 And merry wags (of course in play)
 Cry 'Author'! when the piece is done."*

—“BAB” BALLADS.

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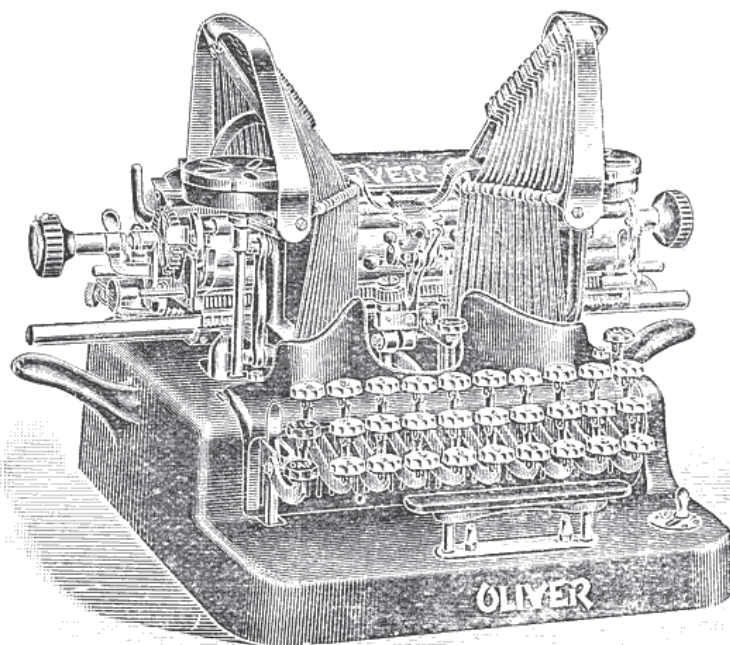
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