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"Awhile to work, and after holiday."

.... Victoria College....



# Students' Carnival

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, 29th &  
30th JUNE, 1906, at 8 p.m. ✻



CAPPING DAY.

SYDNEY STREET  
SCHOOLROOM.

PROGRESS PRINT

"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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# D · I · C

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# Graduates of the Year.

---

## Honours in Arts.

E. E. M. MARTIN M. W. C. SPROTT  
ZOË ESTHER POYNTER

*"Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth—  
This kind of youth must be."*—PATIENCE.

## Masters of Arts.

JOHN HENDERSON ANNIE H. TASKER

*—"No pretence  
To intellectual eminence  
Or scholarship sublime."*—IOLANTHE.

## Bachelor of Music.

FLORENCE B. WILLIAMS

*"I am an acquired taste—only the educated palate can appreciate  
me."*—MIKADO.

## Masters of Science.

JAMES BEE, M.A. T. A. HUNTER, M.A.  
P. W. ROBERTSON, M.A.

*"Am I particularly intelligent, or remarkably studious, or excruciatingly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?"*  
—PATIENCE.

## Bachelors of Arts.

JESSIE O. ABERNETHY	JOHN HENDERSON
W. J. ANDREW	FANNY R. LIVINGSTONE
E. W. BEAGLEHOLE	H. G. R. MASON
J. G. BEE	B. E. MURPHY
L. F. DE BERRY	FLORENCE G. ROBERTS
ELSIE M. BOLLINGER	FLO. SCOTT
R. P. CLARKSON	ANASTASIA I. SLOWEY
ADA EASTWOOD	CLARA M. TAYLOR
J. H. GOULDING	ANNIE P. TOMLINSON
ALICE W. GRIFFITHS	ISABEL E. S. WATSON

## Bachelor of Science.

P. W. ROBERTSON, M.A.

*"He exercises of his brains,—  
That is, assuming that he's got any."*—IOLANTHE.

## Bachelors of Laws.

C. B. COLLINS	F. M. MARTIN
O. N. GILLESPIE	T. NEAVE
J. G. HADDOW	G. TOOGOOD

---

*Luce festa concinamus  
Laureatos inuene;  
Ad diploma gradientes  
Concinamus virgines*

---

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

**“Always on Top!”**

A....

**WOODROW HAT**

IS THE

**BEST**

A MAN CAN WEAR.

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STOCKPORT, ENGLAND.

### THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

---

*Aedem colimus Minerva  
Acti desiderio  
Artes nosse liberales  
Hoc in Hemispherio*

*Aedem colimus Musarum  
Sub Australi sidere ;  
Nos a Musis maria longa  
Nequeunt dividere.*

*Studiosi, studiosae  
Captant sapientiam ;  
Circa venti turbulenti  
Auferunt desidiam.*

*Omnium Collegiorum  
Surgit hoc novissimum :  
Ergo vires iuveniles  
Exhibent fortissimum.*

*Nomen quod profert, sodales  
Fausto sit oraculo ;  
Ut Deus regno reginae  
Faveat curriculo.*

*Per vias laboriosas  
Doctrinarum omnium  
Docti ducunt professores  
Obsequens servitium.*

*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 juventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem,  
Nos habebit humus.*

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

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

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

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

*Floreat Eduardus Rex  
Haud minus quam Mater  
Ob virtutes sic ametur  
Optimus ut appelletur  
Patriaeque Pater*

*NON CUIVIS HOMINI CONTINGIT ADIRE CORINTHUM.*

---

### **GO TO COLL**

“ TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.”—BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

TUNE—“ *Go to Sea.*”

“ *The true embodiment of everything that's excellent.*”—IOLANTHE.

Do you want to know the finest life that's ever to be had,  
Go to Coll, my lads, go to Coll.  
Do you want to live the life of a jolly undergrad,  
Go to Coll, my lads, go to Coll.  
Oh whether you take Arts or Mathematics,  
Pol. Econ. Mental Sci. or Hydrostatics,  
Or Jurisprudence, Law or Ancient Classics,  
Philosophy that never makes you sad.  
Go to Coll, Yes, go to Coll.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Coll we'll go,  
And we'll make of you a jolly undergrad,  
It's a life one ought to lead,  
And improve by act and deed,  
It's the best that's to be had.

“ *But yesterday I caught him in the dairy eating fresh butter with a  
tablespoon. To-day he is not well.*”—PATIENCE.

If you want to know what fees to pay and whom to pay them to  
Go to Powles, my lads, go to Powles.  
If you want to keep your first terms and don't know what  
to do,  
Go to Powles, my lads, go to Powles.  
And if you want to be matriculated,  
Have the rules of the Coll elaborated,  
Your golden guineas all appropriated,  
And while you wait receipts made out to you—  
Go to Powles, Yes, go to Powles.

“ *Come now, tell the truth for once.*”—PRINCESS IDA.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Powles we'll go,  
And we'll make of you a jolly undergrad.  
If you don't pay up in time,  
He'll make you stand a fine,  
It's a thing to do he's glad.

If you want to write good Latin Prose and do not know the  
way,  
Go to John, my lads, go to John.  
If you want to talk in ancient Greek the livelong night  
and day,  
Go to John, my lads, go to John.  
Of classic puns (?) you want an explanation,

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On Cæsar's Gallic War a dissertation,  
Concerning Cicero a peroration,  
Or be the hero in a Grecian Play,  
Go to John, Yes, go to John.

*"Your lordly style we'll quickly quench."*—IOLANTHE.

Then Yeo Ho, away to John we'll go,  
And we'll make of you a chronic classic swot,  
If you don't attend in class,  
You can never get a pass,  
It's a little way he's got.

*"Ah, sly dog! ah, sly dog!"*—TRIAL BY JURY.

If to a famous foreign Count you want to be made known,  
Go to Von, my lads, go to Von.  
And to learn ten thousand languages without a sigh or  
groan,  
Go to Von, my lads, go to Von.  
If you want to make linguistic troubles vanish,  
And learn the art of holding forth in Spanish,  
In Russian, Turkish, Portuguese or Danish,  
Of gabbling like a German graphophone,  
Go to Von, Yes, go to Von.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Von we'll go,  
And he'll ask you whether "Francais parlez vous,"  
If he "parlez" you too much,  
Just answer back in Dutch,  
And finish in Hindoo.

*"Be reassured nor fear his anger blind,  
His menaces are idle as the wind."*—PRINCESS IDA.

If you want to hear a Scotchman's jokes (impossible you say),  
Go to Hugh, my lads, go to Hugh.  
And hear about St. Andrews where students never pay,  
Go to Hugh, my lads, go to Hugh.  
And if you want a genial Professor,  
Of noisy undergrads a stern suppressor,  
To Bobby Burns an adequate successor,  
A prince of profs. whom all pronounce O.K.,  
Go to Hugh, Yes, go to Hugh.

Then Yeo Ho, away to Hugh we'll go,  
And we'll number you in brave Mackenzie's clan,  
If his lectures are not clear,  
Write twelve essays every year,  
And you'll pass your term's exam.

If you want to hear Professor Richmond laying down the Law,  
Go to Coll, my lads, go to Coll.  
Or Profs. Easterfield and Kirk for the lab demanding more  
Go to Coll, my lads, go to Coll.  
Hear "Gray's Elegy" on English Education,

And "Salmond" swot for your examination,  
See Hunter analysing Sight Sensation.  
Maclaurin proving 2 and 2 are 4,  
Go to Coll, Yes, go to Coll.

*"Little will be left of me,  
In the coming by and by."*—PATIENCE.

Then Yeo Ho away to Coll we'll go,  
And we'll make of you a jolly undergrad.  
It's the best life one can get,  
And it's one you'll ne'er regret,  
It's the best that's to be had.

---

### HONOUR WHERE DUE.

*"He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits,  
He crammed his feet into bright tight boots."*—PRINCESS IDA.

TUNE—"Hen Convention."

A capping ceremonee  
Was held at College Green,  
And such a show of gowns and mortars  
Ne'er before was seen ;  
With B.As., M.As., LL.Bs.,  
And Doctors fine and tall,  
But Bobby Stout the Chancellor  
Cut the biggest swell of all.

It was talky, talky talky, talky, flap your wings and crow,  
For Bobbie talk'd the longest at the College capping show.  
Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk,  
talk, talk.

Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, Bob's — the boy —  
to talk !

*"A fight's a kind of thing  
That I love to look upon."*—PRINCESS IDA.

A tournament at Easter  
Was held at Christchurch O !  
And such a team of swots and athletes  
Ne'er before did go  
With jumpers, runners, tennisites,  
Debaters of renown ;  
But the youngest Coll., Victo.ia  
Duly took the others down.

It was vict'ry, vict'ry, vict'ry, vict'ry, when Fitz took the floor,  
While Whiskey Beere and the ladies won the tennis champ once  
more.

Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic.,  
Vic.,  
Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic., We're — the boys —  
to win !



*"I know the croaking chorus from the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes."*

—PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

Our Rugby Union football club  
Is out some scalps to get,  
And such a set of backs and forwards  
Ne'er before was met ;  
With hookers, tacklers, running men,  
And line-outs fine and tall,  
But lengthy Froggy de la Mare  
Cuts the biggest swell of all.  
It is Froggy, Froggy, Froggy, Froggy, always on the go,  
For Froggy plays the hardest, as the other fellows know.  
Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog,  
Frog, Frog, Frog,  
Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog, Frog's — the  
boy — to go !

*"If you decide*

*To pocket your pride,*

*Why, well and good."*—PRINCESS IDA.

Now the Coll. is half erected,  
There's something we want yet—  
Quite thirty thousand pounds collected,  
V.C. freed from debt.  
With shillings, sov'reigns, hundreds, your  
Donations large and small,  
We'll soon construct a library,  
Museum and College Hall.  
It is canvass, canvass, canvass, canvass,  
While we seek for "tin" ;  
Like Budge we'll worry magnates,  
Until we rake it in.  
Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay,  
Pay ;  
Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay, Pay—our debt—away !  
—" *Quippe Qui.*"

---

## NOS TELA HAUD DEBILE DEXTRA SPARGIMUS.

BY "BRIDGET."

TUNE—" *The Jewel of Asia* " from the " *Geisha* ."

*"I see no objection to Stoutness—in moderation."*—IOLANTHE.

The chancellor said, with a nod of his head,  
At a solemn Senate meeting,  
That for ruffianly noise, these 'Varsity boys,  
Would take quite a lot of beating ;  
So he thought it was plain, if it happened again  
That the speakers weren't respected,  
There was only one way, that on each " capping day,"  
These ruffians should be ejected.

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8

*"From every kind of man obedience I expect."*—MIKADO.

CHORUS.

He hadn't then visited Melbourne, yes Melbourne, great Melbourne,  
So now he'll appreciate Kelburne, our Kelburne, dear Kelburne,  
And though still with fierce wrath he may well burn,  
At thought how they treated him there,  
He's nought to complain of at Kelburne,  
So gentle, so modest, so fair.

The Coll. has been raised, the Government praised,  
And we've all said "Thank you" sweetly.  
But there're some bewail wrongs, for they say it belongs  
To Easterfield's lot completely.  
For they have for a fact, with strategical tact,  
Collared nearly all the new rooms,  
While the poor old Law School must go round like a fool,  
And beg the loan of a few rooms.

*"Now is not this ridiculous?  
Explain it if you can."*—PATIENCE.

CHORUS.

Its true that we've got the Law School, the Law School, the Law School,  
But still we're in need of some more school, some more school, some  
more school;  
And just now, though its rather a sore school,  
'Cos Easterfield's beaten it so,  
As soon as you give it some more school,  
'Twill bob up serene from below.

*"I'm now a respectable chap,  
I shine with a virtue resplendent."*—TRIAL BY JURY.

We held a bazaar, the best way by far  
To raise money, that could be, O,  
Though 'twas one raised the wrath, of the stern J. J.  
North,  
'Gainst his dear old friend, Pat Keogh.  
And you all must confess, 'twas indeed a success  
And no raffles shocked our morals,  
And our good luck held out, for the Easter team stout,  
Came back with most of the laurels.

*"All hail — to your bright rays!  
We never grudge ecstatic praise."*—TRIAL BY JURY.

CHORUS.

The team we sent South was a bonser, a bonser, a bonser,  
At tennis and talk took the scone sir, the scone sir, the scone sir,  
And old Joynt who's at talking a don sir,  
Said, "Gents, when this prize I assign,  
I say e'en ould Dublin's no mon sir,  
Can reach the FitzKelly combine."

*"At whose exalted shrine  
A world of wealth is kneeling."*—PINAFORE.

The choice of the board, we loudly applaud,  
And our Salmond 'll find us willing ;  
And as all well may see, he's of high pedigree,  
For his book costs us twenty shilling ;  
And our hats let's all doff, to Justinian the Prof,  
One of our new institutions,  
And he's started this year, his profess'nal career,  
With many notes and resolutions.

*"Calls the glory from the Gray."*—BROWNING.

CHORUS.

A new man has come to teach teachers, teach teachers, teach teachers,  
To deal with their small fellow creatures, —ow creatures, —ow  
creatures,

When to spank and to punish the sweet dears,  
And when to let patience hold sway,  
These, gentlemen, are the main features,  
Of th' doctrine of Will-i-am Gray.

*"Youth will have its fling."*—PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

---

### SING ME TO SLEEP.

*"You're exceedingly polite,  
And I think it only right."*—H.M.S. PINAFORE.

By a Sentimental Dear.

Sing me to sleep, the board so bright  
Dazzles my eyes with shining light ;  
Figures grow mixed, my brain feels numb,  
Tangents and sines have made me succumb.

*"Madam your words so wise,  
Nobody should despise."*—PRINCESS IDA.

Sing me to sleep I'm filled with woe  
By visions of things I ought to know,  
Props, I must learn and formulae  
Useful to me in exams same day.

Prof. I am weary, maths. are so dry,  
If I snore loudly pass the fact by ;  
Euclid is puzzling, trig. is so deep,  
Sing me to sleep Prof., sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep, Prof., you alone  
Seem to possess the soothing tone ;  
Haply my maths. will cause thee pain  
When I awake from sleep again.

Sing me to sleep, your lectures dry  
Are mere sing-songs of x and y.  
Only a cough friend let me hear,  
Warning the closing hour is near.

Prof. I am hungry, tea-time is nigh ;  
If I sigh gently you will know why.  
When time is up, just tread on my feet  
To wake me from sleep, friends, wake me from sleep.

---

**VIRTUE'S REWARD.**

*By " Surprised."*

---

*" Politics we bar,  
They are not our bent ;  
On the whole we are  
Not intelligent."*

—PRINCESS IDA.

*" Nay, tempt me not,  
To rank I'll not be bound.  
In lowly cot,  
Alone is virtue found."*

—IOLANTHE.

*" Last year Dr. Findlay's seat on the College Council was forfeited for non-attendance. During three years he actually attended 8 out of 36 meetings. On election this year by the Education Board he was promptly made Chairman of the College Council.—NEWS ITEM.*

AIR—" *Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.*"

When the Council of College a chairman requires,  
(Oh, an honour transcendent, I swear) ;  
Have you got a suggestion—what guides the election,  
Of the man for the vacant chair ?  
In the first place assume, he's by chance in the room,  
Which creates such a joyful surprise—  
That they think " Would you dare Sir ! If placed in the  
Chair Sir,  
Next meeting of Council despise ! "

Here are men of the City quite sure to attend,  
Bell and Watson are safe at the Board.  
There is Knight who's a grafter, but him we're not after,  
Now whom can we choose of the horde ?  
Ah yes, there is one almost sure not to come,  
So let's bind him down for a span ;  
He will lecture on duty, we'll think " What a beauty ! "  
Yes, Findlay John George, is the man.

Then also remember his colour is right,  
Our troubles to Joseph he'll tell ;  
When tastes are political, don't be too critical  
For that pays exceedingly well.



II

And Findlay well knows which way the wind blows,  
At the banquets of Labour he shines,  
If for College half-hearted—he's *there* with the "Party,"  
And worships at popular shrines.

---

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

By "*Personal*."

---

TUNE—*Whistling Rufus*.

"*Love feeds on many kinds of food, I know.*"—SORCERER.

Many the strange things we've lately been hearing,  
Worthy to set out in review,  
Since in the papers they have all been appearing,  
May be it's possible they're true.  
Deadly is the pall of fear that's now hanging o'er us,  
Tinned meats we wonder what you are?  
From far Chicago is wafted this old chorus,  
And small goods are selling under par.

CHORUS.

O gentle sausage,  
You're such a mystery,  
We cannot fathom,  
Your family history.  
The power of speaking,  
Is what you're seeking,  
So you could tell us your sad tale of woe.

"*Your style is much too sanctified,  
Your cut is too canonical.*"PATIENCE.

Ethics we fear are in mournful condition,  
Raffles are frequent and free.  
North says the City will go to perdition,  
Keogh begs to disagree.  
North airs his views on the totalisator,  
Whyte airs his views then on North.  
Up there jumps a third as mediator,  
Bubble and fizz and froth.

"*I am right,  
And you are right,  
And all is right as right can be.*"—MIKADO.

CHORUS.

In endless columns,  
In all the papers,  
They scrap and squabble,  
And cut their capers;  
Just hear the rattle,  
Of wordy battle,  
In this great fight of the unemployed.

**Always Smoke Myrtle Grove Cigarettes. Popular Favourites.**

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12

*"You display, madam, shocking taste."*—IOLANTHE.

O such a row has of late filled the presses,  
Are women civilized or not?  
Did ancient savages go in for fine dresses,  
Feathers and ornaments a lot?  
Did toques and bonnets and sweet dreams made of  
chiffon,  
Run up the cannibals' bills?  
Did a savage resemble a skiff on  
An ocean of flounces and frills?

*"I'm sorry for you, you very imperfect ablutioner."*—MIKADO.

CHORUS.

Now Dr. Jimmy,  
With anger rightful,  
Calls teas and parties  
Black sins most frightful.  
Poor chap feels slighted  
He's not invited,  
Nor is his dress oft described in the *Post*.

*"Upon my word, I hardly like to associate with myself.  
I don't think I'm respectable."*—PATIENCE.

---

**GRADUATES.**

*"What is to be done with these here hopeless chaps?"*  
—H.M.S. PINAFORE.

---

TUNE—*British Grenadiers.*

Some talk of ancient sages,  
Who lived in ancient days;  
Whose names from Honour's pages,  
Time never shall erase.  
But even these great men of old,  
All share a common fate,  
They are nought, nought, nought, they are nought,  
nought, nought,  
To our College Graduate.

Just see them in their splendour,  
In cap and fur and gown.  
These plumes are mostly borrowed,  
But the glory's all their own.  
Then here's a toast we all must drink,  
And may their joy be great,  
Best of luck, luck, luck, best of luck, luck, luck,  
To our College Graduate.

### THE COUNCIL.

*"I think you ought to recollect,  
You cannot show too much respect."*—MIKADO.

TUNE—*Rule Britannia.*

When V. C. first arose in might,  
To throw her glittering beams afar,  
To throw, to throw, to throw her blazing light afar.  
Out from the chaos, the chaos of the night,  
The Council shone, the guiding star.

CHORUS.

Hail! The Council! True watch the Council keeps.  
The Council never, never, never, never sleeps.

---

### STUDENTS' SONG.

*"To make us more than merry,  
Let the bumper pass."*—PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

AIR—"Down among the dead men."

To the true University man let us fill,  
Hard player, high thinker, wide reader, at will—  
Who serves first College and after, himself,  
Whose care is for knowledge and not for pelf.  
Who tilts not the dye with a kindling eye,  
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Here's life and luck to the College girl,  
Likes she piety, tea, or Lancers' whirl;  
Who risks at the net the tan o' the sun,  
And "sticks" at hockey scorns to shun.  
Who drains not lief till the last drop dry,  
Down among the dead men let him lie!

---

### LAUDANDUS.

TUNE—*Rule Britannia.*

When V.C. needs a willing man,  
To work without a thought of gain,  
To work, to work to work, without a thought of gain,  
Looks she to Dixon, George Dixon leads the van,  
And never has she looked in vain.

CHORUS.

Drink to Dixon! with overflowing brim,  
The College owes a lot to him.

## **A NOTE FOR THE LADIES !**

YOU CAN'T DO GOOD  
COOKING WITHOUT A

**GOOD COOKER,**

And the Best of all Cookers is an

# **“Invicta” Gas Range**

YOU CAN HIRE ONE AT

**TWO SHILLINGS PER MONTH,**

LESS THAN A PENNY  
A DAY!! ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

**Wellington Gas Company,**  
Limited.

J. H. HELLIWELL,  
Secretary.



# **The National Mutual**

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## **Life Association**

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**of Australasia, Limited.**

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HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND :

**CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY . . . . WELLINGTON.**

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Funds over ....	£4,200,000.
Annual Income over ....	£800,000

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**LOW RATES.                      BONUSES LARGE.**

**LIBERAL CONDITIONS.**

---

**Agencies throughout the Colony.**

---

**SEND FOR PROSPECTUS.**

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**ORTON STEVENS,**  
Manager for New Zealand.

# PROGRAMME

Friday and Saturday Evenings,  
at 8 o'clock.

## PART I.

1. CAPPING SONG— (a.) "The Song of Victoria College." (page 3)

*"Wisdom married to immortal verse."*—WORDSWORTH.

(b.) "Go to Coll." (page 4)

*"All kinds of vulgar prejudices  
I pray you set aside."*—TRIAL BY JURY.

2. SOLO .. .. "Carmen Sita." .. .. MISS STRACK

*"You'll soon get used to her looks, said he,  
And a very nice girl you'll find her."*  
—TRIAL BY JURY.

3. SOLO .. .. .. .. MR. B. J. JACOBS

*"Whose vocal villanies  
All desire to shirk."*—MIKADO.

4. CAPPING SONG— "Honour where due." (page 6)

*"This is the sorrowful story  
Told when the twilight falls,  
And the monkeys walk together  
Holding each other's tails."*—KIPLING.

5. 'CELLO SOLO .. "Musette" (Offenbach) MR. ERNEST C. LEVVEY

*"Now here is a man whose physical  
Attributes are simply godlike."*—IOLANTHE.

6. SOLO .. .. .. .. MR. F. P. WILSON

*"Sang nothing in particular  
And sang it very well."*—IOLANTHE.

7. CAPPING SONG— "Local and General" (page 11)

*"If you have tears prepare to shed them now."*  
—JULIUS CÆSAR.

8. DISCOURSE ON THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG

MR. H. F. O'LEARY AND MR. W. PERRY

*"He scorns to tell a story."*—MIKADO.

*"Upon this hint I spake."*—OTHELLO.

**PROGRAMME—Continued.**

**PART II.**

*"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."—POPE.*

**"MUNCHUMS" or "The Origin of Genus."**

*A Musical Extravaganza by "Famedes."*

**Tableau I.:— THE STONE AGE.**

SOLO .. "The Song of the Chancellor." .. MR. A. W. NEWTON

**Tableau II.:— THE IRON AGE.**

SOLO .. "These are the Days" .. MR. W. LYON

**Tableau III.:— THE HISTORIC AGE.**

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

DUET .. Lady Commissioner : .. MISS DAISY ISAACS  
Sailor .. .. MR. B. J. JACOBS

**Tableau IV.:— THE TABLOID AGE.**

SOLO .. "Professorial Pills" .. MR. T. N. HOLMDEN

*Scenery painted by Miss Sybil Johnson, Miss F. Smith, and assistants.*

**SUPPER PROGRAMME.**

*"I've treacle and toffee and excellent coffee,  
Soft tommy and succulent chops,  
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,  
And excellent peppermint drops."—H.M.S. PINAFORE.*

*"What! a feast! a feast!"—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

TOAST— .. "The King" .. "God Save the King."

TOAST— .. "The Graduates" .. W. H. WILSON

REPLY—M. W. C. SPROTT .. "The Graduates" (page 12)

TOAST— .. "The College Council." .. W. PERRY

REPLY—DR. FINDLAY .. ("The Council" page 13)

TOAST— .. "The Professors" .. W. H. WILSON

REPLY .. PROFESSOR VON ZEDLITZ  
(4th verse "Professorial Pills." page 28)

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS WON AT EASTER TOURNAMENT.

REPLY—E. J. FITZGIBBON (2nd verse "Honour where Due." page 6)

TOAST— .. "Absent Friends" .. G. F. DIXON  
(*"Students' Song" page 13*)

**DANCE:** *"Let us gaily tread the measure,  
Make the most of fleeting leisure,  
Hail it as a true ally,  
Though it perish by and by."—PIRATES OF PENZANCE.*



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19

*"Begin and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in."*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

# MUNCHUMS

---

—OR—

## The Origin of Genus.

---

**A Musical Extravaganza by "Famedes."**

(F. A. de la Mare, S. S. Mackenzie, and S. Eichelbaum.)

---

**MUSIC BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND OTHER  
CELEBRATED COMPOSERS.**

*"In spite of the imperfection of the 'Geological Record,' in spite of the conditions unfavourable to the preservation of many kinds of animals, it is sometimes possible to trace a whole series of extinct forms through progressive changes."—KIRK.*

---

### TABLEAU I.—"The Stone Age."

*"This costume chaste  
Is but good taste  
Misplaced."—PATIENCE.*

---

#### PROLOGUE.

AIR.—Soldiers' Chorus from Gounod's "Faust."

Honour and thanks to the days gone west !  
Pledge we ! to whom they bequeathed their best ;—  
Brave days of stress when the world was young :  
Let their praises be sung  
With an eloquent tongue,  
To lutes highly strung !

Pledge we the men and the kings of men  
Who builded world-cities on cliff and fen ;  
And whoso the gauntlet of Freedom flung  
Let their praises be sung  
With an eloquent tongue,  
To lutes highly strung !

But pardon,—our purpose is but to-night  
To touch on an undergrad's perilous plight—  
The victim of chancellors' tyrannous ways  
From the dolomite days,  
Through the iron-adze phase,  
To the tabloid craze.

---

### SONG OF THE CHANCELLOR.

*" And has not such a Story from of Old,  
Down Man's successive generations roll'd ;  
Of such a clod of saturated Earth  
Cast by the Maker into Human mould."*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

*" He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be Stout."*—IOLANTHE.

---

AIR—" *The Susceptible Chancellor.*"—From "*Iolanthe*."

Oh ! this is an age of excellence,  
And all is good at small expense ;  
This cap and gown which here you see,  
I wore, my friends, to take my degree.  
The fur round my collar cost me least,  
I collared it off the back of the beast :  
A very formidable brute it was.  
A Munchumupolettricopheroz.

*Bis.*—A rather fine achievement for  
An antediluvian Chancellor.

The hardship that we've had is great,  
To bring our College right up to date ;  
And here you observe the noble pile,  
Which will have to last us quite a while.  
But we're waiting on with hope forlorn,  
For a man to die who's not yet been born,  
Who'll bequeath his teeth, his skins and his hides,  
(Which is current coin) and all else besides ;

*Bis.*—Yes, this is what I'm waiting for,  
An antediluvian Chancellor.

*" Resolved to try  
A plan whereby  
Young men might best be steadied."*—MIKADO.

The students are a troublesome lot,  
Who'll end in jug as like as not ;  
And when I speak they're not polite,  
Hurling great chunks of Dolomite.  
They hunt all day and drink all night,  
Do all that's wrong and nought that's right,  
Sing rowdy songs with all their might,  
And in strange noises take delight :

*Bis.*—Which is exasperating for  
An antediluvian Chancellor.

Of profs. to obtain sufficiency,  
Especially in Biology,  
Is really very hard, and I  
Will now attempt to tell you why.  
They go in search of the fossils and  
The insects that dwell upon the land,  
To bring them all back with evident pride ;  
But usually they come back inside

*Bis.*—An insect with a longer jaw,  
Than an antediluvian Chancellor.

*" A man however well-behaved,  
At best is only a monkey, shaved."*—PRINCESS IDA.

The monkeys who live round the place  
Evolve humanity apace.  
The chimpanzees increase my joys  
By turning into naughty boys.  
And little girl students all declare,  
That these persist in tugging their hair,  
And in most cases this 'll be found,  
To descend in ringlets to the ground.

*Bis.*—Oh, hairpins are a puzzle for  
An antediluvian Chancellor.

*" My mother bids me bind my hair."*—OLD SONG.

---

### CHORUS.

*" Nothing man unsettles  
Like a bed of stinging nettles,  
When he jumps."*—PRINCESS IDA.

---

AIR—*"The World went very well then."*

Now in the time of the afterglow,  
When science creeps a trifle slow,  
And we think how little we really know,  
And how well the world went then ;  
We sigh for the games we had in trees,  
When jumps were the tests for pass degrees,  
And students who " couldn't " just " did a freeze,"  
For Profs. turned somersaults then.

For Profs. were chosen for movement free,  
They were always right at the top of the tree,  
And lectures were short as short could be,  
    Yet the world went very well then ;  
They did without gowns and trenchers too,  
Even hoods I regret to say were few,  
But they taught the theories " bough-wow " and " pooh "  
    Even Hugh turned somersaults then.

The classics then were wondrous things,  
They were Greecy twists on Roman rings,  
And the Prof. knew all the rarest swings—  
    For John was an acrobat then ;  
But now that age we regret to state,  
Only serves as foil for a " stony " fate,  
And keeps our museum shelves up-to-date,  
    Though the world went very well then.

---

## **TABLEAU II.—The Iron Age.**

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### **OPENING SOLO : "These are the Days."**

*" Well roared, lion."*—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

---

AIR—" *Let me like a Soldier Fall.*"—from " *Maritana* "

These are the days when blood runs fast  
    In frames of men of might ;  
Degrees don't count if a man can " last " ;  
    Pince-nez don't serve for sight :  
But muscles are big, and pulses strong,  
    And brains work clear and quick ;  
And lungs are sound, and the stride is long,  
    And it's easy to keep in nick ;  
And to see if a man be right or wrong,  
    You've only the sides to pick.

We are the men who scorn to yield—  
    Who serves, his lot is shame ;  
Our joy is in a stricken field  
    With men who play the game.  
These are the days of stress and throe,  
    And iron brain and nerve ;  
*Bis.*—And runs luck high or runs luck low,—  
    No quarter to men who swerve !



An age of rigour, toil, and fight—  
We hold by courtesy  
Of conquest what we claim our right,  
Nor reck of chivalry.  
And life is his who strikes the blow,  
And death is his who falls :  
*Bis.*—And runs luck high or runs luck low,—  
No man for quarter calls !

---

### PICKAWAY.

*" But I do it ! It revolts me, but I do it."*—MIKADO.

---

AIR—" *Mandalay.*"

On the old clay patch at Kelburne  
Looking eastward to the sea,  
There's a tennis court wants fixing,  
And it's there you ought to be ;  
For the Council's got no money  
So it's thus we pay our way—  
Can't you hear old Dixon calling,  
" Come and graft on Saturday ! "

*Chorus* — On the Salamanca road  
While the dray tips up its load,  
Can't you hear the shovels scraping  
And the swung pickaxes play ?  
On the Salamanca road,  
Where hard labour's *a la mode*,  
You can see the navvies doing time  
On every Saturday.

And the Council came approving,  
And the Profs. they raised a team ;  
And the Premier as we cheered him,  
Struck a monetary seam ;  
And with a smile and a shovel  
Unearthed six thousand pounds ;  
So all things went on gaily  
In the Salamanca grounds.

No place for cuffs and collars,  
And your boots needn't be too clean ;  
What you want are hob-nailed bluchers,  
And sundry togs that " have been " ;  
For Bothamley's not supervisor,  
And we haven't come here on parade,  
And a pick and long-handled shovel  
Constitute our stock-in-trade.

So whether you're Arts or Science,  
Or a gentleman at large ;  
Whether lank or lean or sturdy  
We won't give you in charge,  
So long as you raise a blister,  
So long as you earn your salt,  
On the old clay patch at Kelburne.  
Till the whistle goes for " Halt ! "

---

CHORUS.

---

AIR—" *The World went very well then.*"

" *His energetic fist  
Ever ready to resist  
A dictatorial word.*"—H.M.S. PINAFORE.

Though years have passed since the age of stone,  
And iron now calls each thing her own,  
This age may be called the " Pick " we've shown  
For the world went very well then.  
For those were the days of hack and hew,  
And degrees were of muscle, of bone, and thew,  
And lectures were hot, and strong, and few :  
Yet students worked very well then.

" *I once was a nice-looking youth.*"—RUDDIGORE.

At last these men like the fossils came  
To museum shelves with their iron frame,  
And skeletons all with grins proclaim  
That the profs. worked very well then.  
And now that age has passed away,  
We delve sometimes in an age of clay,  
And we dream as we speed the parting dray  
That the bees worked very well then.



### TABLEAU III.—The Historic Age.

---

#### OPENING CHORUS.

---

AIR—"Chorus of Men," from *Mikado*.  
"If you want to know who we are."

What is this which here we see !  
There is very soon going to be  
At our University,  
Chair of Ancient History.

For the liberal Government  
On "humanity" intent,  
Has set up a little band  
Seeking history of the land ;  
Who presently will expound  
How this little plot of ground,  
Originally was found, Oh !

---

*"The Government has decided to set up a Commission to collect information from the fast diminishing band of pioneer colonists as to the events which occurred in the early days. For this purpose the Colony will be divided into districts, each of which will be in charge of a sub-commissioner. Special attention is to be paid to old whalers and old miners. It is hoped that much reliable and interesting information will be obtained."*

—NEWS ITEM.

*"My knowledge though I'm plucky and adventury,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century."*

—PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

---

#### ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

---

AIR—"Prithee Pretty Maiden."—from "*Patience*."

Duet—LADY COMMISSIONER AND SAILOR.

L.C.— Prithee hoary sailor, sitting on the strand,  
(Hey, but he's salty ! Billow, billow, baily !)  
Were you of the party that first found this land,  
Hey, billow, baily, O !  
Tell me, O my hearty, were you of that party ?  
Hey, billow, baily, O !

*" Did you hear him—did you hear him ?  
Don't go near him—don't go near him.  
He is swearing—he is swearing ! "*—H.M.S. PINAFORE.

S.— Split my bowsprit ! yes mum, I was of that crew ;  
(Hey, but I'm salty ! Billow, billow, baily !)  
Me and Cook wuz pals mum, just as thick as glue ;  
Hey, billow, baily, O !  
You should see the gals mum, smiling at us pals mum,  
Hey, billow, baily, O !

*" I offered gold  
In sums untold  
To all who'd contradict me."*—PRINCESS IDA.

L.C.— Prithee hoary sailor, will you please tell me,  
(Hey, but he's briny ; billow, billow baily !)  
Graphically and truly of that history !  
Hey, billow, baily, O !  
Kindly tell me duly, graphically and truly,  
Hey, billow, baily, O !

S.— Stow my mains'l ! yes mum, you shall hear the lot.  
(Hey, but its briny ! Billow, billow, baily !)  
I could spin a yarn mum, spin it by the knot.  
Hey, billow, baily, O !  
If the truth you'd larn, mum ; listen to my yarn mum  
Hey, billow, baily, O !

---

*" Here followeth the entirely veracious, ingenuous and remarkable  
history of the discovery of these sometime fortunate islands."*

### INVITATION À LA VALSE.

---

TUNE—" *Keep off the Grass.*"—from "*Toreador.*"

If you wants to get on the land,  
Get on the land,  
You will find a welcomin' 'and  
Upon the strand,  
We are 'ungry warriors all,  
Yes, every inch,  
We 'ave room for one and all,  
Yes, at a pinch.

*Chorus of Men.*

Kamate Hi ! Ka ora He ! Tenai te Hu !  
Get on the land, get on the land,  
You'll find a welcome most hearty,  
'Twont be our fault  
If you lack salt :

So come to our small dinner party.

*" An accute accentuation of supremest ecstasy—which the earthy  
might easily mistake for indigestion."*—PATIENCE.

*"When he's excited he uses language that would make your hair curl"*  
—RUDDIGORE.

**CHORUS.**

AIR—"The World went very well then."

Should you wish to learn of times remote,  
Of the deeds men did who never wrote ;  
Of the deals they dealt and the smites they smote,  
And the way the world went then.  
Just get an elderly sailor-man  
Who has hunted whales for a goodish span,  
And ask him to tell—if tell he can—  
How well the world went then.

For this man did the deeds, you know !  
He struck the stroke and he dealt the blow,  
He remembers it all—for he tells you so,  
And the world went very well then.  
He learned at a school of whales to spout,  
Of the Maori rush and his horrid shout,  
If he was not there he was there about,  
And the whales went very well then.

---

**TABLEAU IV.—The Tabloid Age.**

*"Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
About it and about : but evermore  
Came out by the same door where in I went."*  
—OMAR KHAYYAM.

---

**OPENING CHORUS.**

AIR—"My object all sublime."—Mikado.

Bis.— Their object all sublime they will achieve in time,  
To make the masses to College climb, to College gaily climb ;  
And make each student digest,  
With alacrity and zest,  
His Law and Latin with sugar dressed,  
And into a capsule pressed.



CHORUS—*Bis.*

Bow low, bow low to our Oxford beau,  
And drink in the lore he distills  
With his one little—two little—three little—four little—  
five little powdered pills!

"*Comparisons are odorous.*"—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Our names they are Easterfield and Kirk—  
An odour of sanctity hallows our work,  
From gases and frogs and rabbits a few,  
And the air's often pink but mostly blue—  
Often pink but mostly blue.

CHORUS—*Bis.*

Make room, make room, for the latest perfume :  
But don't take too much, or it kills—  
Ugh! Their one little—two little—three little—four  
little sulphurate-hydrogen pills!

CHORUS—*Bis.*

O! my name's Tommy Hunter of footballing fame ;  
I'm Richmond who "settled" Justinian's name.  
One's a bitter wee pill that Petone won't take,  
The other's a pill that won't keep you awake—  
A pill that won't keep you awake.

"*There be seven Richmonds in the field.*"—RICHARD III.

CHORUS—*Bis.*

O pay your court to law and sport,  
They'll remedy all of your ills ;  
With his one little referee—two little—three little—four  
little somnolent pills!

"*I've a bright intellectual brain—  
In Wellington City*

*There's no man so witty—*

*I've thought so again and again.*"—RUDDIGORE.

O my name it is Salmond, of *Continent* fame :  
As for Austin and Dicey I've snuffed out their flame ;  
I'm the greatest King's Counsel that ever you saw,  
For I proved King Solomon a bachelor,—  
King Sol was a gay bachelor!

CHORUS—*Bis.*

So let's all agree with our great K.C. ;  
And don't be too "late" for his bills—  
Try his one hundred—two hundred—three hundred—  
Four hundred—five hundred Solomon pills!

CHORUS—*Bis.*

Their object all sublime they will achieve in time,  
To make the masses to College climb, to College gaily climb ;  
And make each student digest,  
With alacrity and zest.  
His Law and Latin with sugar dressed  
And into a capsule pressed!

### PROFESSORIAL PILLS.

---

AIR—"Six Little Wives."—San Toy.

"Some said John printed, others said no."

—BUNYANS PIL. PROGRESS.

SOLO—

O ! my name was John Brown when my life first began ;  
I'm an Oxford don and a dinky man :  
And my life is all a classical pose,  
And my sole delight is a Latin prose ;  
My delight Ciceronian prose.

CHORUS—*Bis.*

Bow down, bow down to the great John Brown ;  
Keep clear of all term exam "spills" :  
Use his one little—two little—three little—four little—  
five little classical pills !

"Sing 'Booh to you—Pooh. pooh to you !' and that's what I  
shall say."—PATIENCE.

O ! my name it is Mac, and my voice it is crack ;  
I'm the real Mackay if it's culture you lack ;  
My lectures are what you may safely forget—  
Being points that will never, O never be set,  
Being points that will never be set.

CHORUS—*Bis.*

Bow wow, pooh-pooh to the mighty Hugh—  
Kow tow to whatever he wills ;  
With his one little—two little—three little—four little—  
five little sweet Saxon pills !

"The world is but a broken toy,  
It's pleasures hollow—false its joy."—PRINCESS IDA.

O ! my name is Maclaurin—I feel rather bored :  
I used to toil once, but I've got my reward :  
LL.D. doncherknow, and 'twould be *infra dig*  
To trouble myself, so I simply look big ;  
Don't trouble myself but look big.

CHORUS—*Bis.*

O bend the knee to our LL.D.—  
He's entitled to put on his frills ;  
With his one little—two little—three little—four little—  
five little cubic-root pills.

"My morals have been declared particularly correct."—MIKADO.

O ! my name is Von Zed-litz of powder the said :  
My blood's Oxford blue and I'm faultlessly bred.  
They say I'm a hard-case—it's my little way ;  
And I know what is what, and the time of the day—  
And I know the time of the day.

**CHORUS.**

---

AIR—" *The World went very well then.*"

So quick of late the race of mind  
That never mortal its speed's divined,  
You turn a handle, a screw you wind,  
And the brain works very well then.  
We are climbing so fast by jump and hop  
That we can't turn round and dare not stop,  
We expect a smash when we reach the top :  
But we'll all be lunatics then.

We've discarded ancient tables of stone,  
We've discarded muscle and thew and bone ;  
And football and hockey are barbarous grown :  
Though the games went very well once.  
And all we ask is the sacred pill,  
The sovereign cure for every ill ;  
The only way up knowledge hill,  
Though the Profs. worked very well once.

In this future age the museum shelves  
Will be graced with bits of our noble selves,  
Reclaimed from the dust by the man who delves  
And wires up the skeletons then.  
By the side of Gilly, the great Von Von  
Will softly creak to defunct Brown John,  
Some interesting details of the late Sorbonne,  
And the fate of heretics then.

---

**CHORUS.**

---

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 !

**Always Smoke Myrtle Grove Cigarettes. Popular Favourites.**

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31

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 !





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