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**Carnival, 1914.**

Book of Words, 3d.



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Love is pictured as a boy by artists and poets. 'Tis he that turns men's heads and thoughts to betrothal rings to adorn their ladies' hands. And it is only natural for him to think of **Langdon's Many Beautiful Rings.**

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Because he did not concentrate."

That is the fate of many students. They cannot concentrate when reading because their eyes ache, burn, twitch, itch, blur the print, or cause headaches.

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LOOK BEST WEAR BEST FEEL BEST

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**WELLINGTON.**

**Instruments for the Ear.**

"The why is plain as way to Parish Church".—*Shakespeare.*

If you had the chance to secure the apparel which oft proclaims the man, apparel of such surpassing merit that it has met with appreciation wherever introduced—wherever worn.—

**YOU WOULD AT LEAST CONSIDER IT, WOULDN'T YOU ?**

If a tailoring firm of the highest reputation and years of success assured you that it would not accept your money unless YOU were satisfied that you had got far better value in your clothes than could be got elsewhere,

**YOU WOULD CONSIDER IT FURTHER WOULDN'T YOU ?**

If this proposal entailed no risks, no worry, no obligation, no favours on your part,

**YOU WOULD STUDY IT CAREFULLY, WOULDN'T YOU ?**

If you could be as well dressed as you are now, and possibly better, and could have nearly twice as many good suits for the money you usually pay for one at the high-priced tailors,

**YOU WOULD WANT TO GET THEM, WOULDN'T YOU ?**

YOU CAN get them if you only go to the right firm—the ONLY tailoring firm in New Zealand who sell a single suit direct to YOU at a reasonable price, and that means the WHOLESALE PRICE, (one profit only, for cash)—the Crown Clothing Co., Ltd.

COME IN and see our materials, and the trimmings used. Examine them closely. Then let us show you the number of RECOMMENDED ORDERS we have had already—sent to us by satisfied customers.

CAN a firm possibly do better than continually receive recommended orders? Customers would not sing our praise unless they were pleased. Would you?

COME ALONG at your first opportunity, to our warehouse, 77 Willis Street, (Upstairs), opposite Evening Post, Wellington. A visit will cost you nothing, and "Seeing is believing."



**CROWN CLOTHING Co., (N.Z.) Ltd.,**

**WELLINGTON.**

**And at CHRISTCHURCH and AUCKLAND**

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"WESTMINSTER"

## *Regent Cigarettes*

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# LIMERICK COMPETITION.

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## SYDNEY and Back

FIRST CLASS SALOON

*Or the Equivalent in Cash.*

A different Limerick will be published in this programme every week. The **Free Trip to Sydney** will be awarded to the person who sends in **the best and largest number of Missing Lines** up to the last match of the season.

### *Here are the Limericks :*

A Kicker who smoked cigarettes, A K'nut of the genuine smart set,  
Said "Regents" one never forgets Cried—Miss, I shall never forget  
They're a beautiful brand, Your excellent taste,  
And come from the land, In choosing with haste,

.....  
Judge : JOHN SWINSON, A.C.P.,  
Advertising Organiser for CHANDLER CO., Ltd. Nathan's Buildings.

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### Read the Conditions.

- 1 Competitors have to supply a missing line, the last word of which must rhyme with the last word in second line.
- 2 Competitors may send in as many attempts as they wish, but every attempt must be accompanied by Two Empty Packet Fronts (brown or purple), or One Empty 1/- Tin or Lid of **Regent Cigarettes**.
- 3 The Judge's decision will be final.
- 4 Competitors must send in their Limericks each week, within 5 days after each Match, with full Name and Address, and Two Empty Packet Fronts or One Tin or Lid of **Regent Cigarettes**, to CHANDLER & CO., Nathan's Buildings, Wellington.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.** The above are the only Limericks that have been issued to date.

Fill in the two missing lines, then get a Football Programme every Saturday, or ask your Tobacconist for leaflet each week.

**WIN THE TRIP TO SYDNEY.**

## GRADUATES OF THE YEAR.

*"A mother's pride, a father's joy."*—SCOTT.

## Honours in Arts and M A.

Coad, Nellie E.	third class	Mental Science
Duff, Ethel M.	second class	Languages & Literature
Pigott, Mary E.	first class	Botany
Tolley, Jessie	second class	English and French
Gondringer, Bernard J.	second class	English and French
Paulsen, Norman M.	second class	Latin and French
Ranston, Harry	second class	Greek and Hebrew
Robson, Harry	third class	Mental Science
Wolter, Frederick F.	second class	French and German

*"They taught us, and groomed us, and crammed."*—KIPLING.

## Masters of Arts.

Everett, Gladys G.      Watson, G. G. Gibbes.      Wild, Cyril T.

*"Societies we admire, but don't belong to."*—PUNCH.

## Bachelors of Arts.

Clachan, Mary C.	Stitt, Isabelle A.
Hopkirk, Margaret S.	Armstrong, Purvis F.
Hueston, Dorothy L.	Blake, Bert N. T.
McKenzie, Mary B.	Combs, Frank L.
Ross, Fanny L.	Cox, Edwin
Shirer, Elizabeth M.	Eagar, Edward F.
Gibb, George H.	Heine, Werner
Hewlett, Henry C.	Moss, Leyon M.
Strack, George S.	Ross, Kenneth

*"O this learning what a thing it is."*—TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## Bachelor of Science.

McDowall, James Campbell

*"Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common sense on the ground floor."*—O. W. HOLMES.

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**The Albert Hotel**      **Willis**

**The Albert Hotel**      **Street**

**The Albert Hotel**

**Where All Good Sports Meet.**

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### **Intending Purchasers of a Piano**

Cannot do better than inspect the High-grade Instruments now on view at our showrooms in Manners Street. Our agencies have been carefully selected during over 53 years in business, therefore we can, without hesitation, say you

### **Have the Choice of the World's Best**

consisting of Pianos by the renowned makers, Julius Bluthner—John Brinsmead and Son—Gors and Kallmann—Schiedmayer and Soehne—Newman and Co. Our deferred payment system will interest you. If you have an old Piano you are tired of we will allow you full present value towards the purchase of a new instrument,

**CHAS. BEGG & CO., LIMITED,**  
WELLINGTON.

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**Regent Cigarettes in Beautiful Vest Pocket Tins.**

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**Honours in Law and LL.M.**

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

Delamore, Adrian W.	third class	Roman Law, Contracts and Torts, Negligence
Mackersey, Lindsay J.	third class	International Law, Con- tracts and Torts, Com- pany Law
West, Francis L. G.	second class	Roman Law, Contracts and Torts, Company Law

**Bachelors of Laws.**

*"The law's made to take care of raskills."—G. Eliot.*

Berendsen, Carl A.	Burridge, Ross R.
Clere, Frederick T.	Griffiths, Herbert L.
Hall-Jones, Frederick G.	Hill, Reginald B.
Morrison, John C.	Nathan, Carrol A.
Quilliam, Ronald H.	Taylor, Cuthbert H.
Watson, Gibbes G. G.	Williams, Henry
Lyon, William A.	

**Senior Scholarships.**

*"What's to be done with these 'ere hopeless chaps?"*

Heine, Werner	German
West, Francis L. G.	Contracts and Roman Law

**Sir George Grey Scholarship.**

*"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print."*

P. V. Armstrong

**1851 Exhibition Science Scholarship.**

*"Science is the great antidote to the poison of enthusiasm and superstition."  
—Adam Smith.*

Hercus, Eric O.

**Jacob Joseph Scholarships.**

*"To spend too much time in studies is sloth"—Bacon.*

Pigott, Mary E.	Wolter, Frederick F.
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NATIONALLY KNOWN AS

# The House for Correct Style

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## Gentlemen's Clothes.



Graduate of the London Tailor and  
Cutter Academy.



Elected Member of the Institute of  
British Tailors, in recognition of  
Mr. Milligan winning

## First Prize in Dress and Frock Coat Cutting Competition in London.

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**Regent Cigarettes in Beautiful Vest Pocket Tins.**

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H. F. von H—st: Our thanks are due to you for help in organising the procession."

**GAUDEAMUS.**

*"I don't know what it means but it sounds very well"*

Gaudeamus igitur	Vivat Academia,
Juvenes dum sumus ;	Vivant professores,
Post jucundam iuventutem	Vivat membrum quodlibet
Post molestam senectutem	Vivant membra quaelibet
Nos habebit humus.	Semper sint in flore.
Vita Nostra brevis est	Vivant omnes virgines,
Brevi finietur,	Faciles, formosae !
Venit mors velociter	Vivant et mulieres
Rapit nos atrociter	Tenerae, amabiles,
Nemini parcetur.	Bonae, laboriosae.
Pereat Tristitia	Floreat Georgius Rex
Pereant osiores !	Haud minus quam Pater ;
Pereat diabolus	Ob virtutes sic ametur,
Anti-Academicus	Optimus ut appelletur
Atque irrisores !	Patriaeque Pater.

*"This day is ours, as many more shall be."—Shakespeare*

A. E. C—dd—ck: Congratulations! But you have our heartfelt sympathy.

---

**OUR LIBRARIAN.**

*"Silence is become his mother tongue."—Goldsmith.*

Tune: "Dash it Down."

There's a pleasant little spot  
Up at Coll.  
Where the fellows ought to swat  
Up at Coll. ;  
Not a soul is game to go,  
There's an ogre in the show,  
When you name him whisper low, (Shout.)  
Mr. Ward.  
Mr. Ward. (Women.)  
Mr. Ward. (Men.)

And there's many a maiden fair  
Up at Coll.,  
Who's afraid to go in there,  
Up at Coll. ;

---

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Regent Cigarettes in Brown and Heliotrope Packets.

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# Red Seal

— AND —

# Black & White

TWO  
CELEBRATED  
BRANDS.

ASK FOR AND SEE YOU GET  
THESE.

PURE AND PALATABLE WHISKYS

*Cheerfulness in our Cups,  
Content in our minds,  
Makes these mellow whiskys,  
A synonym of all kinds.*

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## HOTEL TROCADERO, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

Tariff - - 6s. per day. 35s. - - per week.  
Permanent and Theatricals by Arrangement.

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LAMBTON QUAY - WELLINGTON.

Tariff - 9s per day - £2 10s. per week. Permanent by arrangement.  
Luncheon, 12 30 to 2 p.m., 1/6 Breakfast, 7 a.m., 2/- Dinner, 6 p.m. 2/6  
DAY PORTER. NIGHT PORTER. ELECTRIC LIFT.  
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TO NEW ZEALAND BORN MEN AND WOMEN.

Are you interested in the History of Your Country?

If so . . .

Read T. LINDSAY BUICK'S

**"THE TREATY OF WAITANGI,"**

OR

**How New Zealand Became a British Colony.**

The History of a Splendid Colonising Enterprise. Freely Illustrated. Price 7/6

**S. & W. MACKAY, Booksellers, WELLINGTON  
& MASTERTON.**

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**Regent Cigarettes in Beautiful Vest Pocket Tins.**

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There's a world of bitter-woe  
 On this sphere of ours below,  
 That you'll shudder if you go  
     To Mr. Ward.  
 Did you look?      Did you look?      (Women.)  
 Bless my soul!      Out you go!      (Men.)

When you ope the sacred door  
     Up at Coll.  
 You will see him on the floor  
     Up at Coll.  
 With a gasp of rage he glares  
 If you stumble up the stairs:  
 He will catch you unawares  
     If you talk.  
 Did you talk?      Did you talk?      (Women.)  
 Bless my soul!      Out you go!      (Men.)

If you give a friend a look  
     Or a smile,  
 Lift your head from off your book  
     For a while.  
 He comes creeping to your side,  
 With a glance of wrath denied,  
 For authority defied,  
     And he groans.  
 Did you smile?      Did you smile?      (Women.)  
 Bless my soul!      Out you go!      (Men.)

We could stand a noisy walk  
     Now and then;  
 We could stand a quiet talk,  
     And start again:  
 We've no quarrel with the clown  
 Who will bang his volumes down,  
 Or the joke that helps to drown  
     All our woe.

But the frightful sense of fear  
     That we feel,  
 As his presence near and near  
     Seems to steal.  
 Robs our mind of all its vim,  
 We can only think of him,  
 And we breathe a prayer dim,  
     Better go:  
 Mr. Ward,      Pray the Lord,      (Women.)  
 Bless your soul!      Out you go!      (Men.)

*"A hit, a very palpable hit."—"Hamlet."*

---

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Regent Cigarettes in Brown and Heliotrope Packets.

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## **STUDENTS!**

---

**BRAINS**

**BRAINS**

**BRAINS**

Are what you need to fit you  
for the

**Arduous Daily Duties**

Demanded by Every Student during  
College Days.

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**KEEP YOURSELF FIT**

AND SUCCESS IS ASSURED.

**BAROLLA**

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**Barley Flakes**

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A Food that Builds Body and Brain.

Rich in Phosphates.

Used and Recommended by the  
MEDICAL PROFESSION.

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**Try a Barolla Breakfast.**

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**Regent Cigarettes in Beautiful Vest Pocket Tins.**

---

G. G. G. W—tson : Cheer up. Never mind. We all know it was very hard to swallow an insult along with one's own (?) bath water.

Do—o -n't be noisy !

## “Boadicea.”

---

### OPENING CHORUS.

#### ACT I.

*Air, “War March of the Priests.”*

The Sons of Oak  
 Saecular oak that is symbolic.  
 Of age : of might,  
 The sage : the fight,  
 The priests of the oak are we.

The Sons of Oak  
 In a community bucolic  
 We teach : we rule,  
 We preach : we fool,  
 Enshrouded in mystery.

Chief Druid :—And my intent  
 Omnes :— Let it be law  
 Chiel Druid :—And if a fool dissent  
 Omnes :—Bring him before—  
 Bring him before our justice by the altar smoke.

The Sons of Oak  
 Count it a most diverting frolic  
 To hack : to slice  
 A sacrifice  
 To honour the sacred tree.

The hour of sacrifice draws nigh,  
 The Druid chants his hymn of adoration ;  
 The gods of Britain hear his cry  
 And hearken to the voice of supplication ;  
 They watch the writhing victims die,  
 And breathe the altar's sacred exhalation.

---

**Regent Cigarettes Have No Equal.**

**Regent Cigarettes in Brown and Heliotrope Packets.**

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man."— *Shakespeare.*



"The man who studies mankind, and ascertains what men really want, and then supplies them with it, whether it is an idea or a thing, is the man who is crowned with honour and clothed with riches."  
— *Elbert Hubbard.*

**Every Man** values self-esteem, and no man with self-esteem neglects his dress.

### For Evening Wear

there is no better house than  
"The House of Fowlds."

The value in the goods we offer gives a man confidence in the matter of dress, and

### A Well-Dressed Man

can move in the most cultured society.

# Geo. Fowlds, Ltd.,

MANNERS STREET.

"For Everything Worn by Man or Boy."

**Regent Cigarettes Have No Equal.**

**"CRASSUS AND BOADICEA."**

(By the Immortal Duo.)

(Air: "Tin Gee Gee.")

*"We met; 'twas in a crowd."—Bayly.—*

- Boadicea—Behold me here a warrior queen  
                     With a womanly heart afire.  
 Crassus—And I am a Roman Prince I ween.  
                     Did anyone mention liar!  
 Both—The banns will make a stir in Rome,  
                     Of Cæsar and Boadicea.  
 Crassus—For in point of fact I've a missus at home (twice)  
 Boadicea—And I have a husband here.
- Boadicea—Now, what would I do if your civilised wife  
                     Suddenly interfered?  
 Crassus—A thing like that in the Roman life  
                     Is easily engineered.  
                     A man in Rome has a power they call  
                     The vitæ necesique,  
                     And a sizeable club will answer all  
                     A woman may have to say.
- Both—Oh, it's not such a bad sort of power at all,  
                     The vitæ necis que.  
 Crassus—And what would I do if your warrior boy  
                     Came sudden-like on the job?  
 Boadicea—He'd relish a chance with chastened joy  
                     To scuttle a Roman nob.  
                     I promise he'll prove a nasty snag  
                     You'd do very well to void.
- Crassus—It seems that this matrimonial gag  
                     Will keep me well employed. (twice)
- Boadicea—So as I have beauty; (C.) and I have brain,  
 Both—We ought to make a hit.  
 Crassus—And I pledge my troth like an amorous swain  
 Both—On the half of a threepenny bit.  
 Crassus—I'll be your faithful character  
                     Fo rever B.) or thereabout.  
 Both—So Julius Cæsar and Boadicea  
                     May be said to be walking out.

*"A thousand melodies unheard before."—Rogers.*

**"JOHN BULL." Prologue to "Boadicea."**

Behold me! the emblem of great nationality,  
 Healthy and hearty and ample of girth;  
 Father of children that boast rationality,  
 Pick of humanity—salt of the earth!  
 They say that I'm stodgy and lacking vivacity,  
 Bourgeois and backward and beefy and dense;  
 I do not envy their foreign loquacity,  
 Gibes at my mental and moral expense.  
 Yes, I am proud of my cerebral density:  
 Never was greater than I am to-day.  
 Let 'em glance round at my Empire's immensity---  
 Sneer in their foreign malodorous way.  
 Here from old England's secure insularity  
 Have I gone forth to the east and the west,  
 Firing the Gospel at naked Barbarity,  
 Much as he'll swallow and more—than digest.  
 As soon as the missions have gained solidarity,  
 Sorted the niggers and softened their hate,  
 Pushing the platform of faith, hope, and charity,  
 Cometh a cruiser to let in the state.  
 I grant them the boon of an intricate polity,  
 Wet with the ink of my Government brand;  
 Leave 'em to pander such words as "equality,"  
 Road up the back-blocks and whack up the land.  
 Then do the niggers, converted and dilat'ry,  
 Up and take notice—collect bits of wood.  
 Let 'em rebel and I call in the milit'ry,  
 All, understand, for their spiritual good.  
 The sceptical laughs at my "obvious audity"  
 Tribute my helping the heathen to greed.  
 Didn't I preach to them, trouser their nudity?  
 Bring the ineffable boon of a creed?  
 He goes on to say that I sap their virility,  
 Teach them my vices, and that sort of talk.  
 True, they acquire with surprising agility  
 The delicate art of extracting a cork.  
 Drat his impertinence! When did the sceptic  
 Ever achieve such an Empire as mine?  
 His proudest effort is laughter dyspeptic  
 At me, his protector—the cowardly swine!  
 I don't care a farthing what slander men say of me,  
 Tricks they get up to, or hurt they intend;  
 Give them the start of a year and a day of me,  
 My beef and my backbone will win in the end.  
 So, behold me the emblem of great nationality!  
 Healthy and hearty and ample of girth,  
 Father of children that boast rationality,  
 Cream of humanity, cream of the earth.

---

**Regent Cigarettes in Beautiful Vest Pocket Tins.**

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**ACT I.**

**MARCHING SONG OF THE ROMANS.**

*Air—"Stars and Stripes," Sousa.*

Twenty miles with the legions to-day,  
 From the white cliffs of Pectis we come  
 As straight as the birds winging home;  
 Twenty miles, twenty miles on our way.

We think of the lands far away,  
 And the cliffs of Aventum at home;  
 And the Hearth of the Vestals of Rome,  
 As we march, as we march on our way.

Past Renta when evening was grey,  
 With Cæsar to lead us for home;  
 Where Isca rolls downwards in foam,  
 Twenty miles with the legions to-day.



*Salvarm Lassie : Excuse me, but are you saved ?*  
*The Individual : ME ? I come from the Hadfield Hostel !*  
*Salvarm Lassy : Oh ! I beg your pardon.*

---

**Regent Cigarettes Have No Equal.**

## Programme.



*"If you have tears to shed—wait till the Interval."*

1. "GAUDEAMUS" (page 7).
2. "OUR LIBRARIAN" (page 7).
3. **BOADICEA** — ACT I.  
 Scene—Druids' Haunt at time of Cæsar's landing.  
 "John Bull": Prologue (page 14)  
 Items—"Sons of Oak" (page 11)  
 Duet, "Crassus and Boadicea" (page 13)  
 "Roman Chorus" (page 15)  
 Maud Allan and the Churnyupsky Trio  
*Finale*—"The Feast Song" (page 19),
4. "SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE" (page 21)  
*"We are but little children—weak."*—Hadfield Hostel Hymnal.

### INTERVAL.

*"Kind sleep affords  
 The only boon the wretched mind can feel:  
 A momentary respite from despair."*

5. "FAREWELL TO DAVID K." (page 22)  
*"And heaven had wanted one immortal song."*—Dryden.
6. **BOADICEA**.—ACT II.  
 Scene—Same, but after three years occupation by Romans.  
 Items—"The Wellington Weather" (Crassus) (page 23)  
 "The Roman Rag" (Boadicea and Salamanca Male Quartet) (page 25)  
 "Terrible Pic" (Boadicea, Druid, Augur, and Soldier) (page 24)  
 Mock Capping Day, with incidental music (?)  
*Finale*—"Britons and Romans" (page 29).
7. "THE GREEN AND GOLD" (page 30).  
*"A good orchestra covers a multitude of dins."*

Piano kindly lent by the Dresden Piano Company.  
 Limelight kindly lent by N.Z. Picture Supplies, Ltd.

*"What we hae done for lack o' wit,  
 We never, never can reca';  
 We hope ye're a' our friends as yet,  
 Guid night, and joy be wi' you a'!"*

—Burns.

Regent Cigarettes Have No Equal.



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT  
 TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
 LORD LIT

# W. Littlejohn

JEWELLER

## FOR ENGAGEMENT

of Finest Quality and Exceptional  
 stock, or we can make one up to

AT ALL PRICES, BUT THE



## Gentlemen's Goods

in all weights: Monograms or Crests  
 purposes. Call and let us show  
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VERPOOL.

# John & Son

LLERS,

## JEWELLERY RINGS

al Beauty. A large selection in  
our special order and design.

ONLY ONE QUALITY—  
BEST.



## Id Signet Rings

sts engraved in reverse for sealing  
them to you. No obligation in-

# JOHN & SON

IBTON QUAY,  
NGTON.

Regent Cigarettes in Beautiful Vest Pocket Tins.

## "BOADICEA."



WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY MR. L. P. LEARY.

*"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.*

In presenting the extravaganza "Boadicea," we wish to disclaim all intention of local, religious, or political satire. We hasten to assert that the Queen does not represent a phase of the Woman Suffrage movement, and we might look long before finding any trace of resemblance between mighty Cæsar and Sir Joseph Ward (Bart.). We write of greater things. John Bull as a civilising force is easily the most active in the world, but when surveying his motives in this respect he is an inveterate optimist. If we read history aright there is little material difference between the colonising ethics of Pagan Rome and Christian England—and so our extravaganza.

### CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY:

Prologue (John Bull) .. .. Mr. A. B. SIEVWRIGHT

#### ROMANS:

Caius Julius Cæsar .. .. Mr. H. M. EWART

(Roman Commander)

Chief Deputy Assistant Augur .. .. Mr. C. W. BATTEN  
(Attache to Cæsar)

Crassus .. .. Mr. L. A. ROGERS

(Centurion and Ragtime Expert)

Chorus of Roman Soldiers.

#### BRITONS:

Boadicea .. .. Mr. L. P. LEARY  
(Queen of the Britons)

Chief Druid .. .. Mr. F. B. BROAD

Llewellyn .. .. Mr. A. F. MELDRUM  
(Boadicea's Lieutenant)

Druids: Kilty, Canute, and Hjprs

MESSRS. SEDDON, JOWETT, AND EVANS

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Chorus of Briton Men and Women.

Conductor .. .. DR. KINGTON FYFFE, MUS. BAC.

Deputy Conductors .. .. MISS CLACHAN AND MR. STANTON

Leader of the Orchestra .. .. MISS WELLS

Scenic Artist and Costumiere .. .. MRS. HANNAH

Stage Manager .. .. MR. R. M. G. BUTCHER

The Victoria University College Students' Association (Incorporated) desires to express its sincere thanks to all those ladies and gentlemen who have so willingly given valuable assistance in the various activities of the Carnival.

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**RED  
BAND  
ALE.**

AT ALL HOTELS AND BOTTLING  
STORES.



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---

**Regent Cigarettes in Beautiful Vest Pocket Tins**

---

And now to the fathers we pray,  
 When the great British woman shall come;  
 May the blood be her blood on the loam,  
 Ere we march with the legions away.

---

**FINALE ACT I: THE FEAST SONG.**

*Air—"Come to the Ball."*

Lay out the roses and wine,  
 Oak leaves and purple entwine,  
 There will be feasting and drinking deep,  
 Far into daylight the wassail keep.  
 Briton and Roman recline,  
 Pledge we the sweets of the vine,  
 Let there be hearty accord,  
 While we dine bis.).

Pledge we our regal mistress at home,  
 Pledge we the Eagle, Cæsar of Rome.  
 They owe a duty, let them unite,  
 She in her beauty, he in his might;  
 We will be loyal unto them both.  
 Let there be royal plighting of troth,  
 Queenly and fair, Cæsar benign,  
 Hark to our prayer, and take her for thine.  
 Pledge we their troths as we dine,  
 And at the nuptials define,  
 A racial boundary line,  
 Julius Cæsar and Boadicea,  
 Bordering both on a strata via,  
 See how their heads they incline,  
 Yes, they are willing to sign,  
 National union's assured,  
 While we dine (bis.).

*"Soft words with nothing in them make a song."—Waller.*



W. F. H—gg: We thought it was only a shadow.

---

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**Every Student  
Will Shine  
If He Uses  
The Shiny  
Shoeshine**

**RADIUM  
POLISH**



**The Tin with the DENT.**

### 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.

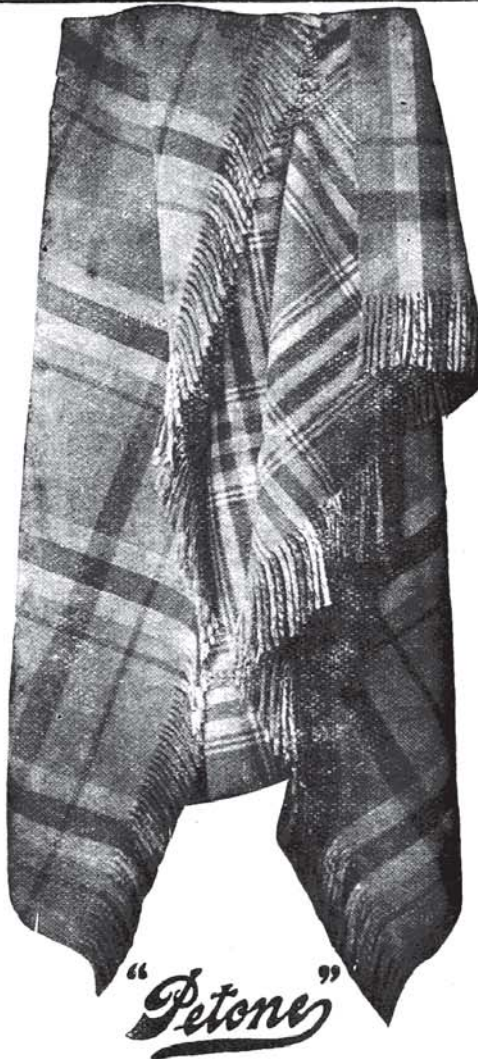
Studiosi, studiosae  
Captant sapientiam ;  
Circa venti turbulenti  
Auferunt desidiam.  
Omnium Collegiorum  
Surgit hoc novissimum ;  
Ergo vires iuveniles  
Exhibent fortissimum.

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.

O ! Victoria, sempiterna  
Sit tibi felicitas  
Alma mater, peramata  
Per aetates maneat.



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## FAREWELL TO DAVID K.

*"To be great is to be misunderstood."*—Emerson.Air : "Thuringian Folk Song (Australian Students' Song Book,  
page 274.)

BY "CANDIDA."

Softly the bagpipes play  
 Some sentimental lay ;  
 Listen, dear David K.,  
 They play for you.  
 Hark, how the heathen rage !  
 Facts rule this iron age,  
 Fancy is off the stage,  
 And so adieu.

Heed not the empty blast  
 Puffed out by shrill von Haast,  
 We know that pearls are cast  
 Oft in the sties.  
 If you had been a clown,  
 Or like MacMillan Brown,  
 You might have won renown  
 Great in his eyes.

If, like the men who preach,  
 You had but stooped to teach  
 Stuff that could easily reach  
 Children of one :  
 If you had sold your soul,  
 So that your Honours' roll  
 Always had topped the poll,  
 You would have done.

Stout would have stroked your fur,  
 Haast would have made you purr,  
 Maths ! Ah, but what of her ?  
 Has she no due ?  
 Now let them hire a hack  
 Who will have all you lack ;  
 But ere you take the track,  
 Here's ours to you !

*"A thing of custom ; 'tis no other."*—"Macbeth."

## THE WELLINGTON WEATHER.

(Air: "Fuzzy-wuzzy.")

Solo: Crassus.

Ho! a copious sort er climate is this 'ere—  
 It's a dogfight an' a thunderstorm in one.  
 Why! a furriner 's in paralytic fear  
 Of ev'ry bloomin' thing excep' the sun.  
 Such a wind I never felt in Rome,  
 An' if Cæsar was ter come ter Wellington,  
 If he'd half the retinue 'e sports at 'ome,  
 'E'd 'ave twenty boys ter 'old 'is toga on.

CHORUS:

So 'ere's to you Wellingtonians an' yer 'ealthy 'efty wind;  
 You are wictims ter a climate of a most distressin' kind.  
 An' as I walk up Willis Street an' twig the pebbles dance—  
 Olympus an' its thunderbolts, well, ain't a circumstance!



## AN ECHO OF TAKAPAU.

Major Shandy: On your right is the west, on your left is the east: what is behind you?

Private Thicknut: P—p—please, my, my haversack!

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---

Air an' water's 'ealthy, so its reckoned;  
 An' in that respec' you cannot make complaint;  
 Fer its mostly blowin' 40 miles a second,  
 An' invariably rainin' w'en it ain't.  
 But if a sunny mornin' come along,  
 The dweller in the City winks 'is eye:  
 'E bloomin' well suspec's there's somethin' wrong,  
 An' the deluge of the evenin' leaves 'im dry.

CHORUS:

I reckon that the Rev. Bates could run a sort o' tote,  
 With 'eavy odds agin the man wot goes without a coat.  
 I tell you, Wellingtonians, that even Bobby Stout  
 Is gamblin' with the elements w'enever 'e goes hout.

Lars' week-end w'en they let me hout on bail  
 I went shootin' rabbits roun' behind Karori.  
 As the Cœlum <sup>(1)</sup> looked like thunder, rain, an' hail,  
 I went ter 'ear the augur tell 'is story.  
 I says, "Wot chance is there of Tempestas Serena"? <sup>(2)</sup>  
 'E says, "Tandem tibi erunt res secundæ." <sup>(3)</sup>  
 I suppose that this was really meant to mean a  
 Thunderstorm that got up on the Sunday.

CHORUS:

I took the augur at 'is word an' found that I was cheated;  
 I got snowed up upon the 'ills an' 'ad my bail estreated.  
 So take my tip, that augur only kids 'e knows the Fates,  
 An' 'ceptin' w'en 'e's croakin', don't believe in Mr. Bates.

(1) Sky.

(2) Decent weather.

(3) You've got a fine day for it at last.

*"It is not poetry, but prose run mad."—Pope.*

---

**TERRIBLE PIC.**

(Air: "Barcarolle" from "Tales of Hoffman.")

Salamanca Male Quartet.

Once there lived a mathematician,  
 Terrible Pic they called him;  
 Fired he was with a heavenly mission—  
 Nothng on earth appalled him.  
 A great reforming light was Pic,  
 A fearless soul and free;  
 He was a "Christian heretic"—  
 Whatever that may be.  
 He did not care a straw,

---

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---

What the populace thought;  
 Yet their caprice is law  
 On the Te-en-nis Court.  
 How was our Pic  
 Suddenly changed!  
 Was it a trick?  
 Was it arranged?  
                                   Ah!!!  
 He we thought so high and proud,  
 Despising Mrs. Grundy,  
 Pandered to the vulgar crowd,  
 And closed the court on Sunday.  
 He would let us play:  
 He didn't give a damn\*  
 On any other day  
 But Sunday.  
 A day a damn,  
 A damn a day (till tired).

\* Not as vulgarly supposed—a small Indian coin, but a favourite cuss-word of the Terrible Pics.

*“He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.”—King Henry.*

---

**THE ROMAN RAG.**

Air: “On the Mississippi.”

Cæsar is the man I've had my eye upon,  
 Ever since he went and passed by Rubi Cohn.  
 It may seem rotten to Rubi,  
 But whatever her point of view be,  
 I admire Cæsar and his Latin prose,  
 I admire Cæsar and his Roman nose,  
 Superfine! Leonine!  
 He's what the lassies would call divine.

**CHORUS.**

Give me Julius Cæsar, dear old Julius Cæsar.  
 Hear those people asking their friends  
 Who's that handsome gheezer? Why, it's Julius Cæsar.  
 J-U-L-I, what a pretty name is Julius.  
 Then come you Mauds and Marys,  
 Read his commentaries;  
 Sing like blithe canaries,  
 Praise that never varies,  
 For my Julius Cæsar, dear old Julius Cæsar;  
 He's the bird for me.

Cæsar in his childhood was a clever brat,  
 Conjugate could he “amo, amas, amat.”

---

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**Regent Cigarettes Have No Equal.**

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---

If his Pa, while they were dining,  
 Asked his son to do some declining,  
 Cæsar didn't cry and didn't give a damn,  
 Rattled off with ease "mensa, mensæ, mensam";  
 Not like us, "mensibus,"  
 He was a very smart little cuss.

CHORUS.

Give me Julius Cæsar, etc.

Cæsar had some troubles with the tribes of Gaul,  
 But they didn't worry him, no, not at all.  
 He would gain their meek submissions  
 By the use of his prepositions.  
 Strongest men would falter and their hearts would throb  
 At the sight of "apud," "ante," "pro" and "ob,"  
 "Cum" and "cis": things like this,  
 They were the weapons that would not miss.

CHORUS.

Give me Julius Cæsar, etc.



**BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE CARNIVAL.**

*First Actor (?) : Are you Appius Crassus ?*

*Second Ditto : No ! I'm miserable as blazes.*

"A college joke, to cure the dumps."—Swift.

---

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**EVERY MORNING EARLY**

**CREAMOATA**

**THE CREAM OF  
THE OAT.**

---

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**FINALE ACT II.**

*(Air written specially by Mr. H. E. Gunter).*

*Britons* :—The sword of the Briton is rusting,  
 His bow unstrung and at rest,  
 His heart in its innocence trusting,  
 The Roman who came as a guest.  
 The anvils of Rome are a-forging  
 The fetters that fester and gall,  
 The Eagles of Rome are a-gorging,  
 On carrion under the pall.

*Romans* :—Now Britain by Rome is protected,  
 Which means that we govern the land,  
 An item it's hardly expected,  
 The Britons can quite understand.  
 The blessings of civilisation,  
 Are vents for Druidical spleen ;  
 For in stirring him out of stagnation,  
 They settled for ever his queen.

*Britons* :—We pray to our gods that they rend him,  
 'Tis just that this Cæsar should die  
 In the height of his power may they send him  
 A sign that their vengeance is nigh—  
 A night-sky, portentous and ruddy,  
 —A presage of violent end—  
 And Cæsar, the ruthless, the bloody,  
 Shall die by the hand of a friend.

*Romans* :—We've given him every assistance,  
 We've helped him to conquer his foes,  
 And the thanks that we get is resistance  
 To laws that we choose to impose.  
 Taken all round he's a rotter,  
 By rights we should leave him to rot,  
 For he'd get it a thousand times hotter  
 As soon as we quitted the spot.

*All* :—So here's to the broadsword and Roman ;  
 Abide we the test of the fight :  
 Alike of the Briton and Roman,  
 The law of the might that is right.  
 For men are born fighters by nature,  
 And the history of Britain and Rome  
 Is a chapter of her legislature  
 From her great international tome.

*"And damned be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"—"Macbeth."*

---

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**"THE GREEN AND GOLD."**

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 the 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 burthen of the world,  
 Which is 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!

**GLOSSARY.**

Stoicus	...	...	A wowser
Epicinus	...	...	A good sport
Patricius	...	...	A member of the Upper House Hon. C. H. Mills, etc.)
Gracchi	...	...	Labour agitators
Cædes	...	...	The Strike
Equites (Casca, Brutus and Red Feds. Cassius)	...	...	
Optimus Quisque Civis	...	...	The Reform Party
Cum grano Salis	...	...	As Mr. Von Haast says
Nonne Cæsar nihi credit?	...	...	Won't Cæsar give me tick?
Gaudium	...	...	The glad eye
Bonus dies	...	...	How is it?
Pax vobiscum	...	...	Nice, thank you
Ora pro nobis	...	...	How's yourself?
Falernian	...	...	A long shandy
Toga	...	...	Trousers

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