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UNIVERSITY BOOKSELLERS

Queen St., Auckland
The *Kiwi*

Official Organ of the Auckland University College Students' Association.

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Sub-Editor:
Mr. A. F. Howarth.

Committee:
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The Country Speaks
IN RAPTURES OF
...WHAT...

“Champion”
HAS SAVED IT!

The following is an extract from the *Hawera Star*:

“The Northern Roller Milling Company, who manufacture the ‘CHAMPION’ brand of Flour, are now working full time in order to keep pace with the ever-increasing demand for their produce. This must be very satisfactory reading to every breadwinner, when it is remembered that every effort, such as persuasion, dumping, etc., has been resorted to by the Southern Flour Trust to induce this mill to join the combine and fix prices. That the Northern Company has been enabled to make such a successful stand against a trust (50 strong) is due to the splendid support given them by the public, who have shown their appreciation of the ‘CHAMPION’S’ action in standing alone. This, together with the uniform and first-class quality of their products, place them at the top of the tree, both at local shows and also at the late Exhibition in New Plymouth, where the Northern Roller Mill’s exhibit secured First Prize against Allcomers. When the breadwinners remember that the Northern Company’s action has saved them thousands of pounds, and mean still to go on doing so, it is quite certain that their business must continue to increase. The public can assure this by insisting on being supplied with ‘CHAMPION’ bread and flour, obtainable from practically every storekeeper and baker throughout Taranaki.”

*Laborum Dulce Lenimen*

*(THE SWEET SOLACE OF OUR LABOURS).*
In this, the first number of The Kiwi, some account of the magazine itself seems to us not out of place. And we are especially moved to put the Editorial article to this purpose, because the mere rumour of the re-appearance of a College magazine has been the subject of much comment—not that that comment has been altogether unfavourable, but so much vagueness and so many erroneous ideas seem to exist in many minds as to its uses, that a few words upon its constitution, purposes, and probable fate seem advisable.

The title "Kiwi" has, in default of a better, been adopted for the magazine. It is taken from the College coat-of-arms. The title is unfortunate in not suggesting very clearly, even to those intimately connected with the College, the idea of an A.U.C. magazine. In the first place, it does not suggest a magazine at all; and in the second the coat-of-arms is not so vividly impressed upon the minds, even of the students, that its possession of three kiwis will readily link coat-of-arms and magazine together. Yet these objections are not without their answers. Although we know of no magazine with a bird's name for title, yet it is common enough for birds to represent knowledge in some form or other, and in one estimable paper of this very city the New Zealand Herald is represented as "Tit-willow." As to the objection of vagueness, we hope that the fame of the magazine will soon render clearness of meaning in the title unnecessary.

On the first page of the magazine appear the names of fifteen students, under the heading "The Scribes of the Year." The publishing
of this list is due to a peculiarity in the constitution of the magazine which we will explain. There have already existed in the College two magazines, the Collegian and the Marte Nostro. Both have failed, and both from the same cause, namely, lack of "copy." To guard against this mishap, a rule has been framed for The Kiwi, providing that a guarantee must be entered into at the beginning of each year by fifteen students, who shall thereby promise to contribute at least one article each during the year; if in any year such guarantee shall not be entered into, the magazine shall lapse for that year. Should the literary talent of the College be at any time very low, therefore, The Kiwi will during that period cease to be published. It is, of course, to be hoped that this will never happen; but even should there come years in the life of The Kiwi when it will make no appearance, those who have its interests at heart should feel no dismay, for even the great Universities of Cambridge and Dublin do not succeed in publishing a magazine regularly. The rule referred to has also this beneficial effect, that it should ensure each issue containing matter of some merit; for students will not gain a place among "The Scribes of the Year" unless they are competent to carry out their guarantee in a capable manner.

The uses of the magazine are too numerous and varied to allow of anything like thorough treatment in this article: but as they are apparently so hidden to some that their existence is questioned, it may be well to mention one or two of the more prominent. In the first place, it is a record of College events. For this purpose its establishment at the present time, when so much is taking place, or is about to take place, in the development of the College, seems to us peculiarly opportune. The haste with which this number has been prepared has unfortunately prevented our including an article upon this subject, but we hope that the future numbers of The Kiwi will record in detail these matters of College history, and even that it may itself in some way aid those who are so ably carrying out the work of College development.

The Kiwi also aims at the encouragement of any literary talent there may be in the College. It is pleasing to note that even for this, the first issue, more articles were received of merit sufficient to warrant publication than could be contained in the space at our disposal; and there seems little doubt that in this year at least there is sufficient talent to be encouraged to make this purpose of The Kiwi one of importance.

The failure of the two previous magazines has caused gloomy
forecasts to be made as to the probable fate of The Kiwi. The provision mentioned above, however, concerning the fifteen scribes, appears to us to adequately guard against failure. And further, we would remind those who are inclined to make the too frequent rise and fall of the College magazine a subject for sarcasm, that “Our greatness consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.” This, we hope, will prove as true of magazines as it is of men, and it is in this hope that we present to the reader the first number of The Kiwi.

**A Literary Curiosity.**

We have the proud and, we believe, perfectly unique distinction (as far as concerns magazines published under similar auspices to our own) of giving to the world, in our first number, a hitherto unpublished poem by one of the great masters of the English language. The poem we publish here for the first time was sent in a letter from Walter Savage Landor, who was then residing in Florence, to a friend in New Zealand, and was written at the time of the Italian revolt against Napoleon III. The following extract from the letter will explain the circumstances under which the poem was written: “The Emperor Napoleon, with whom I often conversed, particularly in England, declared that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Appenines—and within a few weeks he surrendered the Venetian provinces to Austria. He declared that he would require no accession of territory—and made his allies surrender to him Savoy and Nice. He declared there should be no intervention in the affairs of Italy—and took possession of Rome and all the cities within thirty miles around. There can be no quiet in Europe while he lives. An attempt has been made on Garibaldi by four Corsicans. Need I say on whom suspicion rests? Here it is more dangerous than difficult to pronounce the name.” The letter ends with the words: “It will be curious if my verses find a place in one of your periodicals”—a prophecy which has been fulfilled in a stranger way than the great poet ever thought of.

We need hardly say that this poem forms a valuable acquisition to the existing body of English literature. We can vouch absolutely for its authenticity, having ourselves seen the original autograph letter:
SYRACUSE OF OLD.

In brighter days the Doric Muse
Extoll'd the kings of Syracuse,
Hiero's and Gelo's shook the rein
Of coursers on the Olympic plain:
Victors at Elis, there they won
A crown no king could leave his son.
There Pindar struck his harp aloud,
And shared the applaudes of the crowd;
There Science from deep study rais'd
A greater man than Pindar prais'd.
When Syracuse met Roman foes,
Above her proudest he arose;
He call'd from heaven the Lord of Light,
To lend him His all-piercing might.
The patriot's pious prayer was heard
And vaunting navies disappear'd:
Thro' clouds of smoke sparks heavenward flew,
And hissing rafts the shore bestrew.
Some on the Punic sands were cast,
And Carthage was avenged at last.

SYRACUSE OF LATE.

Alas! how fallen art thou since,
O Syracuse! how many a prince
Of Gallia's parti-coloured brood
Had swept o'er thee to suck thy blood!
Syracuse! lift again thy head:
Long hast thou slept, but art not dead.
A late avenger now is come
Whose voice alone can split the tomb.
Hearest thou not the world throughout
Cry GARIBALDI?
One loud shout
Arises, and there needs but one,
To shatter a polluted throne.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
Memoriae

in honorem

Gilberti King

THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE TOURNAMENT.

The Fourth Inter-University Tournament was held at Wellington on April 22nd, 24th, and 25th, 1905.

On the Thursday before Easter we left Onehunga in the Rarawa, amidst a torrent of rain. The trip to New Plymouth was no worse than usual, and we arrived on the wharf somewhat worn out. We settled down in the train to comparative peace, which continued till we reached Plimmerton, where the engine of the up-train, lying broadside on the track, presented an insurmountable difficulty. After two hours spent in viewing the Plimmerton scenery by moonlight, a train, sent up from Wellington to receive us, arrived. We shouldered our luggage, crossed a railway bridge, and luckily securing standing room in a second-class carriage, reached Wellington shortly after nine. The heartiness of the welcome we received, however, more than atoned for any inconveniences to which we had been subjected on the trip.

Next morning, after being honoured by an official reception by the Mayor in the Town Hall, we made our way to the Wellington Courts, where the Tennis Championships were to be held. We cannot be said to have done brilliantly, but now and again we put up a good fight. The Men's Singles were won by Bundle, of Otago; the Men's Doubles by Sellar and Anderson, of Canterbury; while the Ladies' Singles and Doubles, and the Combined Doubles, went to Wellington. This result, which was due chiefly to the very fine play of Miss Batham, gave Victoria College the Tennis Cup.

The Debating Contest was held on Saturday evening in the Concert Room of the Town Hall. The subject, "That Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Proposals are Fraught with Danger to the British Empire," was of great interest, and the hall was packed to the doors. The debating was of a high order, and, in spite of adverse newspaper criticisms, the N.Z. University can, we think, congratulate itself on the possession of at least one or two very good public speakers. Victoria College and A.U.C. contested first; Otago and Canterbury speaking afterwards on the same question. The teams were very equal, and when the judges retired, opinion among the audience was very divided. When the Chancellor, however, announced Otago University as the winners, its representatives, Messrs. Burnard and Callan, were cheered impartially and enthusiastically.

Easter Monday was devoted to Athletic Sports, held in the Basin Reserve. Owing to a dead track and a strong cross wind, fast times were impossible. Auckland's solitary win was registered by Oliphant in the high jump, in which he cleared 5ft. 4½in., thereby breaking the standard. The championship shield, held since the inauguration of the meetings by the Canterbury College, was this year won by
Otago University; Canterbury College being second; Victoria College, third; A.U.C., fourth.

Tuesday afternoon was devoted to a marine excursion to Day's Bay. Football and hockey were played, and an impromptu concert held in the evening, the whole entertainment proving most enjoyable. Next morning we started for home, empty-handed, perhaps, but filled with the sense of having had a really good time, and regrets that the Easter Tournament of 1905 was a thing of the past.

----------

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

OLD STYLE - - WALTZ.

As you glide, side by side,
With a gallant's stately pride,
How you guide through the tide
Of the dancers, your allied;
Till, fond-eyed, you espied
All her heart dared confide,
As you plied (nought denied)
Your bold suit, ways untried.

As you rest, love possessed,
How you follow your fair quest,
Until pressed to your breast
Her heart's passion is confessed.
Then each guest, cursed or blest
(As the moon sinks in the west),
Scarce undressed, seeks his nest,
Until next night's new conquest.

NEW STYLE - - LANCELS.

First, quite bashful you mash
"The sweet thing in the sash";
Then, still rash, off you splash
At the music's first clash;
With a fash'nable dash
You whirl off like a flash,
Then a crash, and a smash—
And you're knocked into hash!

Then you roar, more and more,
As you roll in your gore,
Till they pour water o'ei
You (you're still on the floor),
Which, I'm sure, is a bore;
And, then, bruises galore,
Feeling sore, to the core,
You roll home—about four.

—A. F. Howarth.
AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE FOOTBALL CLUB.


The year 1905 has commenced a new era in the athletic life of the College. The Rugby Football Club, extinct for two years, has been resurrected and placed on a sound basis. A scheme for the formation of a Secondary Schools' Rugby Union, originally put forward by several of the University students about a year ago, was this year taken up with renewed vigour by King's College, and the result has been the Secondary Schools' Old Boys' Rugby Union, to which the A.U.C. Football Club is affiliated. The contest for supremacy has been very keen throughout, and has resulted in a win for Grammar School by a narrow margin. The play has been, on the whole, of a very high order, most of the back play being quite up to Senior standard.

On the whole, the University team cannot be said to have covered itself with glory. This is, I think, due mainly to two causes—the comparative weakness of the forwards and the want of combination among the backs. Only in one match, that against Prince Albert College, on July 22nd, did the University backs show really first-class attacking powers, the result being that they defeated, by 19 points to 3, a team which had the previous week played a drawn game with Grammar School. Had they struck this form earlier in the season there can be no doubt that they would have occupied, at the finish, a very much higher position than they do now. The Juniors, though sadly lacking in numbers, made a fine battle for the championship, finishing a close second to King's College.

Perhaps the only unsatisfactory feature about the season was the poor attendance of members at practices. The Club was fortunate enough to get the use of the Parnell training shed for one night a week throughout the season, but the members availed themselves very scantly of the opportunity, with a wofully apparent result when some of the harder matches came to be played.
The Senior Team has been made up of the following players:— Howarth, Adams, Poananga, Elliot, Allan, Hampson, Thompson, Wilson, Moore, Pickmere, Miller, Tobin, Skelton, Hunt, Chalmers, Ballantyne, Metcalfe, Jowitt, Clarke.

The following are the results of the matches:

**SENIOR COMPETITION—FIRST ROUND.**

**MAY 20TH v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD BOYS.** Lost, 7 to 3.—The result was due mainly to the extraordinary weakness of the University backs, several splendid opportunities of scoring in the second spell being thrown away.

**MAY 27TH v. KING'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS.** Lost, 14 to 3.—In this game, as in the former, the forwards held their own, but the backs were very weak. It should be mentioned that, owing to its being vacation, several of our best players were away from Auckland, and were, consequently, unable to play in either of these matches.

**JUNE 3RD v. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.** Won by default.

**JUNE 10TH v. PRINCE ALBERT COLLEGE OLD BOYS.** Lost, 11 to 10.—Prince Albert led by 11 points to nil up to about 10 minutes from the call of time, when 'Varsity suddenly woke up to the fact that they were the better team. Making a fine effort they scored two tries in succession, but left it too late to reverse the position. The play of the University forwards in the first spell is unaccountable.

**JUNE 17TH v. SACRED HEART.** Lost, 9 to 6.—'Varsity, although playing two men short, had the advantage during the greater part of the game, the first spell ending 6 to 0 in our favour. However, the extra weight of the Sacred Heart forwards told in the second spell, with the usual result.

**SECOND ROUND.**

**JUNE 24TH v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD BOYS.** Lost, 6 to 5.—In this game, which was played in teeming rain, 'Varsity were more than usually unlucky. After starting off with a brilliant try by Thompson, they led until five minutes from the finish, when Grammar School were lucky enough to reverse the position.

**JULY 8TH v. KING'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS.** Lost, 6 to nil.—In this game 'Varsity were beaten by the superior combination and attacking powers of the King's backs.

**JULY 15TH v. SOUTHERN COLLEGES.** Won, 13 to nil.—'Varsity won easily after a scrambling and somewhat uninteresting game.

**JULY 22ND v. PRINCE ALBERT COLLEGE OLD BOYS.** Won, 19 to 3.—For the first time 'Varsity backs showed their true attacking powers, giving one of the finest exhibitions of passing seen in
the competition. The forwards were rather weak, especially in close work. This win was all the more meritorious because Prince Albert had the previous week played a drawn game with the winners of the competition (Grammar School).

**JULY 29TH v. SACRED HEART.** Lost, 3 to nil.—Played in teeming rain on a very heavy ground. 'Varsity backs showed flashes of good play, but were handicapped by the state of the ball. The win was almost entirely due to the weight and dash of the Sacred Heart forwards.

**JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.**

**JUNE 10TH v. P.A.C.** Won easily by 11 to nil.

**JUNE 17TH v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL.** Won, 5 to nil.

**JUNE 24TH v. KING’S.** Lost, 37 to nil.

**JULY 8TH. P.A.C.** Won, by default.

**JULY 15TH v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL.** Won, 17 to nil.

**JULY 22ND v. KING’S.** Lost, 22 to 8.—This was the play off for the Championship. Towards the end the good form of the University forwards began to tell, but they were not able to reverse the position.

The following table shows the final result of the Senior Competition:

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<td>1</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>University</td>
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<td>2</td>
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**NOTE.**—St. John’s played one match against King’s, losing by 37 to nil, and allowed all the others to go by default. Southern Colleges took their place at the beginning of the second round. It will be noticed that, in spite of their many defeats, University have scored as many points as have been scored against them.
AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY HOCKEY CLUB.


Association Matches.

FIRST ROUND.

May 27 ... v. United A ... ... Won—2 to nil
June 10 ... v. Auckland ... ... Won—5 to 2
" 17 ... v. United B ... ... Won—6 to nil
" 24 ... v. College Rifles ... Won—5 to nil

SECOND ROUND.

July 8 ... v. United A ... ... Won—1 to nil
" 15 ... v. Auckland ... ... Lost—4 to 3
" 22 ... v. United B ... ... Won—5 to nil
" 29 ... v. College Rifles ... Won—9 to 1

Position in Junior Championship—First.

The following team has played throughout the year:—Bunkall, Speight, McClure, B. C. Moodie, Scott, Melville, Alderton, F. L. Moodie, Brookfield, L. Ziman, Dinneen (Capt.).

NOTES.

Owing to the establishment of the Auckland University Football Club, our membership this year was considerably smaller than in former years. We were, however, able to send one team into the field, which was allowed by the Association to play in the Junior Grade, in consideration of the fact that we had only one senior player, and a number who were quite new to the game. In spite of the lightness of the team, and contrary to general expectations, we were successful in carrying off the laurels in the Junior Competition, and hope next year to make a bold bid for the Senior Championship.

Perhaps our most exciting game was that played against United A on 8th July, resulting in a win for us by one goal to nil. From start to finish it was a furious contest, the only goal of the game being notched by Ziman during the second spell.

It came to us as rather a painful surprise to be defeated in our second match with Auckland, after having kept so far an unbeaten record. We played a fair game up to ten minutes from the finish, when the score stood: Varsity, 3; Auckland, 1. During the last few
minutes Auckland scored three more goals, the game ending: Auckland, 4; 'Varsity, 3.

Our match with the University ladies, which was played on July 1st, was perhaps the most enjoyable game of the season. We were dressed in female attire, and attracted the largest number of spectators that ever witnessed a 'Varsity hockey match. We were heavily handicapped by being unused to wearing skirts, and only saved ourselves from defeat by scoring a goal just on the call of time. The game ended in a draw, each side scoring four goals. Had there been a few more like Miss Scott and Miss Jacobson opposing us the result might have been—we shudder to think of it.

In all probability we will next month accept the invitation of the Thames Hockey Club to a match at the Thames.

THE UNIVERSITY LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

The Ladies' Hockey Club started its season somewhat later this year than usual. A meeting of the Club was held early in this term to consider the advisability of joining the Association, when it was decided by a majority not to affiliate. Thus, owing to the fact that most of the other Ladies' Clubs of the district have been engaged in Association matches, the Club has had little opportunity, up to the present, of testing its powers; but we are anxiously looking forward to some good games in a week or two, when most of the Association matches will be over.

The team is in splendid form, and likely to do good work before the season is over; a fact largely due to the kind assistance afforded to the Club by Professor Talbot-Tubbs. Of the new members, Misses Morton and Luxford show a special aptitude for the game, and promise to become first-class players.

On Saturday, July 8th, a match took place with the University Men's Hockey Club. The men were arrayed in fancy-dress, and attracted much attention by their picturesque and many-coloured garments. The match was a most exciting one, and resulted in a draw—four goals all.

On July 22nd we met the Grammar School in a friendly match, which resulted in a win for 'Varsity by five goals to nil. Miss Webb, as centre, played a good game, securing three of the goals, the other two being scored by Miss Dunlop. The backs played exceptionally well; Miss Morton, considering the short time she has been at the game, singling herself out for especial notice.

It is stated that the King's College Old Boys' "barrackers" have lately taken to calling their team "St. King's." Is the spiritual change due to their having passed through purgatory?
The Annual General Meeting of the Society was held on March 15th. The following officers were elected:—Hon. Pres.: Dr. H. Dean Bamford; Exec. Pres.: Mr. J. Stanton; Vice-Pres.: Messrs. Hampson and Pickmere; Hon. Sec. and Treas.: Miss M. M. Brown; Committee: Miss Dunlop, Messrs. Moore and Dunlop; Representative on the Students' Association Executive: Mr. Dunlop.

There have been several debates held throughout the present Session, and on the whole they have been well attended. The new students particularly have taken an active part in the proceedings, and, judging by their speeches, good debaters may be expected from their ranks in the future.

The Trial Debate, held in connection with the Easter Tournament, was eminently satisfactory, and we hope this will not be the only debate held by our Society under the kind patronage of the Chamber of Commerce. At the Easter Tournament, though our representatives did not carry off the shield, we venture to say that they compared favourably with most of the Southern speakers.

A new departure this year was the Parliamentary Debate. It was very successful so far as audience was concerned, the attendance being very large. Possibly, when the Society has had more experience in these debates, the result, so far as speeches are concerned, will be more favourable.

The local debating societies this year have formed an association, under the auspices of which various competitive debates are to be held. On August 25th our Society holds a contest with the Athenæum Society on the subject of Government leaseholds. It is to be hoped that on this occasion our representatives will preserve for us our high place as holders of the championship in local debates.

* The Competitive Debate amongst the Society's members is to be held on August 15th. It is, however, to be regretted that not more students take an interest in the affair. There are several members eligible, but for some unaccountable reason they fail to come forward to contest the laurels.

A.U.C.

DISTANT from busy crowds and noisy mart,
Our Alma Mater stands, and to her breast
We toiling students come in the fair quest
Of learning, which should arm us for our part
In this hard life of ours; steel every heart
To meet the joys and griefs that, ere we rest
From our life's work, will come to e'en the best
Of those that gather here. Should Cupid's dart
Disturb our peace, and smile or witching glance
Of maiden fair, within these buildings old,
Seem more to us than problem or than prose,
We'll hide the wound until the College dance;
Then, by the music sweet made still more bold,
Seek favour from these maids with azure hose.

—TAIHOA.
Glee & Madrigal Society.

We are pleased to report that the Glee and Madrigal Society is still in a flourishing condition, and, although it has not been much in evidence so far this year, good steady work is being put in, and by the time this is in the hands of our readers the first Concert of the season will have been given.

The Annual Meeting was held on the 8th April, and in presenting the third Annual Report, the Secretary (Mr. A. W. Moodie) drew the attention of members to the credit balance of £5 10s. 8d.—very refreshing news. Practices were commenced immediately, and have been well attended up to the present. The membership numbers 46, and under Dr. Thomas' able conducting great progress is being made. Miss Eveline Webb is honorary pianist, which position she has ably filled since the formation of the Society.

There can be no doubt that, apart from a social aspect, the Society has been the means of raising the standard of singing amongst students. This was very noticeable in "A Modern Hamlet," given at the last Graduation Social. The singing was quite a feature of the play, being better than anything of the kind previously given, and we think this was largely owing to the fact that most of the chorus are members of the Madrigal Society.

At the presentation of the Auckland School of Music, on the 22nd July, the Society rendered several items; these consisted of "Good Night, Beloved" (Pinsuti), and "Down in a Flow'ry Vale" (Festa), both old favourites; and "You Stole My Love" (Macfarren), and "Hail! Thou Merry, Glad New Zealand," given for the first time. These were all very pleasingly interpreted, but special reference must be made to the latter item, written expressly for the occasion by Dr. Thomas. The song is of a patriotic character, breathing a sentiment that appeals very strongly to Maorilanders. After a short introduction by the trombones, the voices come in at forte, and the enthusiasm and fire are maintained throughout. The song was loudly applauded, and is likely to become very popular, as it fills a long felt gap in our national music.

One thing we would like to see, and that is the Society better supported by the men students. We congratulate the ladies on the interest they shew; but we are loth to believe that all the male talent has been exhausted, and we think it shews a lack of esprit de corps on the part of those who, though able to help, stand aloof. As already pointed out, the Society is doing splendid work for the College, and we appeal to all students who can sing to help. We feel quite confident in saying that they will never regret the step, as the training is sure to prove of the greatest value to them.
Auckland University College Christian Union.

Executive Committee.

President: Mr. Stanton; Vice-Presidents: Mr. Holloway, Miss McMaster; Corresponding Secretary: Miss Griffen; Recording Secretary: Mr. Kempthorne; Treasurer: Mr. Avery.

There have been eight general meetings of the Union during this year. These are held on alternate Tuesdays, in the English Lecture Room. At the first meeting of the year the Rev. H. Anson gave an address on "The Claims of Christianity on Students." The next meeting was to hear three addresses from the three delegates who had represented this College at the Healesville Summer Conference. For the last meeting of the first term, the Rev. Mr. Garland gave a very helpful address on "The Death of Christ." During the second term, addresses were given by the Revs. Mr. Russell and Mr. Wilkins. This term, one of our meetings has taken the form of a Students' meeting; the subject was "The Nature of God." Short papers were read by four of the members, and then the subject was opened for discussion. It is hoped by thus making the members responsible for the meetings, to arouse more interest on the part of the members. There is to be another Students' meeting this term, on August 8th, when the subject to be discussed is: "That all religious belief rests on exactly the same reasons as does our knowledge of the natural sciences."

Although the Union has not felt strong enough to carry on a Missionary Study Class this year, an endeavour has been made to keep the subject of the world's need before our members. In the first term, Dr. North, a medical missionary, on furlough from Bengal, gave an interesting address, showing the real object of missionary work, and the great need of India.

The visit of the Travelling Secretary, Mr. E. K. Mules, was of special interest to us this term, as being an old student of this College. He was appointed by the General Committee of the A.S.C.U., at the beginning of this year, and since then has been round to the Unions of Australia. Knowing the Union so well, its strength and its weakness, he was able to give us great assistance. In his address to the Union he told us of the work he had seen in the University Unions in Australia, and also called on us to remember especially the objects of our Union, and to keep them constantly before us.

There are three Bible Study Circles—one for men, and two for ladies. Mr. Stanton is leader of the Men's Circle, which meets on Tuesdays at 7 p.m., the subject of study being "The Life of Paul." Miss Griffen and Miss Kirkbride are the leaders of the Ladies' Circles, the subjects for study being "The Life of Jesus" and "The Miracles," and the time of the meetings being Tuesday at 5 p.m., and Thursday at 3 p.m.

The membership at the close of the term is 40—21 ladies; 19 men.
Capping Ceremony & Graduation Social.

BY "YUM-YUM."

After Capping Day, 1904, the Senate deliberated. Things not only had not been as they should be, but had even been as they should not be. Sins of omission might be pardoned; but sins of commission—too long had they gone unpunished! And forthwith the Senate added a new commandment to the Koran of the seemingly irrepressible student; and, for our better understanding thereof, added also a few remarks, the gist of them being: "Thou art too loud, and rude, and bold of voice."

On Capping Day, 1905, we assembled once more in the Choral Hall. Mindful of the new law, we were anxious to be good to the platform, but equally anxious that the platform should in its turn be good to the gallery.

Being, as we were, the hosts and hostesses of the general public, we arrived on the scene early—so we thought—but evidently the general public had misread its invitation, for it arrived somewhat ahead of the appointed hour, a habit characteristic of the age. Maintaining our equanimity, however, we proceeded to the gallery, beguiling the new graduates to join us, and once there we poured forth our souls in untuneful songs, the words of which the audience tried in vain to catch.

At last the Chancellor and his satellites mounted the stage, to the tune of "There is a Tavern in a Town," as rendered by the ecstatic students. It was good to have "the real thing" once more—for so many years has an understudy taken Sir Robert's place at these functions, that we were almost convinced that our Chancellor was a myth. Great was our joy when our suspicions proved groundless.

Still, we were under the necessity of controlling our emotions, and in silence we listened to the great man's interesting speech. In silence we listened to Professor Thomas; and still in silence we hearkened unto Dr. McDowell, whose countenance at first wore an expression of apprehension. Indeed, the graduates in the "orchestra stalls" assert that, as a spur to his courage, he was muttering to himself, "I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace." However, we didn't gape or make rude remarks, as we happened to be interested in his view of things—and when he made his joke (each speaker managed to have one up his sleeve) we appreciated it all the more because we were not expecting it.

For the first time the Students were allowed to harangue the platform. Hitherto we had been somewhat of a "rotten borough," but at last we were admitted to the franchise. Mr. Pickmere was elected to represent us—and he made good use of the allotted time. The part played by a "campus ludorum," in engendering a true university spirit, has been recognised, as our representative said, by many great men
past and present (enter Mr. Pickmere's joke!). The platform applauded heartily, so we are hoping great things for the future. The ceremony was over at last. We had been good, very good. The only thing that marred our virtuous happiness was a suspicion that we had been too good—a suspicion which was by no means lessened when the Chancellor congratulated us on our behaviour.

After the ceremony had worn itself out, we made our way back to College, where the Ladies' Common Room Club had prepared a feast for the multitude. The tea and cakes were much appreciated, and it was late before the multitude could be induced to depart. The crowning point of the Capping revels was yet to come. On Saturday evening the usual social was held in the College—and, as usual, the hall was crowded to excess. Capping songs were rendered by the Students, under the able bâton of Mr. Hampson, with Mr. Chitty as pianist. The songs, be it noted, were quite up to the usual standard—one or two being exceptionally good.

"A Modern Hamlet," a musical comedietta by Mr. L. T. Pickmere, was also produced. The audience applauded long and vigorously, Mr. E. de C. Clarke, as Professor Simpleway, receiving special attention, particularly in his "mad scenes," in which he revelled. Miss Scott, as Lurline, made an excellent prima donna; while Mr. Jowitt, as Professor Straddlewit, supplied much of the comic element. The chorus songs had been well chosen, and the performers have to be congratulated on the way they worked to make the play a success. Above all, the author is to be congratulated on the variety and quality of the work, which, although produced in a minimum of time, was one of the best plays we have yet presented at a Capping Social.

Thus ended a somewhat peaceful Capping function.

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Epilogue to "Peter Bell."

[The following poem, written by Byron, in 1819, in the fly-leaf of "Peter Bell," has only been brought to light during the last few years, and so may be new to many of our readers. It should be of especial interest to this year's English students particularly, as showing Byron's great admiration for Wordsworth. The profanity is intensely Byronic.]

There's something in a stupid ass,
  And something in a heavy dunce;
But never since I went to school
I heard or saw so d—d a fool
  As William Wordsworth is for once.

And now I've seen so great a fool
  As William Wordsworth is for once,
I really wish that Peter Bell
And he who wrote it were in h——
  For writing nonsense for the nonce.
Julius Cæsar

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.
(First Prize, “Olla Podrida” Competition, 1904.)
By A. F. Howarth.

At Rome, long ago (the story runs so),
Lived a chap named Cæsar, as cunning a crow
As ever you'd chance in a lifetime to know;
He had talents unusual, wit to amuse you all,
And a very strong habit, when all's said and done,
Of neglecting all interests except number one.

Now, by many smart dodges, quite unknown to me,
He had managed to get to the top of the tree;
He was boss of the army, and boss of the navy,
Prime Minister, Chief Justice, and nobody save he
Could handle the “divvies,” and I'll take my davy
He had many a slave, and many a slavey;
But in spite of all these things he wasn't content,
And wanted a throne without paying the rent.

We were all kiddies once, as the old adage goes,
(Though, for some, it's a long time ago, Heaven knows),
And Julius, when young, of course, had a pal—
A long, skinny chap, with a tomahawk nose,
Named Cassius, a lad of an envious mind,
Who'd the greatest aversion to “sitting behind.”
When quite a small kiddie he'd beaten young Cæsar
At swimming the Tiber; and take it from me, sir,
He didn't quite see why Cæsar should be
A long-legged Colossus, or tall poplar tree,
While he was an undergrown little green pea.

Now, this Cass, had a friend who'd a great reputation,
Renowned for wisdom throughout the whole nation,
Who, by keeping his mouth shut and opening his eyes,
Had managed to get himself thought very wise;
In fact, he was held to be “quite free from flies.”
But the world's full of irony, and this man, alas,
Was named Brutus, which simply means this: “Silly ass.”

Now, when Cassius was worked up with envy of Cæsar,
Who, he secretly thought, was a silly old “geeser,”
He went to friend Brutus, and by flattering the fellow,
He very soon showed him that purple was yellow;
That Cæsar, in short, was a rogue and a villain,
And deserved nothing less than a jolly good grilling;
And that, in a free country, it must stand to reason
That wealth is the very worst sort of high treason;
Then, being most careful that no one was near,
He whispered these mem'rale words in his ear:
“You strike for the country, I'll strike for myself,
Then you'll get the honour and I'll get the pelf.”
Then, leaving his friend to digest these remarks,
He hurries away to a dozen young sparks
Who thought just as he did. To these chaps he hies,
And determines to give his old friend a surprise;
So, pulling their "Panamas" over their eyes,
And dressing themselves like a dozen old guys,
They steal into the orchard, and eat all the fruit,
Then knock at the window and waken "Old Brut."
Their opinions were heard, they all pledged their word,
Right into the trap walked the wily old bird;
He willingly joined them and never demurred.

Without loss of time it was straightway agreed
That Caesar must fall, and that Rome must be freed;
That this must be done without any delay,
In fact, in the forum, the very next day;
And while Brutus is telling him one of his jokes,
Said Cassius, "Myself, and you other ten blokes,
Will steal up and give him a few little pokes;
And, considering that we are a dozen to one,
It's odds that we finish the 'son-of-a-gun'."

I'm afraid it would take up a great deal of time,
To say nothing of wasting a lot of good rhyme,
To tell you how Caesar'd a fit of the "blues"
And spent all that evening and night "on the booze"
How his wife had the nightmare, and wanted her Caesar
To stop home from work, all that day, just to please her;
Suffice it to say that our friends had their way,
Which shows that the wisest go sometimes astray,
Or, as Shakespeare says, "Every old dog has his day."

Alas, for poor Caesar, uncertain is life,
Why didn't you take the advice of your wife?
Poor man! Not a fig for your chance would I give:
They'll fill you with holes till you leak like a sieve!
'Tis done, in a jiffy, in spite of his squirms,
Imperial Caesar is food for the worms!

But a glorious deed is quite lost on the mob,
Who cannot appreciate a really neat job;
So, taking good care to be out of their reach,
Friend Brutus addressed to them this little speech:
"Friends, countrymen, lovers! Come out of your covers,
And don't be so frightened, you silly old duffers!
'Twas because we loved Caesar we treated him thus,
But as no one loves you, you're quite safe from us.
So make no more noise, but just trust to our virtue,
And take it from me that we'll none of us hurt you."

All would have gone well had not Caesar's old crony,
A wily young fellow whose nickname was Tony,
Just waited till Brutus was out of the way,
And then proved to the people, as clearly as day,
That Caesar was virtuous, and, far better still,
Had left them a big, fat estate in his will.

Alas! The tables are turned in a minute,
And Brutus and Cassius find they're "not in it";
So, hastily saying good-bye to their wives,
They pack up their luggage and clear for their lives.
THE KIWI.

Now, Tony, as soon as he hears of this, sends
For Octavius and Lepidus, two of his friends—
And all three being rogues of the very first water,
Determine on having a nice little slaughter
Of Brutus's family—father, wife, daughter,
Right down to the chambermaid, valet, and porter.
Then, not being content, though they certainly oughter,
They swear they will show neither mercy nor quarter
Till poor Brutus himself has been ground in the mortar.

The end is soon told; our friends were upset
So much by this cruel and cold-blooded threat
That their tempers were ruined, and, very small wonder,
They quarrelled when trying to "cut up" the plunder;
But Brutus had greatly the best of the fight,
And came off so well, that poor Cassius, for spite,
Cut his throat with a razor, and was found that same night
Stone dead, in his bedroom, a terrible sight.

Poor Brutus was so much upset by his fate
(For, indeed, he was really attached to his mate)
That he took to the bottle, saw goblins and ghosts,
And finally died, declaring that hosts
Of Caesars were trying to climb his bedposts.

A LOST CHANCE.

ALLOW me to introduce myself. My name is Seraphina, and
I am twenty-nine years old—a fact, I may mention, which
causes mother no small anxiety, more especially as Cissie is
thirty-five, and is still under the paternal roof.

Our township is a small one, and, as the social circle is strictly
limited, a new arrival is always a matter of some interest, especially
if he be an eligible bachelor. So I must confess that my heart beat
fast when I heard that a fascinating young doctor, rich, and reported
handsome, was about to arrive from Edinburgh with the intention
of settling in our midst.

At last he came, but for several days I had no opportunity of
making his acquaintance. When I did so, it was under circumstances
which even now I can scarcely recall without a blush.

It was a bright spring morning and the freshness of the weather
suggested a ride. So, having persuaded my host of younger brothers
and sisters to catch and saddle Rosie, I sallied forth for a brisk
canter on the beach. The tide was low—the sand was hard—Rosie
was at her best. I felt that I, too, was at my best.

Presently I heard behind me the sound of cantering hoofs. I
glanced round—it was the doctor. Now, I have always prided myself
on my horsemanship. Not far ahead lay a large log which had been
washed up by the tide, and now lay temptingly across my path.
"Ha, ha," thought I, "it is said that opinions are formed on first
impressions. Here is a chance to show this young doctor what a
colonial girl can do"—and I set Rosie at the log. Alas! for the
vanity of human aims. Never before had Rosie failed me. She fell—
she rolled over—in a moment she was gone, and I was sitting on the
sand instinctively clutching my back hair.
A moment I sat astonished, bewildered; when suddenly a rush of hoofs, a bump, a sickening thud, and another horse careering over the sands. And lo! here was the doctor coming to my assistance. He was sitting opposite me—he looked surprised. A few yards away lay his battered bell-topper. His mournful eyes met mine. We scrambled to our feet and introduced ourselves. He escorted me home.

This was only the beginning. A week later I received a letter in a manly hand. It ran thus:

"DEAR MISS LOGAN,

"Although I have been in your society but once, the impression you have made upon me is so deep and powerful that I cannot forbear writing to you, in defiance of all rules of etiquette. In half-an-hour after I was introduced to you my heart was no longer my own. Affection is sometimes of slow 'growth; but sometimes it springs up in a moment. Petitioning for a few lines in reply, I remain, dear Miss Logan, yours devotedly, WALTER PHILIPS."

I showed it to my family; they read it with gusto. It's simple eloquence impressed all—but one. My youngest brother, with a yell of recognition, dragged down an encyclopedia from the shelf. He turned to the sample love letters—there was mine.

However, we let it pass. I replied simply, asking him to call next evening. I noticed a cloud on mother's brow as she gazed at Cissie.

The next evening he came. He was introduced. Mother is Scotch, and I felt sure she would put her foot in it somehow, in spite of my warning frowns. She went straight to the point; that cloud on her brow was explained. "Why don't you take Cissie, man?" she queried, as she grasped the Doctor's hand. Cissie withdrew—and this was once more the time for awkward explanations.

However, we were safely engaged, and for some weeks our felicity was undisturbed; expect by my brothers. They had learnt the love-letter by heart, and constantly quoted it. Mother also persisted in pressing Cissie's claims, to the extreme annoyance of us all—even Cissie.

Alas, for short-lived happiness.

One day we went for an excursion. We found an old Maori canoe. We took possession. My fiancee bravely went first and seated himself in the bows. The younger members crowded after, loading the canoe down to the water's edge. Pa, with unnecessary energy, prepared to follow. He shoved her off and leapt lightly on to the stern. Pa is sixteen stone—the stern went straight to the bottom. The bow flew up in the air—so did my fiancee. One wild vision of waving coat-tails and a flying bell-topper; a heart-rending howl, and a splash. Nothing to be seen above the surface but a pair of patent leather boots. In that supreme moment I forgot my dignity. I lost all self-control. "There goes my last chance," I shrieked. A persistent voice at my elbow corrected me—"Cissie's last chance," it murmured.

When we had extracted him I remarked a certain coldness in his manner. Our engagement was broken off. It transpired that the last words which had rung in his ears had been my unfortunate exclamation: "There goes my last chance."

Alas! it was.
Impressions of the North.

By Trevor P. Hull.

Between Waiwera and the North Cape lies a tract of country which, owing no doubt to the absence of railway communication, has been as yet but little explored by the adventurous Aucklander. It is vaguely referred to as "the North"; at election times the alliterative title of "The Neglected North" is bestowed upon it.

The North is dotted over with townships from ten to twenty miles apart, cropping up in the most unlikely places. The proverb, "God made the country, man made the town," with admirable delicacy refrains from mentioning the being responsible for the township. An hour or two's sojourn in one will, however, leave no room for doubt on the subject.

Generally speaking, a township consists of a "pub," a store, half-a-dozen scattered homesteads, and about thirty-nine million Maori bugs. The Maori bug is about half-an-inch by an inch, but his influence extends over about half an acre. His death is its own revenge; passing into the world of shadows he leaves behind him a memorial more lasting than brass. Therefore is he treated by the settler with a respect proportionate to his rank—nothing ranker has yet made its appearance in the North.

He is a poor swimmer—especially in milk, and failing to negotiate the slippery sides of the pan, is generally drowned. But the atmosphere of the dairy bears testimony that his last moments were not idle ones, and we may safely conjecture that he dies happy in the thought that his life's work has been accomplished.

Next to the gentlemen mentioned, the chief inhabitants of a township are the settlers. They own from three to four hundred acres, and about the same number of dogs. The bark of these dogs is worse than their bite—at any rate, I can't imagine anything worse than the bark. They bark in concert all the day—they take watches—dog-watches—during the night.

For the most part the settlers use sledges, for the sake of economy, no doubt. I was taken for a drive on one. My companion drove, standing up. I stood up, too, but when we moved I made a few graceful passes with my hands and sat down. The sledge, which was made of battens nailed three inches apart, was evidently not designed for passenger traffic. As I was being jerked alternately from batten to space, and vice versa, I tried to think of other times when I had also been miserable, in order to tone down the present experience. I was amazed at the singularly happy life I had hitherto led.

We came, at last, to a clearing covered with upright stumps. I clung on and watched with interest the sledge mowing them down; presently I mowed one down. I got up then, and did a gyrating cake-walk. My companion has since told me that I said things for which I shall be sorry hereafter. I am sorry now; there were two or three word—really good ones—which I forgot.

[Editorial Calculation: 39,000,000 bugs, 1 in. x ½ in., would cover an area of over three acres. This is frightful!!!]
CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor will not be responsible for any communication published under the heading of "Correspondence."]

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—As a humble well-wisher of your excellent Magazine, I should like to be allowed to make the suggestion that you should include therein a department conducted on similar lines to that which appears in Life, under the title "In Graver Mood." The bill of fare would consist mainly of articles on philosophical, ethical, and religious subjects, with items of news, or information pertaining thereto, and the writing and reading of these would give students an opportunity and a stimulus to develop the serious and speculative sides of their nature. No doubt a suitable name could be found for the section, say, "The Reflector," or "Via Sacra," or "Plato's Page," giving you the choice, Mr. Editor, of English, Latin, and Greek. Then a certain place and space could be allotted to it, and someone, either on or off the committee, placed in charge of it. I feel sure that if such a department is established, students will surprise both themselves and your readers in the varied and fertile profundity of their speculations and ideas. Commending the humble suggestion to your kind consideration,—I am, etc.,

Auckland, July 26th, 1905.

SOCRATES.

A COMMON ROOM NUISANCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—May I take the liberty of enquiring through your valuable columns why the tables of the Men's Common Room have lately been used as a depositary for "religious" and childish books, tracts, etc.; mostly second-hand, and many in a very dirty and dilapidated state. What have we done that we should be treated thus? Only two possible explanations occur to me; either some benevolent person, with an almost female love for bargains, has picked them up at an auction of second-hand Sunday School stock, or else the C.U. has been unusually active and (not unusually) mistaken. Can any kind reader supply the clue to the mystery?—I am, yours etc.,

CLEANLINESS.

WHAT DO WE WANT?

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—May I take up a little of your valuable space with a few remarks on a subject that impresses me more and more as I gradually see some of the workings of our A.U.C. As I am only an undergrad., and exams. are in the near future, you will realise the need for concealing my identity. For the last two or three years there has been a chronic bubbling of wailing complaints from the College
The problem is this: "What do we want?" and I defy Councillor, Professor, or Student to give me a satisfactory answer. There is evidently a grievance somewhere, for all sections of the College are united in that they groan; but the wherefore, and the why, of the puerile outbursts against the Seddon Government, and the "stolid indifferent" public, and even the "giddy undergrad.," for his lack of esprit de corps (whatever that may mean)—these are yet to be explained. So perhaps the amazing conceit of a student will be tolerated if he (or she) endeavours to state the question. So far, among the host of "wants," I have been able to select the following as the most important: (1) A residential college; (2) A new college building with grounds; (3) More enthusiasm from the students; (4) A school of mining; (5) A school of commerce; (6) A new council; and I should say No. (2) and (6) are decidedly deserving of most consideration. Before discussing these in any detail, might I just wander a little from the point to say that we are persons after Mr. Seddon's own heart. How he can pick and choose which bone has the least meat on it that he can throw us to stop our growling! And he chooses commerce—the least important of the lot. What a really clever man he is! Commerce! Why, the very word is redolent of utility, of valuable, practical use, and who would dare to question the fact that a School of Commerce is needed? Well, I will not take up your valuable time by showing what a farce it is. If any care to think out the question, let them make a Methodist sermon of it, under the following heads: (1) University education—what is it? (2) N.Z. Institute of Accountants—what is it? (3) Commerce students—who are they? However, that mighty man of genius has drawn away our thoughts from danger-points, and if we had, as the children say, been getting "hot," we are now very, very "cold" again. To return to the question, might I suggest that we should earnestly endeavour to find out what we want. Taking one phase of the question—the indifference of the students—cannot any moderately intelligent observer see the numberless issues of this one phase; and yet it has never been fairly approached. Even Mr. J. W. Joynt, keenly interested in 'Varsity work as he is, only looked on one phase of it when he exhorted us to do a little better than fourth at the next 'Varsity Tournament. At present the great majority of male students are in offices or the like during the day, and to them the College is little more than the place where night classes are delivered, through which they may enter some profession. They have no common meeting-ground, no bond of common interest, nothing to interest them to the very faintest degree in each other; and what need to repeat the old proverb that "Unity is strength." Two examples will suffice—in the football union started this year, the 'Varsity had, individually, perhaps, the most brilliant men in the competition—and they did not exactly come first; in the debating club they have won every competitive debate for the past three years—and who goes to listen to them? No, the reason is obvious. Unless you can bind the students together by some common link, and bring them to feel that they are all parts of one whole, that each must sink his individuality for the general welfare.
of "the college," no schools of commerce, and mining, and law will give you a University. I fear I have trespassed too much on your space, but just a few more words. I will venture to assert that in every department of college life you will find, by careful thought, that the one thing we need is "Unity." Next thing is, "How to get it?" I cannot now go into that in detail, but there is only one means—suitable college buildings with grounds (football and tennis especially)—in a central site. Then, if it can once be recognised that we have really found what we want, more than half the battle is won. Band together, Council, Professors, Graduates, and Undergraduates. Let the people of Auckland see the necessity of our want. Find our site—a hard task, I grant you, but by no means impossible—and in season and out of season agitate, press our demands on the public until they realise their need, and we gain that most powerful factor—public opinion. Then importunate the powers that be, insist, demand, and keep on demanding with a loud voice. What chances are being thrown away when we have such a man as Mr. F. E. Baume in Wellington, willing to do all for us, and with nothing definite to go on! But, above all, unite—and that quickly. Once the elections are over our chances will be hopelessly minimised. If the council will not call all forces together, then let the professors; failing them, is there not a Graduates' Association; and, in the last resort, it is the business of the Students' Association to do its level best to rally every section of this college round this banner, and, if only we will all co-operate, will realise that it will mean much work, but will determine to work heart and soul—I say the Government is not strong enough that could refuse to recognise the demand. But, for Heaven's sake, let us make up our minds as to what we want. While we shilly-shally in this helpless fashion, disunited, with no common aim, each proposing his own fad, we are indeed a spectacle for gods and men—a fit subject for the satisfied chuckles of the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon.

UNDERGRAD.

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—A year or two ago the Executive of the Students' Association was composed chiefly of St. John's men; this year the Law Students have it all their own way. Party government has not proved such a brilliant success in this country that we should try to imitate it. The constitution of the Students' Association should be amended in such a way as to prevent any one section of the students being disproportionately represented on the executive. So far as we are aware, there is nothing but their own sense of fairness to prevent the girls electing an executive, composed of the leading lights of the Common Room Club. We do not say that the law students, or the St. John's men, would deliberately use their power, but they must be biassed to a certain extent, and the main body of the students, who are not members of the legal profession or of the theological college, don't care to be under the dominion of either the law or the prophets.

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