

handsome study-chair, by the young men of his congregation at Sapperton, B.C.

T. L. Walker, M.A., '90, was in Kingston during the holidays. He has been assaying for a nickle mining company at Sudbury, Ont., for the past year, but will leave shortly for the North West, where he will engage in mission work until the classes in Theology open at Queen's in November.

J. H. Madden, B.A., was seen this week in Toronto. He was standing in a door-way, corner of Yonge and Queen streets. He is well.

## DE NOBIS.

**A** FINE team for junior Latin students—a "pony" and a "Horace."

"I don't see why my moustache was not mentioned as well as Kelly's in that song."

—[E. J. Lent.

Dr. K. N.—"What is the cause of the white spots on the retina, Mr. D——?"

Mr. D.—"Wandering leucocytes."

"I think I'll have my name posted up K. D. C. style, that the reporters may learn to spell it correctly."—[Denaut.

### WILKINS AND HIS DINAH.

(Published by request.)

There once was a merchant in London did dwell,  
Who had for his darter a very nice gal,  
Her name it was Dinah (just fifteen years old),  
And her papa had plenty of silver and gold.

CHORUS.—

Sing, toorelly, oorelly, oorelly, oo.  
(Repeat four times.)

As Dinar was a-walking in the garden one day,  
Her papa came to her and thus he did say,—  
"Go dress yourself, Dinar, in gorjus array,  
And take yourself a husband both gallant and gay."

—CHORUS.

"Oh, papa! O, papa! I've not made up my mind

To marry just yet, while I don't feel inclined;  
To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er,  
If you'll let me live single a year or two more."

—CHORUS.

"Go! go! boldest darter," the parient replied,  
"If you'll not consent to become this man's  
bride  
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of  
kin,  
And you'll not reap the benefit of one single  
pin."

—CHORUS.

As Wilkins was a-walkin' the garden around,  
He saw his poor Dinar lying dead on the  
ground;  
A cup of cold pizon what lay by her side,  
And the billy dux's statement, 'twas by pizon  
she died.

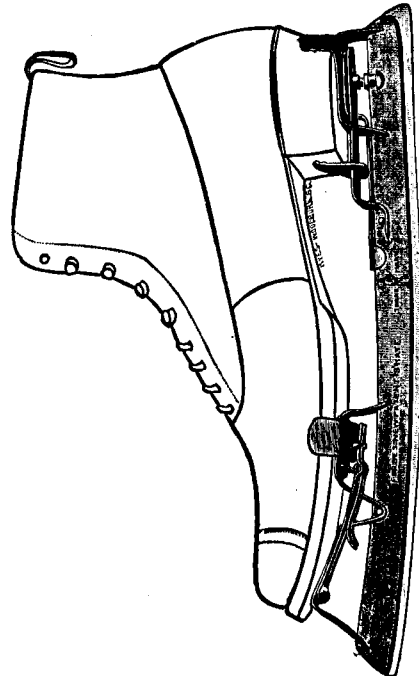
—CHORUS.

He kissed the cold corpus a thousand times  
o'er,  
And called her his Dinar, tho' she was no  
more;  
Then he swallowed the pizon like a lover so  
brave,  
And Wilkins and his Dinar both lay in one  
grave.

CHORUS—(softly).

Now all ye young maidens take warning from  
her,  
Never, not by no means, disobey your guvner,  
And all young men, take keer who ye set your  
eyes on,  
Think of Wilkins and Dinar and the cup of  
pizon.

—CHORUS.



SIDE VIEW ATTACHED TO BOOT.

Go to Corbett's, Corner of Princess & Wellington Streets, for Forbes' new patent Hockey, Skeleton, Acme, Clumax. All the Best and Cheapest.