

De Nobis.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GLEE CLUB
TOUR.

AT Brockville as the Glee Club party are crossing a street they have to halt for a moment until a sleigh-load of men passes. A man in the sleigh stretches out his hand to R. H-g-h-s, who is standing quite close, and exclaims, "Hello, old friend, how how are you?"

H-g-h-s, grasping the outstretched hand—"Glad to see you, old sport, how are you?"

Brockville native near by—"That's a load of patient's from the asylum getting their outing."

T-n—"How soon they recognized each other!"

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW.

Patroness of the Glee Club excursion party at outer G. T. R. station Saturday night as they are about to bid farewell to their fair and youthful violinist—"Now, each one must be through with his adieu when I have counted four."

23rd, N. M. Om-nd.

Patrones—"1-2-3-4. Time's up.

24th, T-m-y.

Patroness counts — "1--2--3——4, Let go."

T-m-y—"How time does fly!"

At Brockville, Queen's University Quartette—

1st Tenor—"I pant for - - -"

2nd Tenor— - - - "I pant - - -"

1st Bass—"I pant - -"

2nd Bass— - - - "I pant for music that is divine."

Small boy in the gallery—"Two pairs of trousers for Queen's Quartette."

Scene—Arnprior, after Cl-ncy and McK-nl-y have had a splendid time at the rink and have left their fair companions at the parental home.

Cl.—"Say! Weren't those girls fine?"

McK.—"They certainly were O.K."

Cl.—"Now we had better hustle back to our boarding house."

McK., gazing around—"Do you remember which direction it is from here?"

Cl.—"By jove! I don't, nor the street either."

McK.—"Well, what is the name of the people?"

Cl., after a moment's thought—"I'm not sure, but I think it is J——."

McK.—"My boy, you have it bad. That's the name of the girl you just went home with."

Cl.—"Tell us the name yourself then."

McK.—"I can't, but I know the name of the girl I was with is Annie."

Cl., despairingly—"I guess we'll just have to wander around till we find the place."

As the C.P.R. train is pulling out of Brockville, members of the club are discussing the poor house there.

S-mmy W—"Well we'll have five out at Arnprior anyway!"

T-mmy—"Only five! Then I hope four of them will be girls."

On the train near Ottawa—

Miss S.—"Mr. St-w-rt, where do we go when we get to Ottawa?"

J-m St-w-rt—"Into the Union Station."

M-cK-r--ch-r has come to the conclusion that tailors make coat-tails too strong.