



THE EVER-INCREASING SNOWBALL.

## CATEGORICAL ANSWERS.

"WHERE are the snows of last year?" queried Ronsard, centuries ago. It was very kind and thoughtful of M. Ronsard to ask the question. It showed an enquiring mind. A good many writers of the present day exhibit the same desire to "scrute the inscrutable." They ask "What is the infinite essence of things?" (and just here let me protest against the tendency to fiddle with infinity that the mathematicians and versifiers of our city exhibit). "Where are gone those good old days?" etc., etc. The abomination of their number is only exceeded by that of their numbers.

Well, it might allay the pangs of this school of questioners, these seekers after truth, to tell them that the average man, the ordinary unpoetical snow-shoveling citizen of Toronto, is quite satisfied with the present fleecy sufficiency and doesn't care a cent where the snows of last year are. But to still further satisfy these versifiers I put the question to six of my fellow-citizens, and these are their replies.

QUERY—Where are the snows of last year?

No. 1. Don't know, nor don't care, but I hope that the snow that I shoveled last year will drop in front of that old McBride's house this winter.

No. 2. "Snows of last year, eh? You're on the rounds rather early for a spring poet, young man. Have you any tobacco?"

No. 3. Nixey, but I hope some of it will go to form a little piece of ice just big enough to wreck your interrogative system! Get out of this!!

No. 4. I don't know; but until the city gets a snow-plough I wish all snow were in — (and he named a place where no snows be.)

No. 5. Have you ever seen those girls who amuse their feminine solitariness nightly on Yonge street by riding up and down on a board two inches above this year's snow, and blowing a fog-horn that sounds like the call of the

care-worn cow? Well, last year's snows went with their last year's escorts. See?

No. 6. (*A philosopher*). Last year's snows went with the hopes, the fears, the thoughts of last year, just as the dreams of yesterday faded with the twilight of yesterday; they have gone and we, too, shall go.

Seeing him grow so mournful I sighed for sympathy. "Yes, we too, shall go"—and I went. X.

NEW name for Old Conservatives—"United Empire Loyola-ists."



## IT WASN'T CALLED FOR.

MAMMA (*to Flossie, who had been lunching with a little friend*)—"I hope you were very polite, Flossie, at the table, and said, 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you!'"

FLOSSIE—"Well, I didn't say, 'No, thank you,' because, you see, I took everything."—*Epoch*.