

ROUND THE TABLE.

In a half-serious, half-bantering article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Oscar Wilde bitterly laments the "Decay of Lying." The Table hastens to reassure Oscar's sorrowing heart. No musty legends of the past, we are sure, can contain more unique and æsthetic falsehood than one (our impartiality forbids us to indicate which one) of the two following reports of the same meeting. Thus saith the organ of the Buffs:

"Dr. Capulet was in great shape and made a magnificent speech, holding the audience spell-bound, and dealing in a masterly manner with the public questions of the day. At the close of his speech he received an ovation.

"Mr. Clevis made the usual blue ruin speech, talked about innumerable iniquities, abused the Premier, told a German elector in the audience that his vote was not worth much, and finished up with what was considered and admitted by ardent Blue friends to be a miserable tirade of abuse."

And thus the mouthpiece of the Blues:

"At two o'clock the speaking commenced, Dr. Capulet speaking first. He claimed the support of the electors on the ground of what he had done for the country, and plainly threatened that unless he was elected again the Government would do no more for it. Mr. Clevis followed, and in a splendid speech of an hour and a half placed the issues of the day before the immense crowd in a masterly manner. He was repeatedly cheered."

All which leads the Table to wonder whether the internal evidence does not warrant it in believing that the Blues and the Buffs have the same correspondent at the seat of war.

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In the editorial columns we notice the new magazine *The Collegian*. The "Table" also looked over it, and recognized with a start, such as one feels at meeting his own ghost in the street, its name, "The Round Table," figuring boldly at the head of a conspicuous department of the new volume.

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The conversation happened to drift upon Noah and his cargo. Why we should happen to drift upon this subject, is almost as inscrutable as why the ark should happen to drift upon Ararat rather than any other mountain, but the fact remains that we began to discuss the story of the ark. Our speculative City-Editor had a great many questions to ask as to the smallest size possible in order that the ark might contain representatives of all the animals of the globe; as to the average rainfall per hour necessary to drown the world, etc., etc.; all of which queries were successfully disposed of by the Foreign Editor, who is well-read in Theology, and besides prides himself not a little on his scientific knowledge. But at last our doubting Thomas, driven into a corner, asked as a parting shot what the venerable vessel did for ventilation, since there was only one window some two feet square in the whole concern. "And besides," he added as an after thought, "even if the polar bear did persuade Noah to open the window for a little fresh air, the giraffe would certainly begin to cough, and ask to have it closed again, for fear of sore throat, and thus this shipful of first parents would come to an untimely end through asphyxia." All were struck dumb by this new view of the case. The Foreign Editor ventured an explanation which was unanimously voted rubbish. Finally the College News man, who, by the way, is exceedingly fond of local satire, feebly suggested that perhaps Noah and his family had attended lectures at University College, and so become inured to any atmosphere. "If he hadn't, you know," he concluded, "he would not have known enough about Natural Science to stock the ark."

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For the opinions expressed in the following passage—quoted by George Eliot from Heine's *Reisebilder*—the Table wisely declines to hold itself responsible: "Oh, the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is properly only love turned inside out. Some-

times they attribute some delinquency to us because they think they can in this way gratify some other man. When they write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye."

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MEAT PIE.

A Rhymed Rhapsody.

Wearied are we of Vanity—
Old battered pasteboard fortress
Ten thousand thousand times assailed
By orator and oratress.
Bereached of parsons, of poets berailed,
Once eloquently, now with glib inanity.
Wearied are we of Vanity,
Yea, of that hollow, hollow Vanity
Called Hunger.

Substantial foe of meagreness!
Portly rotund edibility!
Hast heard tell of hollow crown,
Where antic death shows sad agility?
Thy solid coronet of pastry brown
More worthy far ambition's eagerness!
Substantial foe of meagreness!
Banisher of lean, gaunt meagreness!
All hail! Meat Pie!

Poets oft seek for a dream-suggestor,
Seek the genial, red-eye'd whiskey,
Till round and round their pine-board table
May swirl the elves and goblins frisky.
A poet's right to drink when able;
Less frequent feeder he, than good digester.
Poets oft seek for a dream-suggestor;
For a lurid, lurid dream-suggestor,—
Give me Meat Pie!

Shall we sing in song democratic,
Cheaply purchased Nationality,
America's strange commodity?
Truth is oft a strange reality,
And fiction less and less an oddity.
Citizenship for the asking seems erratic,
Argues our guilt of profusion Asiatic.
Shall we sing in song democratic?
"Naught good for nothing," the true saw demo-
cratic.
Meat Pie—Five Cents.

There thou art in the pork-shop window,
Like a Frenchman waiting destiny,
Silently reserved—a glassy reservation.
Yea! a plate-glass barrier, lest any
Five-cent-less student mar thy preservation.
The uncrediting pork-man can't be skinned. Oh!
There thou art in the pork-shop window,
Behind the penal-statute-guarded plate-glass window.
Farewell, Meat Pie!

A. T. HUNTER.

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The metaphysician had long sat in silence, staring through his green goggles at the fantastic flickering of the fire. Suddenly he began in slow sententious speech: "We think our works are great: we have even appreciation of what we so think great; but how can we know it? What criterion, infallible, or even approximate, do we possess? Mayhap, viewed in the light of superior intellect, they would be insignificant and foolish. The greatest productions of the most sublime genius would be ordinary and commonplace if genius were a universal quality of man. There is no such thing as absolute greatness or absolute truth. We are doomed to live in an unreal relative atmosphere of being." Sadly, silently, solemnly the company arose, donned its outer garments, and passed into the darkness of the night.