

"THE MISSING LINK."



"Mrs. B— requests the pleasure"—
Mr. Jones o'erjoyed will be—
"Half-past nine, to tread a measure ;
Come in time. R S. V. P."



Jones his best dress shirt must put on,
Extra polish on his hair,
"Hang it, there's that collar button
Slipped my fingers I declare."



Take the lamp and search the carpet,
P'raps it's fallen in the grate ;
Hurry up my friend, look sharp, it
Will not do to be too late.



'Neath the bed he dives despairing—
Lots of old cigar stumps there—
If he's not exactly swearing,
Well I think that I should swear.



Tragic grows the situation—
Nine o'clock already past,
"Where's that button ! Sure my patience
c' I shall surely lose at last."



"Where's the pincushion, I'll fix it—
That one's broken, what a beast—
Botheration how it pricks—it
Must be half-past nine at least."



Hasty, flurried, hot, perspiring,
Late, he reaches Mrs. B—'s
Friends at intervals enquiring
If he don't feel quite at ease.



Sulks disgusted in the entry
Wishes he had never come ;
Tires quite soon of playing sentry
Makes his bow and hurries home.



Harries home and doffs his panta—
Well I won't your feelings shock—
Fishes out the stud instant
From the bottom of his sock.