

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

BYOND the portals of woe stands that ill-fated chair ;
 And the demon of torture holds revelry there.
 Sad pilgrims have sought it—distracted with pain—
 And, finding, have sneaked from the purlieu again.
 I hate it like poison—oh ! blest if I don't !
 And my *bete noir's* the wretch who was smilingly wont,
 With a purr that was feline, to inveigle me there
 And play Hamlet with me in that plush-covered chair.

Oh ! the ways of that fiend are chuck full of guile.
 Surely blandness itself is as nought to his smile
 When he told me he plainly detected the thrall
 Of decay on my molars, incisors, *et al.*,
 The filling of which would be free from all pain—
 So free I should wish it done over again.
 Reassured, I sat down with a half-muttered prayer,
 And the circus began in that plush-covered chair.

All the neighbours for blocks heard a scalp-lifting yell ;
 And the language in which I endeavoured to tell
 To humanity's ear of the jab which he gave
 At the nerve of the " canine " I'd striven to save,
 And the leer of the wretch—when another loud roar
 Told the public a Trust had been shattered once more—
 As he asked me—vulgarian !—to " keep on my hair "
 And be seated once more in that plush-covered chair.

As clay in the hands of the potter, forsooth !
 I sat whilst he quarried a hole in the tooth,
 And, without my consent, introduced to the scene
 A treadle which worked like a sewing machine—
 Whir-r ! Fiz !! Snip !!!—Hold ! Enough !—Oh ! my agon-
 ized shouts,