

At last Mr. Tiggs entered the drawing-room.

A few minutes conversation with that worthy parent, and the bridesmaids came downstairs and met him one by one—pretty creatures they were, all of them. As each one appeared Mobbs whispered in excited haste—"That-my-melia Mst-Tiggs?"

"Restrain your emotion my son," replied the father, pressing his hand in token of affection. "Ha—Mr. Mobbs—SHE COMES!" A flutter of a silk dress coming down stairs—a pleasant hiss as of waving lace, and Amelia appeared.

"Mr. Mobbs," said Mr. Tiggs, "will you now escort the bride elect to a seat?"

"No-no—Mr. Tiggs—don't-go-playin-with-a-feller—that's-not-melia—my-melia—stout's-bullock—heavens—red-hair-Mr.-Tiggs—not-my-melia—scented-little-notes—sweet-little-creechur—No-no-no!"

Mr. Mobbs, who was as red as Vesuvius, on beholding his bride, poured all this into his father-in-law's ear in a hurried whisper, while Amelia, who weighed fifteen stone eight, and whose hair was of an unpleasant ruddy and vegetable tint, waited near the door prepared for anything.

Without deigning to reply to Mr. Mobbs' remarks in the same confidential tone in which they had been uttered, Mr. Tiggs rose and said:

"Mr. Mobbs, do I rightly understand the drift of your coarse remarks to imply that you intend to offer premeditated insult to a father's heart?"

(Miss Amelia Tiggs fainted hereupon, and fell into the arms of two bridesmaids, who, finding her too heavy to hold, let her drop, which sudden precipitation to the floor aroused the bride sufficiently to cry "Oh!" but discovering she was unhurt she relapsed.

"Am I right in arriving at the conclusion, Mr. Mobbs continued Tiggs—"that you have only intended to trifle with the feelings of a—I may say—parent?—to lead astray and then discard the tender and loving heart of a sweet and innocent girl—and, in short, that notwithstanding your engagement made before the um—a—present company—and the manner in which you insiduously obtained the promise of my daughter Amelia's hand, by working upon the feelings of a paternal bosom—do I understand that you—um ah!—ha! hum—in fact, that you object to lead the sweet and innocent girl, whom you have torn from the care of her beloved aunt, and whose heart you have well-nigh broken—to lead Amelia, in short, to the Hymeneal, let us say *altar*?" and Mr. Tiggs wiped from his brow the perspiration which the contemplation of Mobbs' cold-blooded villany had induced.

Mobbs gave one glance at the "sweet girl" whose "tender and loving heart" he had broken ("the sweet girl" was two-and-thirty, if she was a day)—then he cried with the strength of determination, albeit he was very red indeed—

"I'll-be-blow'd-if-I-do!"

"Villain!" said Tiggs.

"Monster!" cried the bridesmaids—(Mobbs is a little man.)

"Action for breach of promise, papa—we've got his letters, and plenty of witnesses," sobbed the "innocent girl," recovering from her swoon. As to Mobbs he jumped out of the window, which was fortunately on the ground floor, and bolted towards Kingsland Gate with all his might, leaving the "father's heart" and the "sweet innocent girl" to do their worst.

Mobbs never again appeared at the office of Messrs. Tyne, Young, Hyson, and Co. He left London, and his address is a secret which even the Editor of this paper cannot penetrate, so it is quite useless for Mr. Tiggs to trouble him on the subject.

If there's one name in the world that Mr. Mobbs hates more than all the rest, that name is Amelia, and if there is another that comes next in Mobbs' mind, deserving of abhorrence, that name is Tiggs.

Mobbs' landlady is a very different sort of person to the one who used to look after him when in London. She takes a great interest in him, and tells all her friends he is "a nice young man; but why don't he marry?"

Mr. Mobbs knows very well—so do you, dear reader!

EUSTACE HINTON JONES.

PASTIMES.

ENIGMA.

A gentleman made the following request of a lady,

Give me kind Miss, a thing I crave, A thing which you can never have; Nor never had in ages past, Nor never will while ages last, Yet give it me, kind Miss, I pray, For if you will, I know you may.

CHARADES.

If you are wicked, wild, profane, Or given much to thirst; Of person or of talents vain, I hope you'll do my first.

The character we form of you, Is from your actions reckoned. Reform! and to yourself be true; And don't exclaim my second.

My whole is daily in the street, Most rarely seen on Sunday. In Montreal, I think, 'tis met, Most frequently on Monday.

J. M.

2. The Grampians to your view now burst, In Norval's flock you'll see my first. Remember when you ran the race, You did my second—'twas the pace! When you were vexed, the other day, You were my whole. What is it? Say!

J. M.

3. I am composed of 38 letters. My 10, 11, 38, 20, 6, 2, is to decay. My 8, 26, 14, 35, 36, 24, is a great show. My 17, 15, 16, is a useful metal. My 29, 34, 9, 19, is what everybody ought to do. My 1, 18, 16, is a number. My 2, 31, 29, is an article of apparel. My 16, 9, 12, 30, is an odorous plant. My 8, 29, 28, 30, 24, is a precise woman. My 8, 3, 35, is a vegetable. My 33, 26, 25, 23, is hasty. My 4, 9, 7, is a winged animal. My 5, 29, 11, is before. My 13, 5, 22, 24, is a man's nick-name. My 21, 24, 27, 1 is what the sun does. My 32, 24, 21, is an answer which some like to get.

My 37, is a vowel. My 13, 38, 15, 19, 3, is what goeth before a fall.

My whole is a compliment.

H. P. IROQUOIS.

NOTE.—We insert the above at the request of a correspondent. Ed. S. R.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. LLAAAAAHEEEEEEMMKKCCPHYRTW. The name of a noted English writer. 2. PPPEELLSWWHYROUA. The title of one of his works.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Compe I am the plural for all colours, behead me, I am sombre, for I remain a grave. 2. Complete I am to be found in every town; behead me, and few ladies can dress themselves without me; behead again, and I play an important part in some games.

MEASLES.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A gentleman being asked his age, replied thus: "My age, if multiplied by four, And then increased by half a score, Will give a number, which, if doubled, And then split up (now don't look troubled!) Into seventeen equal parts, will be Just half my age. What is't?—tell me."

ANSWERS TO ACRSTIC, Etc., No. 39.

Double acrostic.—A barking dog seldom bites. 1. Agesilaus. Brockville. 3. Arundel. 4. Ravenswood. 5. Kosciusko. 6. Ithream. 7. Nabob. 8. Garibaldi. 9. Davenport. 10. Oudenarde. 11. Galashiels. Transpositions.—1. Tennyson. 2. Longfellow. 3. Walter Scott. 4. Charles Dickens. 5. Bulwer Lytton. Decapitations. Crown, Own, Now, Row, Orow, Worn. Charades. 1. Level. 2. Shakspeare. Acrostic. Norman Macleod. 1. Nottingham. 2. Oldenburg. 3. Rideau. 4. Manchester. 5.

Amsterdam. 6. Newcastle. 7. Montreal. 8. Car. 9. Cherbourg. 10. Lyons. 11. Emden. 12. Otranto. 13. Dantzic.

The following answers have been received:—

Double Acrostic.—Nemo, Geo. B, Flora, H. H. V, Cloud. Nellie. Transpositions.—Isabel, H. Patton, Nemo, Flora, Ellen G. Neille. Decapitation.—M.D., Nemo, Geo. B, Flora, Ellen G. Neille. Charades.—Isabel, H. Patton, M.D., Nemo, Flora, H. H. V. Neille. Acrostic.—Nemo, H. H. V., Geo. B, Flora.

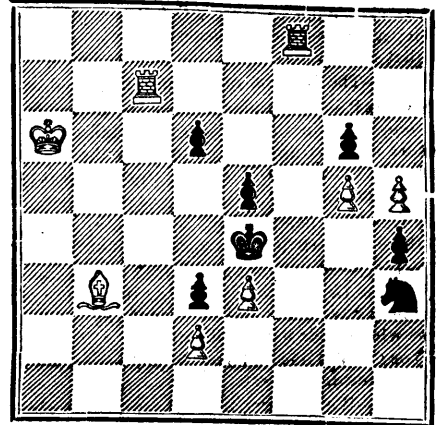
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. TORONTO.—It is very welcome, and shall shortly have a place. C. C. B. CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—We have a letter "on the stocks" for you.

PROBLEM No. 29.

E. H. COURTENAY, WASHINGTON, D. C. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 27.

WHITE. 1. K to Kt sq. 2. R to Kt 6th. 3. Kt Mates. BLACK. B to R 4th (best.) Anything.

ENIGMA No. 8.

Kling and Horwitz.

K 2. Q 8. KB 3.

K 3. K 4. Black only draws.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 6.

WHITE. 1. K to K Kt 8th (ch.) 2. R to K B 8th (ch.) 3. P to K 7th (dis. ch.) 4. B takes Q Mate. BLACK. R takes R. R takes R. Q interposes.

Lively skirmish played in the rooms of the Ontario Chess Club, Hamilton, C. W.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Mr. W.) 1 P to K 4th. 2 K Kt to B 3rd. 3 B to Q B 4. 4 P to Q Kt 4. 5 P to Q. B 8. 6 Castles. 7 P to Q 4. 8 P takes P. 9 Q to Q Kt 3. 10 B to K Kt 5. 11 Q Kt to B 8. 12 P to K 5. 13 P takes P. 14 Kt takes Kt. 15 Kt takes P. 16 Kt takes R. 17 B to Q Kt 5 (ch.) 18 Q to K Kt 8 (ch.) 19 Q takes Kt P (ch.) 20 Q E to Q sq. (ch.) 21 Q to K 7 (ch.) BLACK. (Mr. C.) 1 P to K 4th. 2 Q Kt to B 3rd. 3 B to Q B 4th. 4 B takes Kt P. 5 B to Q R 4. 6 P to Q 8. 7 P takes P. 8 B to Q Kt 3. 9 Q to K B 3. 10 Q to Q Kt 8. 11 K Kt to B 8. 12 P takes P. 13 Kt takes P. 14 Q takes B. 15 Q to K B 6. 16 Kt to Kt 5. 17 P to Q B 8. 18 K to Q 2. 19 K to Q 3. 20 K to B 4.

When Black struck his colours.