

HANS BIERSVILLER ON PROHIBITION.

Ach! you shust bet I does! efery time! Yes, siree! Mine bierhaus long since ago vas schutt up nefer any more. I mine bier wid-out goes, and ven I veels like I wants some lager I say—hold! schtopp there! you Hans Biersviller! I wants to know vere's your vrau? Dead! Vere's your peety leedle boy Fritz? In the shenapentiary! Vat! yap! dat's so! an' you haf nobodies dat lofes you, only de vag of mine toggie's tail! Dot ish vat mine bierhaus do vor me. No, Herr Hans—I kess you not haf das bier.

Von dem dedodal mans de town go round, dey to my place gomes undt say, "Hans, ve wants your wote vor brobition." "Ter teufel! vat you schutts up mine bierhaus vor? Vat vor you go meddle mit das bier? Vat das lager got to say agin you? I lofes das bier! Ach! you go vay mit yourself, undt your brobition. Undt vay he goes undt I lafs ha! ha! ha! undt I say, ter teufel mit brobition! I lofes mine bierhaus undt mine bier undt I sings, "Ha! ha! ha! you undt me, leedle prawn jug, doan I lofe dee?" undt mine leedle poy Fritz mit de curly flax, he sing too, undt I gifs Frits von leedle drop das bier, undt he gif mine tog Beezmahk das bier, undt Beezy he crows undt his nose snuff so. Ha! ha! ha! I laf again, undt say, Beezy vor brobition go. Mine sohn, Beezmark von abtobtalt schtainer. Ha! ha! ha! der togs brobition go for, I say, undt mineself undt mine poy Fritz ver merry make.

Put ven mine leedle poy Fritz crow pig, undt haf von moustache, he lofe bier, undt he lofe vishky, undt vines, unkt rum, undt prandy, undt he get drunk, ach! so mooch! Von I say, "You dat drink schtopp, Fritz Biersviller," he laf undt say, "Vy, vater, ven you durn brobition?" undt he vinks ven I not see, undt some more vishky takes, undt he svaggering down der street goes, like von tam fool mit his head on von side his hat, undt der cigar like von valking stick his mouth inside. I not lafs no more! undt sing leedle prawn jug, ha! ha! Dere vas always von pig lump in mine troat ven I looks at dat poy—mine leedle Fritz, it veels like he vas dead. Undt mine vrau, dat poy's mutter, she veep undt sho cry, undt cry, undt I get no schleep vor dat way she cry, "Hans Biersviller, you my poy ruin mit your bierhans, ach! ach! mine poy! mine leedle Fritz! You haf my poy destroy mit drink!"

"Vat you mean, Gretchen?" I say, "vat you means? Dot ish mine boy, too, undt I lofes him. Vy you makes me mad? Vy you say I ruin mine poy?"

"Cause you learn him drink. He drink das bier undt you gifs him drink."

"Ach! mein Gott! but I not gifs him vishky, vines undt prandy; I hates vishky." Undt Fritz he come in shvaggering; ach! Gott in Himmel! vosh dot mine leedle poy Fritz? Beezy doan know him; he bark undt crows! He curse die mutter undt curse der vater, undt he laf, undt cry, undt sing, undt die mutter her fingers into her ears put undt cry out, "Ach, Fritz! mine sohn! mine sohn!" Undt die mutter he schtrike mit his fist, undt ven I him down knocks, he klick me, undt curse me, his vater, mine poor poy Fritz—~~he~~ vas so mad mit der drink! so un-mensch! Ach! ach! mine heart vas proke, and mine vrau she die mit die heartbroke undt I say, "Fritz, mine boy, gif it up, dis drink, nefer any more." Undt Fritz he laf ter teufel's laf undt say, "Hello, vater! old Governor, ven you durn brobition?" Undt, by gemini! I durns brobition mit a wengeance, I knocks der blugs of mine parrels out, undt der classes undt derganters I schmash; undt Fritz he say der Covner onsane, put I cry, no. I vas onsane to learn mine poy undt oder beepless poy do drink mit das lager bier. I haf kill mine vrau, undt mine boy is verlor-

ren, and Beezy don't vag his tail nefer any more. Put I petter knows now undt I durn brobition; undt maypee ven mine leedle poy Fritz von der shenapentiary heimgang, der bier-hauses vill be schutt undt he vont to de shenapentiary go, and Beezy vill vag his tail mit gluck! Yap! you bet, I vor brobition goes.

CONFIDENTIAL CONFESSIONS.

For some time past Mr. GRIP has had poured into his sympathetic ears a number of confessions by various old subscribers. Feeling, however, that some of the confessions are overpowering in their intensity, as a relief therefrom, he has determined upon taking the liberty of presenting them before an over-indulgent public in the hope that those who read may be the wiser and better for their courage.

I. THE MISERABLE MAN'S.

It is a pleasure for me to own I am a miserable man. I would go to the housetops and proclaim the fact to all were I not afraid of being too happy whilst doing so. From my youth up joy has made me miserable. When at school successes at the desk caused me much unhappiness. Once I found a purse containing ten dollars. Any other boy would have been jubilant. I, on the contrary, made my way to a secluded corner and wept bitterly. As I passed from youth to manhood I became more and more miserable. In my secret soul I was happy. The only thing that marred my joy was the constant references of my friends to my suitableness for an undertaker's duties. This caused me at times to break into a smile. Oh, how I suffered for that smile! Yet even that was not without its corresponding degree of comfort to my heart. I thought of the smile, and it caused me misery, and thus I obtained my comfort. At the age of twenty-two I married. I trust this will prove no surprise. The girl of my choice was even more miserable than I. The first time I saw her there were tears upon her pretty face. The second time she was weeping bitterly. How thankful I felt. I had found a responsive heart. Our courtship was a series of deep-drawn sighs, our marriage a most solemn one, my wife weeping copiously, whilst I groaned between the responses. It is now thirty years since that eventful day, and we have been happy. When I see my wife inclined to be cross I smile—how my heart bleeds to smile!—this causes her tears to well forth, and by the time they have ceased to flow she has forgotten her anger. When she first presented me with two living marks of her affection I should have made many demonstrations of joy according to the way of the world, but I retired to a quiet corner and saturated three large handkerchiefs with my thankfulness. Since then many other marks of affection have followed, and as they have grown up they have preferred to take my views of happiness. Nothing gives me greater pleasure when I arrive home from my daily toil than to see my family weeping in various parts of the house. It serves as their recreation. When any of them do wrong I place them in the centre of the room and order them to laugh heartily for five minutes. It is the severest punishment I can inflict upon them. Ah, my friends, it would be well if more would cultivate this spirit of miserableness. No unhappy surprises; no rebuffs; no disappointments; prepared for every sorrow; taking comfort out of every grief. The happy man is but happy for brief snatches of time only, the next moment to be plunged into a state of misery which to me would be positive luxury. Give me a miserable life.

Speaking of excise duty, is not the duty of a man who measures you for a collar a neck-size duty?

DEBILITY.—Perhaps you are weak and weary, all run down, get tired with slight exertion, feel faint and dizzy, or dull and languid, then you need a good tonic regulator to make pure blood circulate, and give you strength. Try Burdock Blood Bitters—it will not fail you.

The foot is as the boot makes it.

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

The way some people write stories is a study—there is so much between their lines. Now, here is the way a pretty little thing in one of our dailies wound up: "N—A— lived for many years, happiest of husbands."

This statement has aroused an unsatisfied longing in my heart. I want to know more of poor N—A—'s career. Why wasn't he happy more than "many years?" To be sure, he had the pull of some of us at that, but one doesn't like to see a pretty spectacle marred. Was it his mother-in-law? But no; the story says his father-in-law was a widower. Could it have been the old man? Or a soft corn? Or his dude pants? Or tho "might have been"? Alas! who can tell! Why, oh, why?

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of WM. WEST & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

"No, no. I haven't any interest in 'the trade,' but I've several thousand dollars invested in the manufacture of native wine." This is what a bird of the air carried to me when I read the manifesto of the L.T.U. Whom did the bird mean, I wonder?

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion, The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

The Brantford *Expositor* says Sheriff Scarie's official sword is "a light affair partaking somewhat of the nature of a foil." That is not so much amiss, Mr. *Expositor*, if your sheriff uses his weapon dexterously against roguery and rascality. It is sometimes better to disarm a man than to run him through.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.