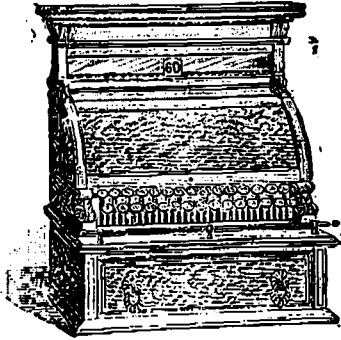


SMALL LEAKS
SINK GREAT SHIPS.

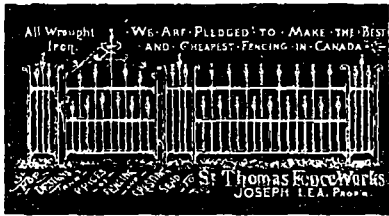


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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give names and P. O. address.

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It is in treating disease, the Physio-Medicalist rejects all poisons and hurtful processes, and uses only such remedial means as are known to act in harmony with Nature. Poisons tend to destroy! Medicines should tend to save.

A PETRIFIED man has been dug in Massachusetts. He must be the same man whose wife would not let him buy her a sealskin saccque until he first bought himself a fine overcoat.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

Minister's Wife (looking over the paper).—“You're referred to in this morning's paper, my dear, as a distinguished clergyman.”

Minister.—“I'm. I thought that my sermon yesterday would attract attention. Is it published in full or only a synopsis given?”

Wife.—“Neither. You are spoken of as a distinguished clergyman in connection with that patent medicine testimonial you sent to Dr. Quack.”—Courier Journal.

Mary to Departing Young Man.—Adieu, adieu!

Mary's Little Brother.—That fellow's adieu'd, aint he?

Teacher.—What is a substantive?

Tim (son of a statesman).—It's the man what goes to the conviction when you don't go yourself.

Jones.—That's Hong Ho, the Chinese merchant. He is worth his million.

Robinson.—He's a daisy.

Jones.—No, he's only a China Astor.

Doctor of Divinity.—I did not give my sermon a moment's thought, until I entered the pulpit. How was it?

Deacon.—Well, I shall have to ask the brethren. I did not give it a moment's thought until you asked me.

GRIP with true *esprit de corps* is glad to make a note of any advance in the sister arts, and for this reason has pleasure in observing the achievements in photography made of late by Mr. J. Fraser Bryce. In the hands of an artist like this gentleman photography almost ceases to be mechanical. Visit his studio, 107 King Street, west, and judge for yourself.

MR. DOHERTY alleges that persons who buy Sarnia stoves and ranges are better pleased than a new subscriber to GRIP. This is not so, for all our subscribers, both new and old, being long-headed citizens, buy the Sarnia goods as a matter of course.

Servant.—Missus is sorry to say she isn't at home to-day.

Mr. Berkeley (with a grand air).—Tell your mistress that I am extremely sorry I didn't call here to-day.

Club man.—I have a terrible cold in my head.

Man of the World.—Better than than nothing.

FROM the letter of a Boston girl to a lady friend who had recently visited her: “Dearest Josephine, I cannot get used to your dear absence.”

CONSUMPTION CURED.



But One Lung Left

To use this gentleman's own words: “I contracted a cold while at school in 1877. A catarrhal cough set in; the cold gradually settled on my lungs, the catarrh ceased, and consumption started; my flesh was gradually reduced; my strength gradually but rapidly left me; my cough and expectoration became severe and profuse, and I was a physical wreck. Being close to Toronto I consulted the best skill in the city, but received no encouragement, and had given up all hope. A personal friend of mine, Mr. Aiton, and former patient of Dr. McCully's, induced me to apply to the Doctor, and the result is I am still alive. I have lost one lung, but I still have one good one. I am now strong, fleshy and well: in fact I am now heavier than ever before in my life. Can consumption be cured? My answer is emphatically yes! My present address is Highland Creek.

Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM HENRY.”

The Medical and Surgical Association of Canada, and the Ontario Pulmonary and Electric Institute

Now offer the public a series of cases we have cured. Everyone of these cases has gone through from one to one dozen medical men's hands without cure or benefit, and yet these men sneer at us and call us advertising quacks. One of them in this city gets more cheap advertising than any man in Ontario; he is likewise fed on taxes we pay to boot and considers it a privilege to call us quacks. By careful study of disease, and skill in the application of medicine, these cases were cured and are now landmarks in life of our ability, and at the same time monuments of the ignorance of the average Doctor in chronic disease. Our Medical Brethren have been generous enough to shout: Down with these quacks! and the Legislature has been twice asked to make a law to prevent us from using printers' ink, and why? Because they would rather have death in chronic disease score the innings than the Medical and Surgical Association.

When we took those cases they were dying! They are now well! Who needs protection, the medical profession or the dying people whose lives can be saved? But the dignity of the medical profession is being brought into contempt! Never mind the lives of the people! Happy profession! Unhappy people!

We treat and cure all Chronic Diseases and all Deformities arising from Habit, Inheritance, or Accident.

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