The River of Speech.

There flows a river through the earth,
From hills of heaven it hath its birth;
Through all the lands that stream hath gone,
For men to float their thoughts upon.

Some send rich fleets of myrrh and gold,
Ships argosied with gems untold;
And though the men upon the shore
Bind them upon their hearts, the store,
Like prophet's oil, grows more and more.

And some send flowers from fairy lands,
That float to little children's hands;
And some—alas! this should not be—
Send ships that sail upon the sea,
Beneath the pirate's flag of black,
With wreck and rapine on the track.

And some send idle straws alone;
And some rich seeds that may be sown,
In furrows earnest: for they will rise,
Dear flowers to aching hearts and eyes.

And some send holy words that shed
A strange light on the river's bed—
A light so steady, earnest, fair,
You almost think God's stars are there.

Long years ago, past ships and stars,
A fleet sailed through Eastern bars,
And on the waves a heavenly spell,
A silent consecration fell;
The stream grew holy as it bore
Christ's spoken thoughts from shore to shore.

HUMOROUS.

A little girl who has been very observant of her parent's mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered: "It is giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

Some admiring poet said of his ladylove: "Upon her face a thousand dimples smile for me!" Which only adds more emphasis to the adage: "Love is blind." How like the mischief a girl would look with a thousand dimples on her face. The poet must have meant freckles.

A London tourist met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual, she was carrying her boots in her hand, trudging along barefoot. "My girl," he said, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?" "Partly they do," said the girl, "and partly they mind their own business."

A missionary visited St. Vincent's Hospital last week, says the *Catholic Sentinel*, and among the patients he came across an old acquaintance who had been brought there almost dead, but who had subsequently recovered. "Well, Pat," said the missionary, "I'm glad to see you have recovered. Weren't you afraid to meet the Almighty when you were so very sick?" "Oh, no, your reverence," replied Pat, "it was meetin' the *other party* that I was afeared of!"

PUTTING THE DOCTOR "OUT."—Doctor Murphy was boasting recently that the climate of Minnesota beats the climate of California or any other State, and, with a triumphant air of exultation, exclaimed, "Look at me! Behold my beautiful rounded form! When I came here I weighed only ninety-seven pounds, and now I weigh two hundred and seventy-five pounds. What do you think of that?" One of the sons of the late Bishop Willoughby standing by said, "Why, doctor, that's nothing, look at me; I weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and when I came to Minnesota, I weighed only six pounds." The doctor left.

A HIGHLY COLORED JOKE.—Last evening, as a representative of the Hawkeye was passing along Valley street, he heard a lady of color call to her companion across the street:—"Hello, ober dar; did you know dat one ob de proprietorics ob de Water Company am dead?" "La, no; am dat so?" "Specs it am;" and colored lady No. 1 laughed as though a rich joke had dropped out of existence leaving her an immense fortune; but stopped long enough to add:—"Don't you see de property am in mournin'?" Looking around, the Hawkeye man observed for the first time that the witty descendant of Ham was sitting on a water hydrant.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THOUGHT IT WAS A REGISTER.—There is a saloon keeper in New York who has an old-fashioned clock, which he prizes greatly. It is built on the principle of my "Grandfather's Clock," and might have served as a model to that ancient timepiece. It occupies a place high upon the wall, and two leaden weights hang in full sight suspended by brass chains. Yesterday a man came in, whose perceptions were temporarily dulled by the use of the cup that cheers, and also, etc! Seeing the weights, he caught hold of each and pulled with all his might so successfully that he sat emphatically on the floor with several yards of chain and a confusion of wheels around him. "How much did he register?" he inquired. "Register! you idiot, you have ruined the clock." "Clock—clock! Why, I thought it was a pulling machine." It is perhaps needless to say that the clock stopped short, never to go again.

Raising a New Crop of Hair.

It was one of the by-laws of Heartache's Heavenly Hair Raiser, that it be used liberally before retiring, rubbing it well into the scalp. Just before he went to bed that night the man bolted the back door, put the cat in the wood-shed, came in whistling the *Fatinitza* waltz, danced up to the clock-shelf, and pouring out a handful of what he supposed to be his fertilizer he mopped it all over his scalp and stirred it well in around the roots of the little hedge of hair at the back of his neck.

The glue bottle, by an unearthly coincidence, was nearly the same shape and size as the hair-sap bottle.

He went to bed.

"George," said his wife, turning her face to the wall, "that stuff you put on your head smells like a pan of soap-grease."

"Perhaps I had better go up stairs and sleep," snarled George. "You're mighty sensitive! You wouldn't expect that a man can put stuff on his head that will make his hair grow, and make it smell like essence of winter-green, would you? They went to sleep as mad as Turks.

This particular bald-headed man, like a good many other bald-headed men, had to get up and build the fires. When he arose next morning, the sun peeped in at the window and saw the pillow cling to the back of his head, like a great white chignon. At first he did not realize his condition; he thought it must have caught on a pin or a shirt button. It looked ridiculous, and he would throw it back on the bed before his wife saw it, so he caught it quickly by one end and "yanked."

"O! O! Darnation to fishhooks what's been goin' on here? Thunder an' lightnin,!" and he began to claw at his scalp like a lunatic. His wife sprang up from her couch and began to sob hysterically.

"O, don't George! What is it! What's the matter?"

George was dancing about the room, the pillow now dangling by a few hairs, his scalp covered with something that looked like sheet copper, while the air was redolent of warlike expletives, as if a dictionary had exploded. With a woman's instinct the poor wife took in the situation at a glance and explained:

"It is the glue!"

The bald-headed man sat down in a chair and looked at her for a moment in contemptuous silence and then uttered the one expressive word:

"Glue!"

Now began a series of processes and experiments, unheard of in the annals of chemistry.

"Jane you must soak it off with warm water. I've got to go to Utica to-day."

"I can't, George," she said in a guilty tone; "it's water-proof."

"Yes, I might have known it; and I s'pose it's fire-proof, too, ain't it?"

He scratched over the smooth plating with his finger nails.

"It's hard as iron." he said.

"Yes—he said it was good glue!" replied she, innocently. "Can't you skin it off with your razor, George?"

Don't be a bigger fool than you are, Jane. Get me that course file on the wood shel."

It may be imagined what followed, and now as the bald-headed man sits in his office, he never removes his hat, for his entire skull is a howling waste of blistered desert, relieved here and there by cases of black court plaster.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

EVICTION LAWS.

The laws for which evictions for non-payment of rents are authorized have been on the statute books in Ireland only thirty years. It was not until 1860 that the same power was given to other courts. The Attorney General for Ireland in a recent debate laid stress on the fact that by the Roman civil law, and even the law of Scotland, if, through some supervening calamity, such as extreme inclemency of weather, a tenant's crops does not repay his labor and his seed, he is not liable for his rent. In one case where the tenant's crop had been destroyed by a tremendous fall of hail, the Scotch courts held that he had sufficient cause for not paying his rent. The Echo contends that the English Law of Distress, as it applies to the land, is an unjust law. It gives the landlord a right accorded to no other creditor, for it permits him, by a short, easy and summary process, to obtain his rents, without the expense and delay of legal proceedings. That is generosity itself compared with that under which the Irish tenant lives. Such a thing as ejectment for the non-payment of rent is unknown to the law of England. By the terms of the contract between landlord and tenant it is stipulated to observe the covenant; but, unless there is a covenant that he shall be ejected for non-payment of rent, he cannot be turned out, except after the usual notice, whereas, in Ireland, provided he is a year's rent in arrears, or four months beyond the time when his rent is ordinarily paid, he can be summarily evicted.

HOW TO GET SICK.

Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.

See what the Clergy say.

Rev. R. H. CRAIG, Princeton, N. J., says: Last summer when I was in Canada, I caught a bad cold in my throat. It settled in it so that often in the middle of my sermon my throat and tongue would become so dry I could hardly speak. My tongue was covered with a white parched crust, and my throat was much inflamed. An old lady of my congregation advised me to use the Shoshonees Remedy, which she was using. The first dose relieved me, and in a few days my throat was nearly well. I discontinued the use of it, but my throat not being entirely well became worse again. I procured another supply, and am happy to say that my throat is entirely well and the white crust has entirely disappeared. I wish that every minister who suffers from sore throat would try the Great Shoshonees Remedy.

Rev. GEO. W. GROUT, Stirling, Ont., says, Mrs. George Francis was severely afflicted with Kidney disease, and had been under the care of three physicians without any beneficial result. She has since taken four bottles of the Shoshonees Remedy, and is in the best of health.

Rev. T. C. CROWN, Brooklyn, Ont., says: My wife was very low with Lung disease, and given up by her physician. I bought a bottle of the Shoshonees Remedy, and at the end of two days she was much better. By continuing the Remedy she was perfectly restored. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles, $1; Pills 25 cents a box. Sold by all medicine dealers.

INSURANCE.

BOOTS & SHOES.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON POST OFFICE.

Summer *Arrangement.*

MAILS AS UNDER.	Close. A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	Due for Delivr A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Great Western Railway, Going East—Main Line.						
By Railway P.O. for all places East—H. & T. R., Buffalo, Boston, Eastern States, etc.	5 00	1 15	..	8 00	1 30	6 30
New York	..	1 15	7 00	8 00	2 45	..
G. T. R.—East of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and Maritime Provinces		1 15	5 00	8 00	6 30	
Thro' Bags—Hamilton	7 30	5 00	..	8 00	1 30	6 30
Hamilton and Toronto	5 00	1 15	5 00			
G.W.R. Going West—Main Line						
Thro' Bags—Bothwell, Glencoe, Mt. Brydges ..	5 30	..	..	8 00	2 45	..
Railway P. O. mails for all places west of London, Detroit, Western States, Manitoba, etc.	..	1 15	..	..	2 45	..
Thro' Bags—Windsor, Amh'stburg, Sandwich, Detroit and Western States, Manitoba..	..	..	7 00	8 00	2 45	..
Thro' Bags — Chatham and Newbury	..	..	7 00	8 00	2 45	..
Sarnia Branch—G. W. R.				8 00	2 45	..
Thro' Bags—Petrolia, Sarnia, Strathroy, Watford and Wyoming	5 00	..	..	8 00	2 45	..
Railway P. O. Mails for all places west	..	1 15	..	..	2 45	..
Ailsa Craig, Camlachie, Forest, Thedford, Parkhill and Widder	5 00	12 15	1 15	..		
Canada S. R., L. & P. S. and St. Clair Branch Mails.						
Glanworth, White Oak. ..	7 30	..	..	9 00		
Wilton Grove	..	1 15	..	9 00		
Canada Southern east of St. Thomas and for Aylmer and dependencies, Port Bruce and Orwell	7 30	..	..			
Canada Southern west of St. Thomas..	7 30	1 15	..	..		..
St. Clair Branch Railwy, P. O. mails—Courtwright to St. Thomas, etc.	..	1 15	..	..	2 45	..
St. Thomas	6, 7 30	1 15	..	9 00	2 45	6 30
Port Stanley	7 30	1 15	..	..	2 45	6 30
Port Dover & Lake Huron mails	5 00	..	..	8 00	..	..
London, Huron & Bruce—All places between London, Wingham and Goderich	..	1 15	..	11 00	..	..
W., G. & B. and Southern Extension of W., G. & B.	5 00	..	..	8 00	2 45	6 30
Between Harrisburg and Fergus	..	1 15	..	8 00	..	..
Buffalo & Lake Huron, west of Stratford, and G. T. west of Stratford	..	12 15	..	..	..	
Buffalo & Lake Huron, between Paris and Stratford	12 15	..	..	..	..	6 30
Buffalo & Lake Huron, between Paris S. and Buffalo.. ..	12 15	..	..	..	2 45	..
G. T. R., between Stratford and Toronto	..	12 15	..	..	..	2 45
St. Mary's and Stratford ..	6 30	12 15	4 15	8 00	11 00	6 30
Thro' Bags—Clinton, Goderich, Mitchell and Seaforth ..	..	12 15	15		..	6 30
The Grove	..	..	4 15	11 00	..	..
Belton, Thorndale (daily), Cherry Grove, St. Ives (Tus. and Fridays)	..	12 15	..	..	..	6 30
Stage Routes—Between Aylm'r, Lyons, Harrietsville, Mossley, Dorchest'r Station (daily each way).. ..	6 00	1 15	..	00	1 30	..
Byron (Monday, Wednesday and Friday)	..	2 00	..	11 30	..	..
Crumlin and Evelyn (Tuesday and Friday)	..	00	..	100	..	..
Amiens, Bowood, Coldstream, Fernhill, Ivan, Lobo, Nairn (Tusd'y, Thursd'y & Satrd'y)	7 00	..	..	..	..	6 30
Arva, Birr, Elginfield, Masonville	7 00	..	..	..	..	6 30
Bryanston, Devizes (Wednesday and Saturday) ..	7 00	..	..	..	..	30
Ettrick, Telfer, Vanneck ..	7 00	..	..	..	..	30
Lucan	7 00	1 15	..	11 00	..	6 30
London East	7 00	12 00	2 00	8 00	12 00	4 00
Askin	7 00	..	..	..	2 30	..
Parkhill and Strathroy stage (Tues', Thurs' and Saturday	7 00	1 15	..	..	2 30	..
Belmont, Nilestown, Ealong and Derwent	..	1 15	..	11 0	..	..
London, St. James' Park and Delaware (daily)	..	2 00	..	11 30	..	..
Petersville, ...		12 30	2 00		..	..
White Oak—Monday, Wednesday and Friday	7 30	..	..	..	2 15	..

FOR GREAT BRITAIN.—The latest hours for dispatching letters, etc., for Great Britain are—Mondays at 7:30 a.m., per Cunard packet, via New York; Tuesdays at 7:30 a.m., per Inman or White Star Line, via New York; Fridays at 1 p.m., per Canadian packet via Rimouski. Postage on Letters, 5c per ½ oz.; Newspapers, 2c per 4 oz.; registration fee, 5c.

Rates of Postage on Letters between places in the Dominion—3c per ½ oz., pre-paid by postage stamp; if posted unpaid will be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Letters posted exceeding ½ oz. in weight, and prepaid only 3c, will be rated double the amount of deficient postage not prepaid.

Post Cards to United Kingdom, 2c each.

MONEY ORDERS.—Issued and paid on and from any Money Order Office in the Dominion of Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, British India, Newfoundland, and the United States.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.—Deposits will be received at this office from $1 to $300. Depositors obtaining the Postmaster-General's special permission can deposit $1,000. Deposits on Savings Bank account received from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Office hours from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Letters intended for Registration mus b posted 1 minutes before the closing of each mail.

N.B.—It is particulary requested ha the senders of mail matter will kindly add the names of the Counties t the addresses.

L. LAWLESS Postmaster.

London Post Office, 2nd Aug., 1880.

ORGANS.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

GROCERIES.

DRUGS & CHEMICALS.

FINANCIAL.

HARDWARE.