

Montreal *Evening Post* we find: "Sugar refining is not such a profitable business in the United States after all. The Calvert Refinery of Baltimore is about to close, having lost all its active capital."

When the 42nd Regiment (Black Watch) landed at Cyprus, the colonel gave his horse to a Greek to hold, while he went to look after the baggage. When he came back to seek his horse, Greek, horse and all were clean gone. Several more have gone the same way, as the place is infested by brigands.

STORMS IN HUNGARY.—Miskolcz, a town in Hungary, has been completely laid waste by a storm. Over four hundred dead bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the houses, and two hundred persons are still missing. The town of Erlau has been also devastated by a storm, rows of houses having been swept away and many persons killed.

CYPRUS.—A Treasury Warrant has been published directing that the rates of postage and additional sums for registration, &c., now chargeable on postal packets to or from the island of Malta shall extend to all postal packets conveyed to or from the island of Cyprus. The inland postage of Cyprus is to be the same as that of the United Kingdom.

There is said to be a terrestrial globe in the Jesuitic Library of the Lyons Lyceum, which is 170 years old, containing in great detail the curious system of African lakes and rivers, which the English and American travellers have lately rediscovered. It is two metres in diameter, and an inscription near the north pole states that it was made in the year 1701 by F. F. Bonaventure and Gregoire, Brothers of the Third Order of St. Francis. The globe has created a great sensation among geographical savants and amateurs.

JOURNALISM IN CYPRUS.—We have received the first number of "*Cyprus*," a weekly journal of Agriculture and Commerce," published at Larnaca on the 29th August. It consists of four pages of four columns each, one half of the paper being in English and the remainder in Romic, and, notwithstanding its modest dimensions, the price is 5d. per number. The chief contents of *Cyprus*, which is believed to be the first newspaper ever published in the island, are announcements relating to Sir Garnet Wolseley and the British occupation, and articles on the advantages of the English protection, with several columns of advertisements. This new venture in journalism adds a new illustration of the saying that wherever Englishmen settle one of the first results is the publication of a newspaper.—*London Times*.

### THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HAND-SHAKING.

Many people read character by the shape of the skull; almost everybody intuitively and instinctively reads it in the countenance; some affect to be able to discover it in the handwriting of persons whom they have never seen; while a few are of opinion that it may be ascertained by the manner in which a man shakes hands. Of all these modes of studying character that of physiognomy is the most to be depended upon. The soul is the source of all beauty, and never deceives; and the face upon which the soul has imprinted an unpleasing expression may be safely held to be the face of one who is, more or less, deficient either in intellect or in virtue. Nevertheless—and as an aid to, and not a substitute for, physiognomy—there is much to be said for hand-shaking, as a means of deciding whether he or she who offers or accepts this act of friendly courtesy, is cold or warm-hearted, indifferent or cordial, sincere or hypocritical, or whether he is really glad to interchange courtesies with you, or only pretends to be so.

How did people first get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offence and defence, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilised nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and goodwill, just as the kiss is of a warmer passion.

"Give me your hand, you shall, you must! I love you as a brother!" has been written of one who was brave, noble, true-hearted, and not ashamed of honest poverty in himself or others. When two such persons meet, each knowing the good qualities of the other, the shake of the hand which they give and receive may be considered the perfection of all that this mode of salutation should be—neither too warm nor too cold, but full of sympathy and satisfaction.

Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen; unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex, a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted; unless such persons are very closely related to them by family, or affection, in which cases hand-shaking is not needed; and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined, sincere or hypocritical; enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinements and idiosyncracies of character may not perhaps be discoverable in this fashion, but the more salient points of temperament and individuality may be made clear to the understanding of most people by a better study of what I shall call the physiology or the philosophy of hand-shaking.

Some people are too "robustious" to be altogether pleasant. They take the offered hand with the grasp of a vice, and as if they had with malice prepense, resolved to squeeze all the delicate little bones of your knuckles into pulp or mince meat. And while tears of agony come into your eyes, and run down your cheeks, they smile at you benignantly, like gentle giants, unconscious of their strength, and of the tyranny with which they exercise it. Many of them are truly good fellows, and mean all the cordiality of which their awful squeeze

is the manifestation. They would exert all the strength that goes to waste in such hand-shaking in rescuing you from danger, if you were in it, or in doing battle against your enemies, if you were assailed by superior numbers. Yet when such seemingly cordial good fellows manifest the same cordiality towards people whom they met for the first time yesterday, and towards those with whom they may have been intimate for a half or a quarter of a century, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that they act from habit, rather than from the ebullition of heart, and that their mighty squeeze ought to be taken *quantum valeat*. But of all the men to be avoided, he who squeezes your hand in this excruciating fashion, on a false pretence, is the worst. He dislocates your joints to convince you of an untruth, that he loves you very dearly, and as soon as you are out of sight, forgets you, or thinks that you are no "great shakes" after all, or, worse still, abuses you behind your back to the next acquaintance whom he meets. Him, in his turn he serves in the same manner, and gradually establishes for himself the character, which he well deserves, of being a snob and a humbug of a particularly offensive type.

Another, and even more odious kind of hand-shaker, is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it:

With finger tip he condescends  
To touch the fingers of his friends,  
As if he fear'd their palms might brand  
Some moral stigma on his hand.

To be treated with the cool contempt, or supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies, is worse than not to be saluted at all. Better a foe, with whom you feel on terms of equality, than an acquaintance—he cannot be called a friend—who looks down upon you as if he were a superior being, and will not admit your social equality without a drawback and a discount. It sometimes happens, however, that this result is due to the diffidence of the shakee rather than to the pride of the shaker. If a timid man will not hold his hand out far enough to enable another to grasp it fairly, it is his own fault, and betrays a weakness in his own character, and not a defect in that of him who would be friendly with him.

(To be continued.)

### WITTICISMS.

"A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men."—BUTLER.

Medical Practice has been defined as "guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavouring to substitute man's."

Opinion of a French Conservative: "If we could expel all the Republicans for the next three years, at their return they would find the Republic so firmly established that not even they themselves would be able to overturn it."

Contentment is the poor man's bank.

Take this, for a golden rule through life, never have a friend who is poorer than yourself.

Did it ever occur to you that a gymnast wears spring and fall clothing at the same time?

Said Brown to Parker: "I say, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe water-melon and a cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell." Brown laughed softly as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a water-melon!"

"Let me give you my definition of Metaphysics. It is when two fools get together; each admits what neither can prove, and both say, 'hence we infer.'"—*Ingersoll*.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

"May they always live in peace and harmony!" was the way a Yankee marriage should have wound up. But the compositor, who couldn't read manuscript so well, put it in type and horrified the happy couple by making it read: "May they always live on peas and hominy!"

The best Medicines:—

Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

We may say of the Liberals throughout the Dominion, in the words of the immortal Hans Breitmann:—

"They had a barty,  
But vere ish dat barty now?"

DRACONIAN.—Scene—Police Court, North Highlands. Accused—"Put, Pailie, it's na provit!" Bailie—"Hoot toots, Tonal, and hear the speak! Aw'll only fine ye half-a-croon the day, because it's no varra well provit; but if ever ye come before me again, ye'll no get aff under five shillin's, whether it's provit or no!"

Our ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

If you want to call a man a circumstantial liar now, you say he is "in-ebricated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

"I had nine children to support, and it kept me busy," said Smith to Jones, as they met, "but one of the girls got married. Now I have—'Eight?' interrupted Jones. "No, ten—counting the son-in-law!" said Smith, with a sigh which might have been heard afar off.

THE WAGES QUESTION. (Overheard at Ironopolis.)—Intelligent working man: "Arbitration! Ca' that Arbitration! Why, they've given it against us!"

Many a man without being accused of pedantry describes his wife as his *altar ego*!

The strongest of pleas for passing the Bill for marriage with a deceased wife's sister. *Only one mother-in-law.*

A farmer was asked why he did not take the newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."

In company one evening, Douglas Jerrold being present, the conversation turned upon music, and a certain song was spoken of as an exquisite compo-