

that the body's weight was never intended to rest upon the heels, and the habit of throwing it there accounts for weak backs and kindred ills.

Overexertion as well as self-indulgence is said to be responsible for the increasing flesh of middle age. "If the following exercises are practised for five or ten minutes morning and night," says Ethel Young, "an appreciable improvement will be noticed in the worst figure in a few months.

Here are three good exercises for the neck and arms:

Standing erect, with shoulders back, chest out, waist in and feet firmly planted, with heels together and toes out. Stretch the arms out in front, palms touching; now swing them back until the backs of the hands touch behind you. The arms should be kept quite straight, and the point at which they touch behind you as high as possible. (A little practice will soon make this easier than it sounds.)

Raise the arms straight above the head; swing them down and as far back as they will go; then, without stopping, back to the same position above the head.

Swing the arms around in a circle, one at a time, then both together. Place the tips of the fingers on the chest, then fling the arms out and back till at right angles with the body. Endeavor, with a sharp jerk, to make the elbows meet at the back. The foregoing exercises develop the muscles of the neck and arms, helping greatly also to expand the chest.

A good exercise for the torso is the following: Lean forward and then backward as far as possible, also to the right and left. Lock the thumbs, and, with knees stiff, bend till the tips of the fingers touch the floor. Rise in an upright position, with the arms above the head. This is an exercise familiar from our childhood's days.

Jump on the toes, or, still better, skip with a rope. This is an excellent exercise, especially for those who wish to make their insteps higher. Stand on tiptoe, and then stoop suddenly until almost sitting on the heels; rise again on tiptoe, keeping the back straight. These simple exercises enable you to balance the body with ease and to move the limbs gracefully.

One last thing to remember, which should be done habitually without exercising, is to breathe deeply; not raising the shoulders, but inflating the lower part of the chest; always breathe through the nose, and if you are cold or unaccountably depressed take 20 breaths after this manner, standing erect. Slowly, evenly and uninterruptedly take in fresh air until the lungs are fully inflated; then expel the breath in the same even manner. No one is too old to be benefited by these simple rules, if she has the necessary strength to use them, and they are suited to the stout or the thin alike—reducing the adipose tissue and bracing the flabby muscles in one case, filling hollows and rounding limbs in the other, and the practice of them will not only improve the figure and carriage, but at the same time the health and spirits wonderfully so that colds, headaches and "the blues" will most truly become conspicuous by their absence alone.

THE POPULAR SERMON OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

DEAR BRETHREN: I do not intend reading the Gospel to-day, and I know you will pardon such a trifling omission, because I have some more interesting and serious matters of practical everyday life to discuss. What I refer to is the vice prevailing in this city. I want it understood that what I am going to tell you is all based upon my own personal experience. It is some weeks since I started out to see the evils about which I have heard so much. It might shock you to learn that your servants are, at nights, serving as front-rankers in an amazonian ballet, or that some of your daughters are now rehearsing for a comic opera chorus, where they will be compelled to wear abbreviated dresses. However, that is not what I wish to speak about to-day. I disguised myself as a young workingman, and went down to St. Lawrence-Main street, spending an evening in the low gin-mills that abound

there. Oh, brethren, it was horrible! No wonder the poor young men who support these places are physical wrecks. The whiskey that is sold is deadly poison. I drank some of it myself, and I know. In order to carry out what I had undertaken, I was obliged to drink with the wretched creatures, and, I assure you, my dear brethren, that when I had taken a dozen, or less, of these drinks, I was so ill that I had to be helped home. It was my intention to have touched some hardened heart, but the spirits drove away all my missionary instincts. I may as well tell you that I was in bed for two days.

Then I decided to go to Bel-Air, to witness the gambling on races. Oh, my brethren, gambling is a terrible passion! I shall never forget those pale, strained faces; those eager, expectant, frenzied shouts, and those curses of despair; that spectacle of a dozen horses running, closely clustered, with their jockeys in bright silken jackets, sitting like centaurs, and the creaking of the saddle girths expanding as the horses shot past in their giant strides.

And, in order to be able to describe more graphically the racing evil, I bought two tickets on two horses and invested \$20. Let me confess that I, even I, a minister of the Gospel, could not restrain my passion while these tickets were in my pocket. My horses were ahead at the start, and I was interested at once. There weren't four lengths between the first and last horses as they straightened out for the run up the back stretch. My horse was still the leader, but lapped to the throat by the favorite, who had rushed like a meteor out of the bunch, despite the jockey's restraining influence. As the field flashed down the back stretch it was thought that my leader was running away and would be in the lead before the upper turn was reached. "The favorites are beaten!" cried the crowd, as my horse, brethren, shot out with a flight of speed that was dazzling. He bore down upon the favorite, and head and head they darted around the upper turn, chased by the cluster of silk sailing through the air. The fickle public seemed to take a savage pride in shouting for both my horses, although not one in 500 fancied either to win or had a bet on them.

At the end of the upper turn and the head of the home stretch—shall I ever forget it?—I saw the jockey on my favorite horse circle his whip in the air, and cut a long cruel gash in the horse's quivering flanks. Still the favorite clung to him like the shadow of death and then gradually drew away ahead of him. My horse labored on valiantly. With the seething crowd in the grand stand swimming before his distended eyes, and the shouts of the frenzied throng ringing in his tapering ears, he sprawled pitifully and was pushed through the fence, while the other horse which I had bet on, turned a somersault, and I felt all the misery of that black desolation of which the Scripture tells us. As I tore up my tickets and threw them into the air they so resembled snow, that I remarked that it was very cold weather, and vowed to do all in my power to drive the racing evil from the face of the earth.

Only last Friday, I set about to discover to what extent the liquors of the slums were intoxicating or adulterated. Believe me, brethren, I bought samples from around Bonsecours market, along Commissioners street and the Main street, taking a small quantity of each to test the quality personally. I need only add that I spent all day Saturday in the General Hospital, and that only a stern sense of duty enables me to stand before you to-day.

C. D. CLIFFE.



STUDENTS of architecture may have often wondered how the two towers of Notre Dame, at Paris, were not of the same size. It appears that when the cathedral was built it was the cathedral of a suffragan bishop, who was not entitled to two towers of equal height, and for centuries the Bishop of Paris was suffragan to the Bishop of Sens.