

Healthy Women.

A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes as a favorable sign the fact that the pale, interesting type of beauty is fast losing its popularity, and that men of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of womanly beauty, such as was ever recognized by Greece and Rome. This is certainly an important and happy change in public taste, and already the effects of it are to be detected in an improved condition of feminine health; for it will hardly be denied that on an average women of to-day are physically superior to what they were a few years ago, when tight lacing and similar destroying customs prevailed.

Young women take more exercise than they formerly did. They ride and walk more and are more in the open air. They have not the insane dread of the sun's rays which they once had. But there is much room for improvement yet. Many homes are still presided over by invalid wives and mothers, who furnish a constant spectacle of sadness and misery to their families and friends, and are a subject of unlimited expense to their husbands. In such homes the greatest of all blessing that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored; but too often it is the one blessing which never comes.

American homes, more than any other perhaps in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. And the remedy is simple. American men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no good reason why American women should not be. All that is needed is proper attention to dress and exercise. Let women dress as men do, so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have free room for motion, and then go into the air and sunshine as men do and exercise their bodies, and the race of American women will not become extinct, as it once threatened to.

On the contrary it will be improved, built up, and beautified, and a time will shortly come when a healthy man will not have to hunt a whole country over to find a healthy wife. We are on the right track now; all that is needed is to go ahead, and the result will soon be manifest. Women will die to be in fashion; therefore let the fashion of female beauty be vigor and strength, and all the ladies in the land will be swinging dumb-bells, practising archery, riding on horseback, and walking as for a wager, but they will be in style.

Getting Up.

Have you brought my boots, Jemima? Leave them at my chamber door.

Does the water boil, Jemima? Place it also on the floor. Eight o'clock already, is it? How's the weather, pretty fine? Eight is tolerably early; I can get away by nine.

Still I feel a little sleepy, though I came to bed at one. Put the bacon on, Jemima; see the eggs are nicely done! I'll be down in twenty minutes—or, if possible, in less; I shall not be long, Jemima, when I once begin to dress. She is gone, the brisk Jemima; she is gone, and little thinks how the sluggard yearns to capture yet another forty winks. Since the bard is human only—not an early village cock—Why should he salute the morning at the hour of eight o'clock?

Stified by the voice of duty; prudence, pry thee cease to chide, While I turn me softly, gently, round upon my other side. Sleep, resume thy downy empire; re-assert thy sable reign! Morpheus, why desert a fellow? Bring those poppies here again

What's the matter now, Jemima? Nine o'clock. It cannot be. Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon, and the matutinal tea? Take away the jug, Jemima. Go replenish it anon; Since the charm of its caloric must be very nearly gone. She has left me. Let me linger till she re-appears again. Let my lazy thoughts meander in a free and easy vein. After sleep's profounder solace, nought refreshes like the doze.

Should I tumble off, no matter; she will wake me, I suppose. Bless me, it is you, Jemima? Mercy on us what a knock! Can it be—I can't believe it—actually ten o'clock? I will out of bed and shave me. Fetch me warmer water up! Let the tea be strong Jemima. I shall only want a cup. Stop a minute! I remember some appointment by the way. 'Twould have brought me mints of money; 'twas for ten o'clock to-day.

Let me drown my disappointment, slumber, in thy seventh heaven!

You may go away, Jemima. Come and call me at eleven

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the immortals.—HAZLITT.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

This being the last issue of the FAMILY CIRCLE in its present form and under its present title, on account of its having been amalgamated with the *Exponent*, we publish, this week, the answers to the puzzles given in our issue of November 17th, and also award the prize. The competition however has been so close that in place of giving the edition of Chambers' dictionary, as announced in our issue of September 22nd, we have decided to divide its value between two contestants between whom it is impossible to judge. The successful competitors are Geo. U. Stiff, Hamilton; and George H. Toronto; to each of whom we give a handsome landscape edition of one of the English poets.

Correct answers have also been received from our young friends, Scout, West Point, N. Y.; Bertha Millar, Walkerville; Albert Aspley, Montreal; Walter Symmes, Goderich; James Thompsou, Toronto; Robert Lee, St. Catharines and Charlie Hutton, St. Thomas.

We hope our young friends will find plenty to interest and amuse them in the *Exponent*, which they will hereafter receive.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

- Square Word:— L O R E
O V E N
R E A D
E N D S
- Decapitations:—fox—ox
spat—Pat
stool—tool
stop—top
cage—age
- Hidden Cities:— Venice, Richmond, Quebec
- Diamond Puzzle:— E
A X E
A P P L E
E X P L O R E
F L O R A
F R A
E