Datsy.—There is no truth in the assertion that ivy growing on a house makes it damp; on the contrary, it acts as a waterproof, or umbrella to shoot the rain off the walls. But it should not be allowed to grow very heavy and thick in the stem, or it may injure the masonry. You must also remember that it harbours earwigs and spiders, and they will come in at your windows. On no account allow it to grow on your trees, for it absorbs all nourishment both at the root and trunk, and strangles it to death before long.

HONEYMOON.—I. Certainly an umbrella or parasol would be excellent presentations to a lady from a gentleman-friend, should circumstances render him privileged to make any presentations at all.—2. We never heard that an application of cold cream or milk to the face would "create superthous bair."

Fooly, your acquirements, age, appearance, nor family circumstances; and have no idea of what you are capable of doing worth payment, or for which there is a demand.—2. We suppose you are in the habit of raising your eyebrows, and it is that trick that makes wrinkles in the forehead, besides giving a very silly, inane expression to the face.

Evonony.—Kilting is very generally done at sewing-machine shops. We often tell our correspondents that slithough their questions may be answered at ones, the replies may find no space free for a considerable time. We do not undertake to insert answers "next week," as you, and many say.

DOLITY VARDINX.—Were you under age when you engaged yourself to the young man? Four years is a long engagement, and it seems little creditable to break it off, contrary to his wishes. It was clearly a mistake in the first instance, but it would not be for the happiness of either the first the contract of the happiness of either the contract of the happiness of either the proper of the happiness of either the machine of the happiness of either the proper of the happiness of either the contract of the happiness of either the contract of the happiness of a little by making a continuant of some

GREIA.—The term "Pope" is only the Latin for "Father," and was commonly used in reference to all the bishops—not of Rome only—of the Western Church, and is in common use in the Eastern Church up to the present time. It by no means indicated all that the Supreme Pontiff of Rome claims under that title, in the early ages of Christianity; nor does it, as still employed, with reference to ordinary priests of the Russian and Greek Churches.

INGRAMUS.—A man cannot enlist in the Royal Engineers as a mere private unless he be a skilled workman in some mechanical calling. Gentlemen enter as cadets by competition into the Royal Military Academy for a course of instruction in mathematics, mechanics, the theory and practice and many and the companiest of the corps, as well as special Government works; and the facilities for advancement are great. They are stationed. But there are twenty battalions of Volunteer Suprained Miners, besides one Railway Transport Corps. The person you name must have been a skilled mechanic to have got into this department of the army, even as a private or volunteer. Your handwriting is good.

Joex.—The language called Erse, to which Burns they or all the department of the term, formerly in use by the Scottish Lowlanders, instead of Gaelle, in allusion to the Irish origin of the Western Highlanders.

Hyde Park was the ancient Manor of Hyde, and belonged to the Abbey of Westminster, and it became the property of the Crown after the dissolution in 1535. It is not a "People's Park."

Jessica Merkella.—1. June 26th, 1880, was a Saturday; and June 12th, 1881, was a Saunday,—2. See

Park."
JESSICA MERELLA.—1. June 26th, 1880, was a Saturday; and June 12th, 1881, was a Sunday.—2. See answer to "L. A. B." on previous page.

Musician had better inquire at a music-seller's as to work as a copyist. You should be able of course to transpose into any key required. A hand-master might have work for you, and you might obtain would be likely to get employment; but your style of writing should be very good and clear, and exceedingly accurate. We have given more answers (and quite recently) to your question as to the pressing of flowers, than to any other query. Use Fille Prinsive.—If engaged all day in school-teaching we scarcely know what you could do to augment your income. Are you a quick good knitter? As you might supply a shop with children's socks; people might supply the cotton or woollen yarn and pay for the making. If you know any respectable "ready-made" shop proprietor you might state your object and get advice, and promish and the control of the proprietor you might state your object and get advice, and promish and the control of the proprietor your might state your object and get advice, and profiled the proprietor you might state your object and get advice, and profiled to the proprietor you might state your object and get advice, and profiled the your proprietor you might state your object and get advice, and profiled the proprietor you will be your proprietor your might state your object and get advice, and profiled the your proprietor your proprietor you might state your object and get advice, and profiled the your proprietor your proprietor

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DUTY.—Certainly you are not too old to learn laundry-work. There is an excellent Technical Training School or college in Colquitt Street, Liverpool, where classes are held in Laundry-work, Hon. Secretary, Miss F. L. Calder. Also at Leeds, oo, Albion Street, Secretary, Miss McCombe. At Manchester there is a school of domestic economy, South Parade, St. Mary's Street, Deansgate. Address, Miss Romley Wright, o, Addison Terrace, Victoria Park, Manchester.

THE WINDMILL.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN.



THE white sails turning, turning, Under the darkening sky, With a wild impassioned yearning I watch the roses die, And one bright star is burning, With a steadfast gleam, on high.

And the silent dead are sleeping On the hillside bleak and bare, And the tired eyes are weeping For the treasure hidden there; But the Father-God is keeping Their white souls in His care.

And the great sails whitely gleaming In the moonlight calm and still, With their shadows darkly dreaming On the graves upon the hill, Like a word of idle seeming, Hiding thoughts of earnest will.

And I watch the moonlight creeping O'er the hillside bleak and bare; Will the angels at the reaping Find the young souls white and fair? Will they know where they are sleeping By the lilies growing there?

Comes a deep impassioned yearning For the noblest and the best, From the stars a lesson learning, Shining with a gentle zest; And the windmill turning, turning, Near the happy dead at rest.