

The Disgusted ex-School Trustee.

To the Editor of GRIP :

SIR :—I would like, as an hold School Trustee, to know what is goin to happen. I considers French Revolutionism, Communism, and any other think possible!

Look at this. Here is people comin' hout for Trustees sayin' they wants to put down hextravagance! Actually printin' it!

And they say they 'ave been teachers, and are well hup in hedication, and that! It is hun-British, that's wot it is.

I puts hit to hany School Board hif any perkers:ics can be picked hup on such a system. They cannot. I wants to know hif any hedicated chap hon a School Board isn't: a noosance to them as knows less. He is.

The city wants no hinnervation—no heconomists—the lor' says the people *must* pay all the Trustees axes—I goes for axin' plenty. Down with heconomy! New schools hevery year and plenty of 'em. Ooray!

ONE WHO AS BIN A TRUSTEE.

Toronto, Jan. 2, 1877.

The Matrimonial Duet.

HE.

The first day of the year. My dearest, say,
For still for help, you know, I look your way,
How can we best proceed? Our income, dear,
Will be just one half less the coming year,
Than what it has been. Now, with your good aid,
This saving, though excessive, may be made,
Say, may I count on you?

SHE.

You know you may.
I have it planned in mind, ere you can say.
Already I a hundred chances see,
For well retrenching superfluity.
One half is all you wish, you say, to touch
Well, we have always spent one half too much.
Do you not think so?

HE.

Certainly I do.
In this, as in all else, I think with you.
How undeserving I, when gods above,
A wife bestowed so worthy of my love.
Now mark the items down, and never doubt,
All you dispense with I will do without.
Begin at once.

SHE.

Let's pen and paper take,
How happy should her luck *one* woman make,
Who such a husband has, with whom nor she,
Nor any reasoning mind could disagree.
Ah, kiss me, love; and now 'tis fit you say,
What may be lopped; my duty to obey,
Fear not I shall forget.

HE.

My charming wife.
Joy of my present, as of all my life,
Well, first the house, five hundred here we pay,
There was a cottage offered me to-day
For half that rent. The extra furniture
We can dispose of, and thereby secure
Some ready cash.

SHE.

Oh, that will never do,
My dear. There's FLORENCE now her studies through,
Just coming out. How could I folks invite
To some small, poky, one front-windowed fright?
And you have often said, you know, with men,
It helps to give a dinner now and then.
You couldn't give it there.

HE.

And that is true,
Well, let us think of something else to do.
Now, as to dress, your bills on King Street make
Sharp pulls upon my purse. Could you not take
Some off in that direction, and yet show
Extremely well? I thought of late you go
Beyond the mark.

SHE.

My dear, 'tis very sad,
To hear you talk as if no sense you had.
What have I had? My princess dress—brocade,
(To save, I had the back of velvet made,
My furs are good; but furs are out of wear.
A silken sacque I bought—those two, I swear,
Are all I've had this week.

HE.

Don't angry be.

SHE.

Well, let my dress alone, and we shall see
What else there is. Your club, two hundred clear,
And all those vile cigars—you owned them dear,
Must be a hundred more; and then you treat
Your friends; don't get, I pray, in such a heat,
We'll cut things down.

HE.

We will, I plainly see,
But all the cutting's to be done on me.
Will you do with a servant less?

SHE.

I'll save
With any one; but make myself a slave
I never will; and when you married me,
If I had thought—

HE.

Or I, that this would be.
But your extravagance—

SHE.

Your horrid waste
Has caused it all, and soon you will be placed
In Bankruptcy; don't speak to me; I'll not
Hear it. I know you've not one penny got
Laid by for me. Abominable, mean.
Weak creature; if I'd only never seen
Your ugly face.

HE.

To match with yours it might
Be so; your friends agree that quite a fright
You've grown of late.

SHE.

That's nothing but your spite
You miserable, base, low, abject wretch,
I'll go for a divorce; I'll go and fetch
My brother here. You horrible and vile!
I'll scratch your eyes out;—yes—I'll—I'll—I'll—
(Goes off into hysterics; husband goes off to town.)

Clerical Retreats.

To the Editor of GRIP :

The merely lay and secular element in the church—of course I mean the Church of ST. SWITHINAS, now, alas, the only representative of the Direct Succession—is strangely ignorant of the true cause and nature of Clerical Retreats. I—an humble brother—a mere neophyte—am deputed to explain.

Pressed as the clerical element is in modern times, by the assaults of infidelity, the attacks of nonconformists, the faiths, desperate in their dying agonies, the troubles of their flocks, the troubles of getting flocks, the difficulty of watching and especially of shearing flocks when got—the health, spirits, and strength of the worthy clerics decay to an alarming extent. Recuperation is necessary. They find it in a Clerical Retreat. Not yet well adopted in this country, they hope it soon will be. For instance, a gentleman is rich. Why should he not afford means for a Retreat. His country house, say, he places at the disposal of a number of worthy clerical friends. Far from worry, confusion, and annoyance, they can there spend some months in preparation for a fresh attack on SATAN. The *cuisine* is necessarily excellent. The country air is refreshing. The repose is what is needed. The course is varied, but dinner at seven, and perhaps supper at eleven is as beneficial as can be suggested. A mortification of the flesh is of course necessary in the course, fasting next morning till the time of rising, say ten, should be proposed. This short explanation will give some idea. By the way, the Middle Age Monasteries—which should not have been altogether suppressed, furnished excellent Clerical Retreats.

Toronto, Jan. 3, 1878.

Yours truly,

ECCLESIA.