



QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

#### THE HOWLAND LEAGUE. A SUGGESTION.

JUST on the eve of the Christmas season the great heart of William H. Howland ceased to beat. At no time of the year could the death of this good man have been more keenly felt, especially by the multitudes for whom it was his delight to provide Christmas cheer; and never was the death of any man more sincerely mourned by all classes of our citizens. In the belief that those who admired Mr. Howland's character also sympathized in his work, and would count it an appropriate honor to his memory to make provision for the carrying on of that work, GRIP has a suggestion to offer. It is that, as a memorial of the departed friend of the poor, an organization be formed to be called the Howland League, to be composed of all who will pledge themselves to contribute a small definite sum—say five cents—per week, payable at convenient intervals, to a fund to be applied solely to the carrying on of such philanthropic work as that with which Mr. Howland's name was connected in Toronto and vicinity. Beyond the pledge referred to there ought to be no other restriction as to membership, neither test of sex, creed, race or place of residence. GRIP has a belief that this is a practical and feasible idea, and that in a very short time the League would number its thousands, every one of whom would find the investment both profitable and delightful. A board of management to administer the fund, would, of course, be required, and, by way of completing the suggestion, we take the liberty (without consulting the gentlemen) of nominating the following: President, Hon. S. H. Blake; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Henry O'Brien; Directors: Messrs. J. J. McLaren, Elias Rogers, J. Ross Robertson, Clarkson Jones and Principal Caven, with power to add to their numbers. What say you, gentlemen?

OUR new mayor might vary the monotony by announcing his first council meeting as "Kennedy, in his entertainment entitled, 'A nicht wi' Burns'"—meaning, of course, the doughty alderman of the fourth ward.

#### A WESTERN IDYLL.

THE wild west stage was bumping its way over the foothills of the Bad Lands country, while its two passengers held converse.

"I trust that I shall succeed in my new field of labor," said the missionary, "but I may fail if the people do not hold up my hands."

"Hold 'em up yourself, and do it quick!" said a gruff voice from under the brim of a slouched hat, as a western gent stepped out from behind a boulder and presented a revolver at the stage window.

The missionary did as he was requested, and his fellow passenger followed suit.

#### THINGS IN PLUTONIA.

IT is the general impression throughout Canada that GRIP died and was buried last July. This is scarcely correct.

To all outward seeming, the Raven certainly became defunct. He suddenly ceased to appear in the customary way on Saturdays, and subscribers in the country no longer found in their post office boxes the familiar blue covered publication with the red title. Those of them who had overpaid their subscriptions marked this fact with solemn seriousness; those of them who were in arrears also took note of it, but with less heaviness of heart. GRIP still lived, only he had departed to the Plutonian Shores, which Edgar Allan Poe refers to in his somewhat fantastic account of another Raven (no relation whatever to GRIP). He has now returned, and it only requires a casual glance at these pages to assure the most skeptical that he is as much alive as ever he was. Better still, he has brought back with him a neatly written account of Matters and Things in Plutonia, which he has obligingly allowed the Editor to read. He has further graciously granted permission for the quotation of a few extracts, reserving the full article for publication in the "Arena," or "Forum," or the next Christmas number of the "Review of Reviews." Following are the quotations:

FORM OF GOVERNMENT. Government by "Daily Paper." Everything edited, superintended and managed by a great Plutonian Journalist named William Thomas Steadyboy, assisted by a lady named Julia. Everybody obliged to subscribe on pain of death, and to follow the directions given daily as to what they shall eat, drink, wear, believe, say and do.

MUNICIPAL ARRANGEMENTS. Mayor and Council can-



REPARTEE!

BILLY MILLER, (who has been accosted as usual by the Johnston sisters with the approbrious call "Red head! Red head!") "I don't care if I am a red head—I ain't twins, anyhow!"