

MR. WRAGGE'S "WRAGGE."

Mr. Wragge is going to issue a "Wragge." This is the title of his paper to be, as Mr. Wragge, having weathered Sproule, Drake and other extraordinarily named storms on the coast, is going to trust to the sea of journalism and seek to weather the storms there. Hence, the tables are somewhat turned, as the people who belong to that craft now can issue a forecast themselves:—

Dirty weather in the composing room. A breeze between Foreman and Machinist. Squalls with "Devil" much in evidence, and Editor reminded that his villainously bad hand-writing puts up expenses twenty per cent. Contributors warned to keep off the step. Note—Much upset by the delay of the Department in delivering wire relating to pugilistic encounter between Boreas and Father Neptune.

To be serious, why "Wragge," and where the room for a newspaper dealing with such a dry subject as weather? Is the "Wragge" out; give me a copy of the "Wragge;" just off the press—a wet Wragge, etc. —are terms which will become popular among the jokers who have nothing more to do than dissect their neighbors' names. Also, they are likely to be about the only thing connected with Wragge's "Wragge" that will last.