

OUR CREDITOR.

BY an unfortunate oversight the editor of GRIP's ALMANAC for '92 failed to attach the due credit mark to the series of comic sketches entitled "The Editor's Visitor." Eleven of these were by Mr. A. B. Frost, and appeared originally in *Scribner's Magazine*. They are good specimens of the humor and artistic genius of this, the cleverest of all American wits of the pencil. We regret this oversight all the more as the sketches in this series were the only selected things in the ALMANAC. All the other illustrations were specially drawn for the work.

MERCIER'S DOWNFALL.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED IN QUEBEC.

VOILA ! Houp la !
 Angers fait son coup d'état !
 N'est ce pas ?
 Mercier il est tombé
 Chassé à coup de pied
 Jeté dehors ! Ma foi !
 Est il possible ? Pourquoi ?
 N'est ce par contraire aux lois ?
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 Ventre bleu !
 Vingt cent mille tonneres de Dieu !
 Ah bah ! Scelerat !
 Il est bien hors de combat.
 Mais les Rouges eperdument
 Parlent de ce bouleversement !
 Combrieu ? Est ce vrai ?
 Ah oui ! oh non !
 Il est chassé certainement !
 Pour cet diable Angers
 A frappé avec main de fer
 Pauvre Mercier—
 Feu premier !
 Hélas ! A bas !
 Bas ! bas ! bas ! Angers !
 A l'enfer !
 Avec Angers.
 'Cré nom de chieu !
 Eh bien !
 Ah mais Mercier n'est pas mort
 Il reviendra encore.
 Coup d'état
 Ne va pas !
 Et le peuple certainement
 Renversera cet bouleversement
 Ah oui ! Nous verrons !
 Hourah !
 Houp la !
 Bientot il reviendra.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

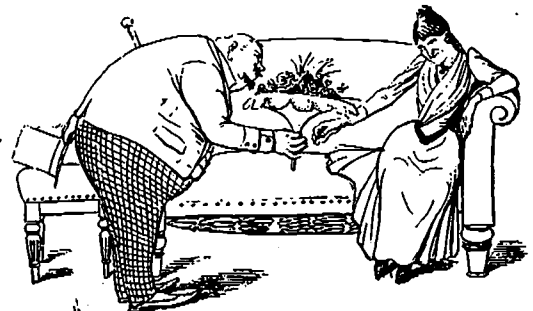
"HOW self-centered some people are!" exclaimed Mrs. Metoo as she came in the other morning from shopping. "I met Mrs. Brown down town to-day, and I declare I couldn't get a word in edgewise about anything, she was so busy talking about her own affairs. How her baby had been sick—I think it's stuffing it with that patent food myself—and her mother is coming to visit her, and her husband gave her a seal coat—I wonder if it's paid for?—and her cook is leaving, and they're going to move to Jarvis street in the spring, and—dear knows what all! Would you believe it, I really couldn't get a chance to tell her about Tommy having

had the measles, or you buying this house—or the impertinence I had to put up with from Sarah before she left. Not a word! I did try to tell her how well the children did at their examinations, but it only made her think to tell me how awfully clever that boy of hers is. You should have heard her! No interest outside of herself and her own! What do I care about her doings, anyway? Indeed, I have my own affairs to look after! But, dear me! how people can be so egotistical I can't understand! I'm so glad I'm not like that!" And Mrs. M. picked up her muff and boa, leaving her husband with a meditative look on his face, as she went upstairs.

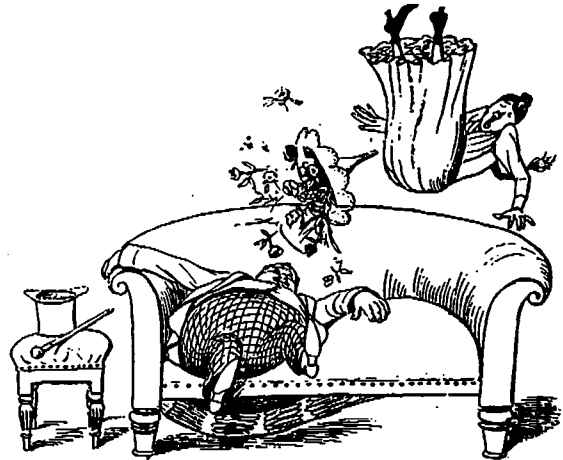
EQUIVOCAL.

ARMSTRONG'S girl, who is a bad speller, writes to him from the country that she is anxiously awaiting his *presents* at Xmas.

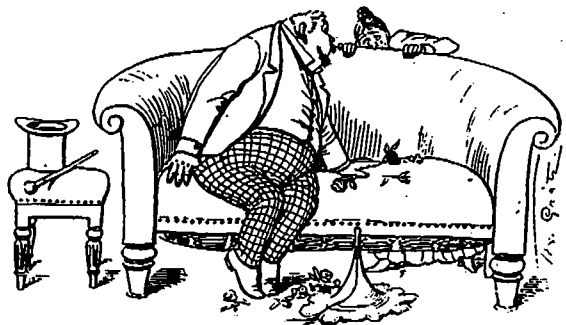
THE SPRING SOFA.



I.



II.



III.