

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Old Sixty-Two and I  
Sat up on New Year's Eve,  
He insured off good-bye,  
But found it hard to leave.  
"Farewell, old year," said I,  
"It's time you bade adieu,  
You're old enough to die—  
Exactly sixty-two.  
Your predecessors died  
Before they reached your age,  
And that you were satisfied,  
Let that your grief assuage."  
The fellow bravely shook  
My hand as thus I spoke,  
Then gave one long, last look,  
And disappeared in smoke.

Just then a hasty knock  
Upon the office door,  
Gave every nerve a shock  
And joggled every pore—  
('Twas just twelve by the clock).  
The door creaked on its hinge,  
And then I saw—a frock,  
At least I saw some fringe.  
"Who's there," I tried to say;  
"Who come's this time of night?  
It's not yet New Year's day—  
Come forward to the light."  
The screen was pushed aside,  
"My stars what do I see!  
All blushing like a bride!"  
By Jove it's SIXTY-THREE!"

## MR. BILL BOULTON.

There is something irresistibly comic in the course pursued by this erratic individual. He seems determined to try how far brazen impudence can carry a man. Nominating himself for Mayor, he has obviated the necessity of any popular election by quietly selecting the aldermen and councilmen for the several wards of his own motion, without consulting the persons he named or the electors for whom they are to serve. The miserable trickster seems to think that by gathering two or three hundred people in Mr. Grand's Riding School he can control or influence the citizens of Toronto in their choice of representatives at the Council-board. Even had the meeting fairly ratified "the ticket" Mr. Boulton submitted, what right had they to tell the inhabitants of any ward other than the one in which they resided, who were fit men to sit for them in the Council? What possible right could a denizen of St. Patrick's ward have to nominate an alderman for St. David's? yet this sapient gentleman thought it perfectly right and acted accordingly, and whom did he nominate? Among them were five members of the legislature, who could not possibly be present during at least three months of the coming year, and one actually the returning officer of the ward for which he was nominated. What right had Mr. Bill to use the respected name of Hon. Mr. Allan without the slightest authorization, and, more than that, threaten him with a fine of \$80, unless he was willing to serve at the whim of such a well-known schemer, as he is known to be.

Then Mr. Bill Boulton is very vociferous in reference to "the poor mechanic" and the "honest working man." We thought that that dodge was almost out of date. Dependent upon it, Mr. Bill, that the "poor uelcmanic" is not by any means the fool

you take him to be; he has sense enough to see that you and kindred humbugs care nothing for his interests till his votes are required, and that when they are secured you care little for the "poor working man."

It is all very well to cook and falsify the city accounts, and confuse the minds of the people with figures which, if correct, would not prove what is desired to be shown. This friend of the mechanic seems to think that the "poor honest working man," as he calls him, is a machine to be wound up as occasion requires, and when done with to be discarded as so much useless lumber. Mr. Boulton's interest in the people is somewhat spasmodic; it springs up invariably on the eve of an election, and singularly enough Mr. Boulton's charity blushes unseen until he is the candidate for an office. If Mr. Boulton did not desire the Mayoralty, who would hear of the wickedness of Mr. Bowes and the Corporation?

If he were not an office-seeker would he be the financial reformer? No, unless perhaps, he has learned the latter character from the due necessities of his own private situation.

He has lived in Toronto long enough to be known, and he is known as the wildest and most unscrupulous man who has ever entered into public life in Canada. If the stouter expression of his fox-like countenance were not a sufficient certificate of character, the miserable tricks to which he has always resorted to, to gain his ends, would be sufficient to condemn him. There is little fear that the citizens of Toronto will be induced to place him at the head of their affairs. The other gentlemen, who have appeared for election are honest men, but in Mr. William Henry Boulton we have a candidate for whom those may vote who desire cunning without ability, plausibility without truth, and knavery without shame.

## An M.P.P. Decidedly out of Place.

—The GRENIMER has always had the highest respect for the hon. member for North Ontario, but his late exhibition as ring-master to that vain mountebank, W. H. B., at the meeting of the Riding Academy, has placed him at a discount in our estimation. The hon. gentleman is at liberty to do all he can against John G.'s election, but he should eschew "indignation" meetings for the future. They do not reflect credit on those who get them up or those who take part in them, if the late meeting is to be taken as a specimen.

## The Price of a Gentlemanly (?) Encounter.

—His Worship the Police Magistrate has fixed the price of one gentleman (?) striking another on the nose, and giving a specimen of a fistie encounter before the "free and independent," at the low figure of one dollar and costs. Election rowdies take notice. Blackguards who fight on the streets are generally fined five dollars with costs. Who, after this, will say "justice is blind.?"

## "Striking" Intelligence.

—The *Globe's* account of the "mill" between Alec Manning the champion of the "heavy" and Bill Boulton the Toronto chicken, at Grand's Riding School.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### FIGHT FOR \$50,000 ASIDE.

(Not Reported for the "Clipper.")

An interesting little turn up came off on Monday night last at Grand's Riding Academy in this city, between Alec, the "Toronto Chicken, and "Bill" with the Magenta nob, both of whom are well-known characters, having last appeared in public at the bar of the Police Court. These two "pugs" have been itching for a "mill" for some time past, they therefore sought to vent their pent up feelings in a regular P.R. manner. It appears that on this occasion the word "Jia" had been used by Bill, which caused Alec's blood to boil to such an extent that he in an instant led off with his right duke, catching "Bill" on the left listener; and here, to the credit of Bill he said, although he had in his hand a tumbler of brandy, disdaining to use it on such a man as the "Chicken," he threw it on the floor like "Roderick Dhu when on the field his targe he threw," and countering the "Chicken" at the same time on the smeller with his left daddle, vainly endeavored to stop the mad rush with which he was heaving down on him. The "Chicken," although all abroad from the hard manner in which he had been hit, immediately got into position, and for a few minutes a capital display of science took place, and the excitement was so great that you might have heard an Armstrong gun fire, and the silence was so still that the ball might have been heard drop. It was hit, stop, and get away for a minute, when the "Chicken" succeeded in landing a hot 'un on Magenta's right optic which led to a clse, and now such wrestling, such wriggling, such twisting for the fall; had a bottle of pale brandy been bet on the result, neither man could have exerted himself more—

They tug; they strain: down down they go  
The "Chick" on top, Red Bill below.

and Bill's head coming in contact with the ropes the ring constables, under the command of Capt. Prince thought it time to interfere, accordingly they stepped in and separated them.

They only damaged the "Chicken" sustained was the loss of nine hairs from his left whisker and three from his moustache, while Bill had his left globe smoked, his kissing traps slightly out of shape and his nose looked like a boiled beet.

REMARKS.—The "Chicken" although this is his first appearance in the P. R. has shown himself possessed of first rate milling qualities, and a cover of his own weight might prove a troublesome customer. As for Bill we would advise him to retire and leave the Ring to better men for he rarely does not possess the stamina for a first class pugilist.

## Put Manning Out.

—Why does this prince (no allusion to the captain) of chisels attach himself like the old man of the sea to candidates for the Mayoralty. Mayor Hutchinson suffered sufficiently from his fatal embrace, and we would advise Mayor Bowes to "shake off the vicep." *Vox populi est vox dei* —"put Manning out."