

SALUTATION!

1st JANUARY, 1914.

The passing-bell has tolled the knell
Of yet another year;
Thirteen has passed, so now at last
Ill-luck should disappear.
Of real regret we owe no debt
To days so dull and dismal;
So, with relief, we'll banish grief
Upon this day baptismal.
Our farewell toast shall be at most
A nod to speed the parting,
With fervent prayer for better fare
Throughout the year that's starting.
May we not bid the same good-rid
To days that now are coming,
But may we say next New Year's Day
That business is humming.

OPTIMIST.
