Westboro

"OTTAWA'S WESTMOUNT"

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain.

ITIZENS of the twentieth century at least those of us, who were fortunate enough to visit the village of Skead's Mills some years ago could not help but pause to consider at its relative relation to the picture drawn by Goldsmith in his immortal master poem "Sweet Auburn". There was the village blacksmith at his forge — the wandering cow slowly meandering along the village street — The long winding road grown almost over with grass with here and there a break where recent heavy loads have passed upon their way.

But now to-day all is changed the scene of quite contentment and listless enjoyment has gone forever. Activity stirs in every limb, hurry and bustle meets you at every step. Men have entered in the race of life — the making of a town is well upon its way. A new life has been born — new blood enfused in its veins. Skead's Mills it is no longer, but Westboro, a thriving suburb of the Capital of Canada.

On every side and on every hand new homes are springing up — homes of the better class — homes that you and I would be proud to live in and call them home. Up in the highlands — down in the low lands and everywhere the rush continues unabated. The city man — the man of means, each vieing with the other to build and enter his home first.

In issuing this, first publication turned out for the village of Westbore we have sought to produce a magazine that would be a credit to Westboro, one that every resident of Westboro chould be proud to send as a souvenir to their friend abroad, and one which will be indicative of the present progress and future possibilitits of the town it represents.

We use this means of extending to all those who, by their support, have made it possible for us to tissue this edition, our most heartfelt thanks. We further express the confidence that in the benefits which this edition will bring to the town and district, they will assuredly share.

THE EDITOR.