



GLEN WILLIAMS, WHEN THE CREDIT RIVER WAS ON THE RAMPAGE.

The Pretty Village of Glen Williams

The Credit Valley is one of the most picturesque and wealthy portions of that part of the Province of Ontario lying just west of the Provincial Capital. In this valley, so rich in natural resources and about

14 miles from Georgetown, is the village of Glen Williams—a village which has come into existence by and grows up around the thriving industries which Credit River power has made profitable here. The panoramic

view of the valley at this place, with the Credit River on the rampage, which is shown, gives an idea of the charming location of this industrial community. The village boasts a population of some 700 persons, con-

tains a school, several churches, two stores, one hotel, and many very fine residences. We are pleased to give a business write-up of the two industries located here, as well as of the largest general store and the village hotel.

GLEN WOOLEN MILLS AND MELROSE KNITTING CO.

The picturesque village of Glen Williams, situated on the Credit River, one and one-half miles north of Georgetown, can justly claim to be a manufacturing centre. Something over a quarter of a century ago, the building that now houses the Glen Woollen Mills was erected, and the manufacture of goods was begun. In 1894 the firm name was the Sykes & Atney Mfg. Co., but in 1907 the company that now operates the woollen mill and the knitting factory was organized and took possession of the business. The shareholders are mostly resident in England, Mr. H. P. Lawson, Georgetown, Vice-President, and Mr. E. V. Barracough, Secretary-Treasurer and General Manager, are the only Canadian re-

presentatives on the Board of Directors, and Mr. Barracough has only been in Canada for three years. His long experience in the manufacture of woollen goods in England has well fitted him for his present position, which he has held for two years, and under his management excellent progress is being made in all departments. The woollen mill is a four-

set mill, and here the direct processes the wool passes through, from its original condition, as it leaves the sheep's back, till it is ready for the loom or the knitting machine, are completed. The products of the looms consist of grey broadens, tweeds, flannels, fancy dressings, woolen muslins, fancy cloth, colour checks, etc. The output is distributed through the Canadian wholesale market. There is also a good demand for finer carpets and sewing yarns. The Melrose Knitting Co. is subsidiary to the woollen company and under the same management. This part of the business was established in a new building about seven years ago. It is a division of industry, and in the course of a year 20,000 dozen of men's socks are knit and marketed. At the present time orders are booked that will keep everything running for another year. Only men's wool socks and jumpers' socks are made, and the demand is such that there is rarely any of the latter product in the stock room. Owing to the difficulty of getting operators a number of English automatic machines were recently imported. These seem to be possessed of almost human intelligence. To watch the knitting of a sock from top to toe, with the stitch changing six times without other attention than the keeping of the bobbins supplied with yarn, is, to say the least, exceedingly interesting.

One of the machines does the work of six hand machines and six operators. With the twelve machines now in use, requiring the attention of two boys, sixty dozen of socks are knit in a day. These mills are splendidly situated in regard to power, having abundance of water for this purpose. In addition, there is a 100 h.p. boiler and engine which is used for heating, drying, etc., and is ready at any time for emergency use for power. In addition to these the company uses electric power for some of their more delicate machinery, the current being generated by their own dynamo, and used also for lighting purposes. There appears to be but one disadvantage, the distance from the railway, necessitating haulage over a mile and a half of roadway. But the other natural advantages of the situation more than make up for this. The payroll contains between sixty and seventy names, and would be increased to a hundred could more help be obtained.

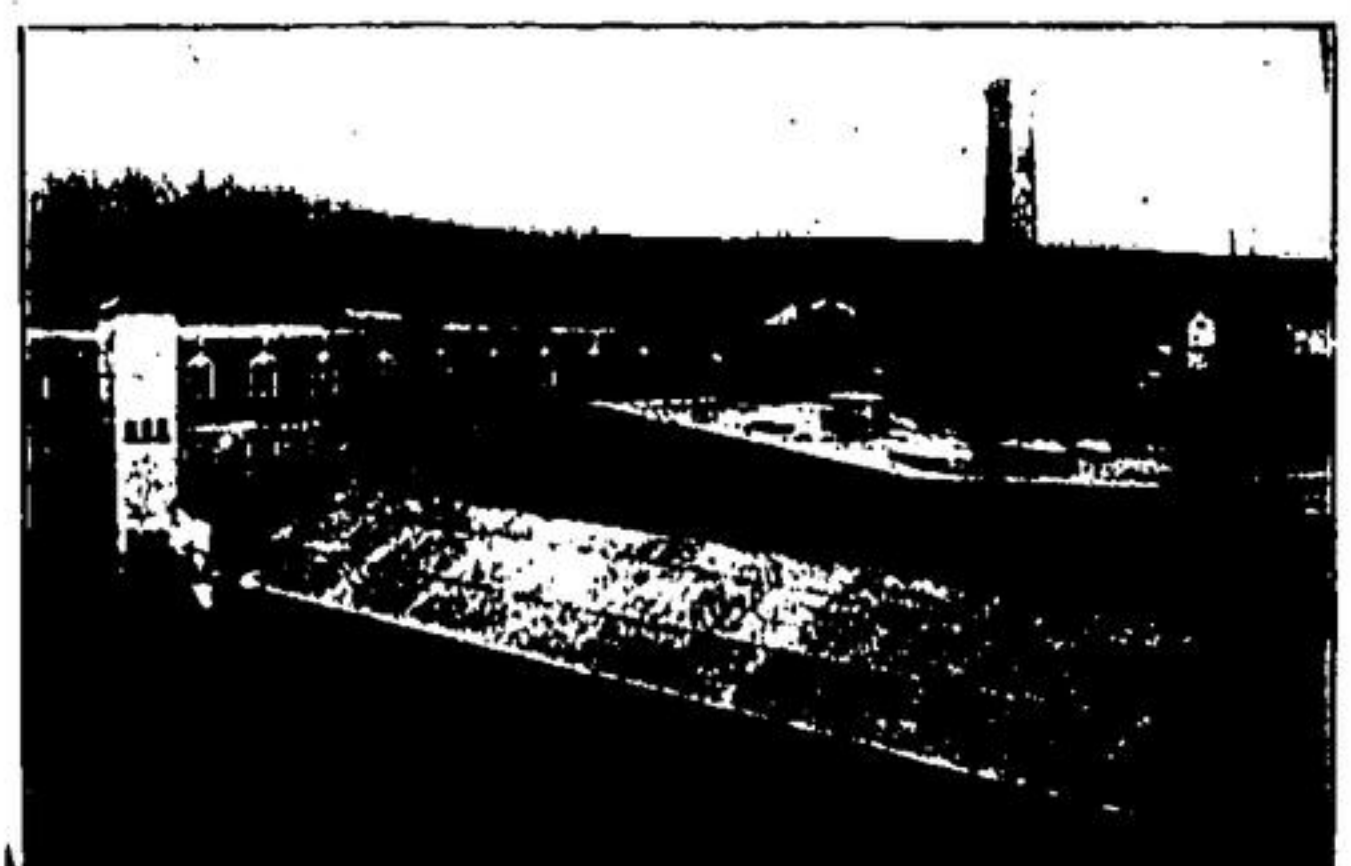


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GLEN WOOLEN MILLS AND MANAGER'S HOUSE.



MELROSE KNITTING MILLS



JOS. BEAUMONT'S MILL.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT

Knitted Goods, Etc.

Thousands of persons all over Canada are wearing socks and leather mitts made by Jos. Beaumont, Glen Williams, who never heard the name of the village, and have no idea where it is situated. All-wool half hose for men and workmen's mitts and gloves are manufactured at this factory on the Credit. While the factory is on the Credit—business is on as much of a cash basis as selling to the trade permits.

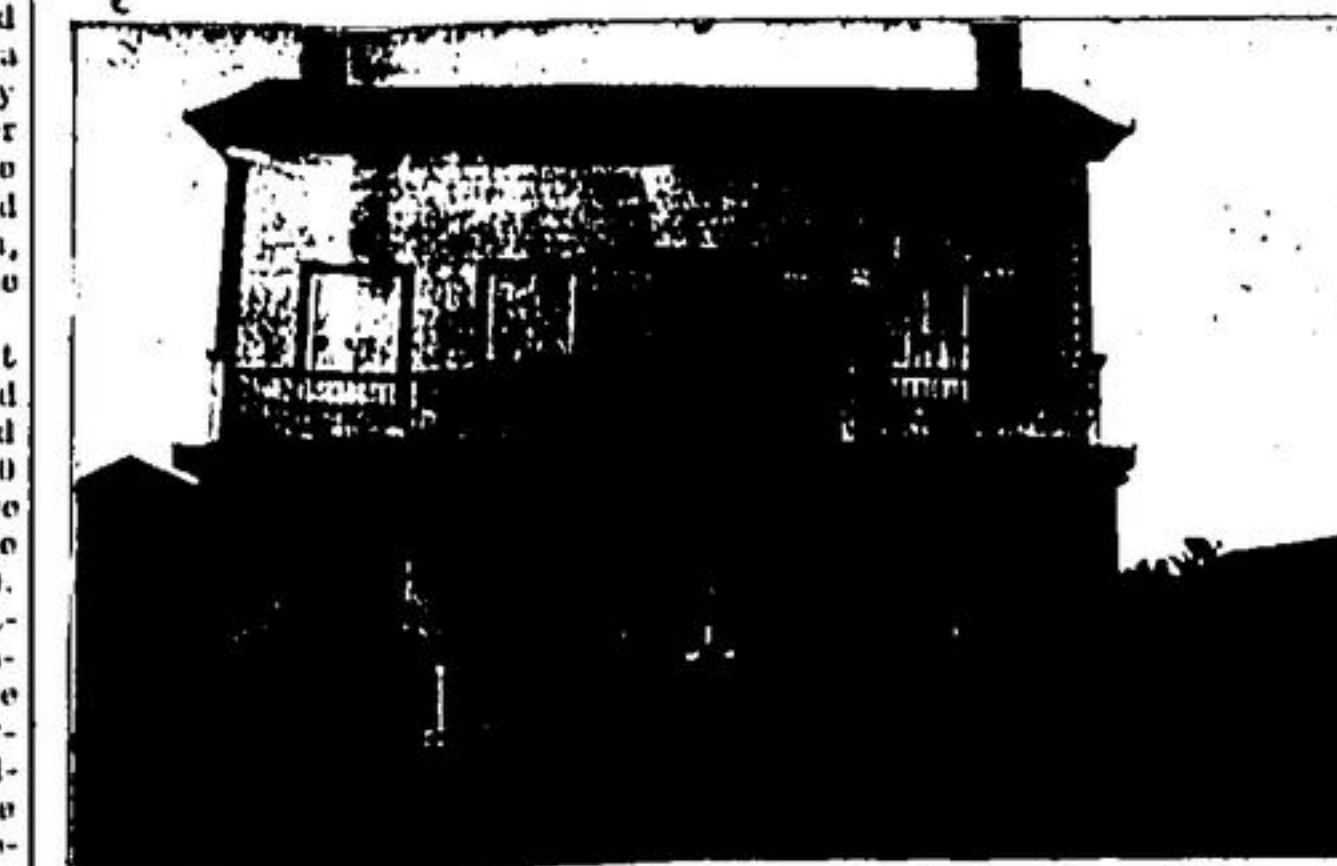
socks, and Beaumont mitts and gloves have no superior in the various grades manufactured. The factory is excellently equipped with the best machinery, there being three sets of 60-inch cards, three spinning mules of 1200 spindles, and knitting machines for socks and mitts. The socks sell from 25 cents to 50 cents, and the mitts from 50 cents to \$1.00—these being popular prices. The output of the factory is yearly being increased as the merits of the Beaumont goods are becoming better known, and the future for the Beaumont mills presents a very bright aspect.



JOS. BEAUMONT'S RESIDENCE.

It is 35 years since the Credit River began to turn the wheels which drive the machinery in this factory. The late Samuel Beaumont, father of the present proprietor, established the industry here in 1878. He had been in the woollen business in England before coming to Canada. The present owner was born in England, but has grown up with the industry here in Glen Williams. He has a large and handsome factory, as the illustration shows. The main building is 100 x 40 feet, two hours, another building being 80 x 60 feet, as well as several storehouses where raw material and finished goods are kept ready for use or shipment. The splendid mill dam turns enough water into the mill race to drive the immense water wheel which makes the power used. In reserve there is a 75 h.p. steam engine, in case anything should go wrong with the water power. The glove-making end of the business was acquired in 1900 from the Dominion Glove Works, which had been operating for a quarter of a century. Mr. Beaumont uses mostly New Zealand wool, it being of a finer and more uniform quality than the Canadian product. The leather used is sheepskin, horsehide, pigskin, which is mostly procured from the United States. The output of the factory is about 300 dozen pairs of socks per day and about 40 dozen pairs of mitts and gloves per day. From 80 to 100 workers are employed, both on piece and time work. The monthly wage bill aggregates \$2,500 to \$3,000. Messrs. G. O. Hows & Co., of Montreal, are the selling agents of the product of this factory, and goods are shipped direct to the retailers as orders are received. The demand is always greater than the supply, the product of this factory and goods are in demand because of its excellence. Beaumont socks are good

John A. Wheeler, General Merchant. Mr. John A. Wheeler, who conducts what is popularly known as "The Glen Store," has lived for thirty years in Glen Williams, coming there with his father, Mr. A. Wheeler, from a nearby farm in 1883. Mr. Wheeler, Sr., opened business as a general merchant at that time, and has had his son as assistant during the most of the period. Mr. A. Wheeler was appointed Post Master in 1885, and still holds the position, but a little more than a year ago sold the business to his son. The latter has always been actively associated with the work of serving the store's customers, and in attending to the diversified stock with which the shelves and fixtures are filled. Dry goods, groceries, footwear, hardware, patent medicines, confectionery, fruit, etc., can always be ob-



GLEN WILLIAMS HOTEL.



A. WHEELER STORE



ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH

BRITISH AMAZONS

Women Who Could Pull an Oar With the Best of Men.

WON FAME ALL OVER EUROPE.

Ann Glasville and her Champlain Mat. Only Beat Their Own Countrymen, but Went to Havre and Outwaded Half a Dozen French Crews.

In the boat race that has from time immemorial been rowed on the Hamasca, the estuary of the Tamar and the Tavy that forms part of the harbor of Plymouth, the women of Baitash have often distinguished themselves. In "Around and About Baitash" J. M. B. Porter writes of Ann Glasville, whose marvellous feat of oar-manship made her famous all over the ropes. "Some sixty or seventy years ago the crew of Baitash women was often seen not only on the Hamasca, but wherever aquatic sports were held. It was not often that Ann and the crew that she stroked were beaten in a match—never by other women. They competed for prizes at Hull, Liverpool, Portsmouth and Dartmouth, and it must not be supposed that a crew of used over yielded the palm out of masculine courtesy, for, as a matter of fact, the men did not at all believe being beaten by a 'parcel of females.' "In some of these contests Mrs. Harriet Berrish, a daughter of Ann Glasville, who had fourteen children, rowed with her mother. As she was the roughest member of the crew she pulled bow oar, the least arduous post in the boat. "Once this crew, rowing a match at Plymouth in the presence of Queen Victoria, gave the men so sound a beating that the regatta there and challenge the Frenchmen, a proposal to which she readily assented. "When the Frenchmen heard of the challenge from the Anglaises de Baitash they shrugged their shoulders, for they scarcely regarded it as serious. And when the women appeared in their white frilled caps printed out with blue ribbons, in their short petticoats and white dresses, with blue neckerchiefs tied over the shoulders and crossed behind the back, they looked amused. "The challenge of the Englishwomen created a stir not only in Havre, but for miles along the French coast and for many leagues inland too. And in England the greatest interest was aroused. "When the day of the regatta came there was a vast concourse of people to witness the contest. Every quay, blimp and house-top from which a view of the course could be had was crowded. Every one was on tip-toe of expectation. Before the start the Baitash crew had a pull round to show themselves. Their steady stroke, the way in which they bent their backs to their work and the perfect ease and grace with which they pulled made the French open their eyes. "Ann and her crew had not the best start possible, nor at first did they have the advantage. Five minutes after the start six boats were ahead of them. But they soon tested their opponents' nerve. Ann, who had the stroke oar, gave the word: "Hand your backs to it, maldons, and burrah for old England! "One by one, with a cheer from old Ann, they passed the six boats. At last they drove their boat, with the British color flying gayly at the fore, into the lead. It was a long course and a hard pull, but they steadily thrashed the Frenchmen. Ann and her maldons' beat them by 100 yards. The members of this famous crew were Ann Glasville, Harriet Berrish, Jane House and Amelia Lee. A man acted as coxswain.

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St. Alban's Church, a handsome little edifice on the banks of the Credit River in the Glen, was erected in 1903. Services had been held in the village years before by the clergy from Georgetown, but it was found at last that if the work must be satisfactorily carried on a church must be built. A lot was left for the purpose by Mrs. Rose Ann McMaster, who died in October, 1901, and on Sept. 8, 1903, the corner stone was laid by Mr. John Harding, Grand Master of the Masonic Order. The officiating clergy were the Revs. The Rural Dean, A. P. Davidson, Wm. Walsh and T. A. Wallace. The building committee appointed were Rev. T. G. Wallace, John Sykes, Wm. Armstrong, H. Holdroyd and Jos. Beaumont. Services are held every Sunday at 8 p.m., the rector of Georgetown officiating. The church is capable of holding 200 people, and it has 26 families and 146 souls belonging to it. The present wardens are Mr. Mr. Jos. Beaumont, rector's Warden, and Mark Clark, Jr. People's Warden.

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"Mrs. House was so elated at the victory that on reaching the committee boat she plunged into the water, dived under the vessel and came up with a dripping and drooping cap on the opposite side."

"Ann Glasville died in 1900, at the age of eighty-five, dignified, vigorous and handsome to the last. Her character was summed up by a neighbor in these words: "Her was honest to a farthing, clean as a whistle and kind hearted as a queen."

A SURPRISE SANTA CLAUS



Harold Harwood called Sally's father on door. "For that," he says, "be sure to close and lock the door." "Oh, I know all about it," called Harold from the barn door. "Don't bother your head about me." He turned his back and stalked into the barn, carrying a big basket filled with bolly, or boughs and mistletoe. Harold was to dress the Christmas tree and decorate the barn for the tree was too large for the house, and the barn, which was well built, had been fitted up with stoves. Harold and Bert Fourn put the last touches to the decorations and the tree just as the supper bell rang the day before Christmas. Dinner was early, as some cousins were to come in the evening and they had to be met at the station four miles away.

The Bentons lived on the edge of a town at the foot of a thickly wooded mountain that sheltered many a wild animal and often human beings almost as wild. The cottages came and soon were safely tucked away in the beds and on the sofas that were not used by the winter and snow, and all was quiet. Two persons were not asleep, though. Sally was thinking: "I wonder if Harold did lock the barn up well—with all our beautiful presents there. Suppose some of the woods tramps should break in. Oh, dear, I wish morning were here!" Harold also, rolled up on a mattress on the garret floor, remembered that, although he had locked the large doors, he had not thought about the little door, and he could not remember whether it was fastened.

Morning dawned bright and crisp. Harold helped the gardener build the fire in the stoves in the barn and then waited impatiently for Uncle John, who had promised to set as Santa Claus and who could not get there until the last moment. The train arrived without Uncle John, and the smaller children were beginning to fret at the delay. So it was finally decided that they would have to do without a Santa Claus for Uncle John had always talked that part, and no one could be persuaded to take his place.

The candles were lighted, and the family and guests trooped over to the barn. Such a crisis of surprise and delight there was when the big tree stood before them in a blaze of glory! When the "ohs" and "ahs" had died away a little, Harold started to make an apology for the absence of Santa Claus. "Santa Claus was detained"—he began, when a whistling sound and then a tinkling noise like sleigh bells came down the stairs. He stopped in astonishment. Every one else heard the noise, too, as thirty-two pairs of eyes were turned toward the tree. Certainly some thing was moving in the tree. The branches toward the center shook, though not so much as the tree, and as every one watched breathlessly the branches parted, and the queerest little figure you ever saw pushed its way out and stood on a high, howling pole two feet high, with long flowing white beard and hair and dressed just as you always expect to see Santa Claus.

The children looked up in open mouthed astonishment, Harold among them, and the grownups, with puzzled expressions, were trying to solve the mystery when another shiver of whistling was heard, and the tiny Santa Claus, using his hands and feet with such skill, climbed down a branch or two. In so doing he turned his back and showed a long brown tail beneath his coat.

"Then there was a shout of laughter, with clapping of hands, and the children fairly danced with joy as the small Santa Claus, sitting demurely on a branch, took hold of a very pretty pink and white dolly and, after examining her face closely, kissed her lovingly. At this there was a louder roar of laughter, in the midst of which a gruff voice called out: "Here, you beggar! Let it alone!" This voice came from the taylor, and when the thirty-two pairs of eyes turned immediately to see who spoke they saw two pairs of legs hanging over the edge of the loft and two bearded faces peering down.

The two bearded men came down, one swinging from the beam and the other climbing down the ladder. Harold and Bert Fourn were the first to see the two men. "What a surprise!" they exclaimed. "Why, Uncle John! And Uncle John laughingly explained that he and a friend whom he introduced as Mr. Whitman had arrived on the midnight train and, as they did not wish to disturb the family, had tried the barn door. Then they had decided upon this surprise.

"And the Santa Claus manly to himself a present for you, Harold, to reward you for your good work," said Uncle John, with a twinkling in his eye.

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