

before the death of his father, and began to put the weight of his personality behind the business. He stayed in Preston when he might have gone to many a bigger centre of business; just as other forceful, aggressive men have stuck by the old town through thick and thin—not Preston alone, but scores of other towns like it in older Canada. And Preston, like many another town, plugged away through the slow years of small markets and one railway and hard times. Thanks to such men as the Clares, it hung on to what it had and got as much more as it could, all down through the slow eighties and the patient nineties, and on down till the end of the century, which was clean gone before most of these old industrial villages began to so push out into the proportions of real, live manufacturing towns whose products go all over modern Canada.

When Preston got electric road connection with Galt and Berlin, the old town began to look up. Competition came in for hauling freight. Any day now you may see freight cars being hauled in and out of Preston to Berlin and Galt, trailed by electric locomotives to the steam roads. Any day may be seen two or three box cars tracked up alongside the works of the Clare Bros. to be loaded with stoves and furnaces.

There is something in the German temperament that sticks hard and goes ahead at full speed when it gets a chance. It is so in modern Germany; not less so in the little Germanies of Canada. George Clare is a man of two outstanding qualities; a sort of sixth sense and a strong will. The former has enabled him to foresee what was going to happen anyway. The latter has made him able to grapple with the conditions of what happened—when it was necessary for him to get on the firing line.

YEARS ago, during a political campaign, George Clare was so ill that he had to be carried on the platform to make a speech. But he made it, and he got in. That was after he had broken the ice; and it was pretty thick. Years almost without number that Waterloo had been Liberal. In 1900, through the personality and hard work of George Clare, manufacturer in dead earnest under a reasonable survival of the N.P., it went Conservative. He went to Ottawa. Eleven years he stayed in Opposition. Twice during Opposition he kept the seat for the Conservative party. In 1911 he got it again—but not in Opposition.

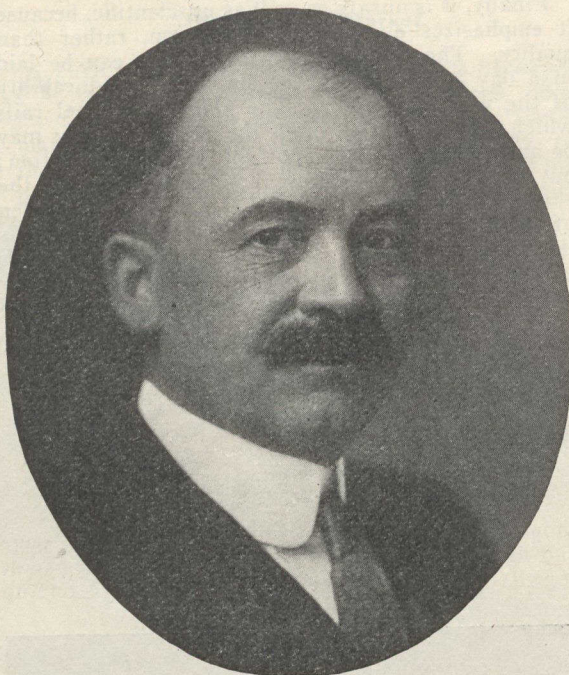
George Clare never went really hard after anything with that uncanny sixth sense of his that he didn't achieve. He realized that while he might dock his own time at the foundry by going into Parliament, by so doing he might make Preston and Waterloo of more account in national arithmetic.

He is still in Parliament. For his political services, amounting to a degree of patriotism, he was made a member of the Privy Council. This is a greater honour than to be a Canadian Cabinet Minister and has the advantage of being conferred for life.

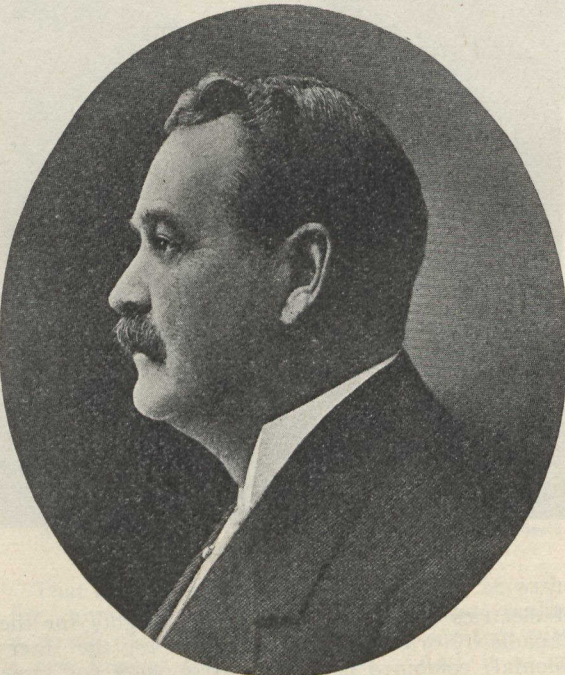
The foundry business—well it probably resembles any other ultra-modern stove and furnace business a good deal—except for the stimulus that comes from having George Clare down in the office; though latterly he has quit climbing through the works, leaving a good deal of that to his more athletic son, Alfred, who can get through the labyrinth in record time. Be sure the works knows, just as Preston town knows, whenever George Clare gets back from Ottawa, or from Honey Harbour, his fishing resort. And he knows, just as intimately as his brother Fred or his son Alfred, the ramified details of the concern; clear from the pattern-shop to the box-car on the track next to the shipping-room. It takes about 50 men to make one stove. And to follow that stove through from pig iron and coke, from moulding sand and pattern-shop; on into the moulding rooms and the casting rooms and the tumblers and the polishers and the nickel platers and the assembling rooms—is part of a modern liberal education. No man would stick at that kind of business if he didn't like it. George Clare likes it. So does his brother Fred. So does his son Alfred. It's a Clare quality—to have strong likes and affinities; and the sixth sense added to the strong will has had most to do with the Clare brand of success.

FROM the cedars of Preston to the ferns of Hespeler is the length of a minute. The first stop of the interurban at Hespeler is right alongside a tremendous fabric that looks big enough to house the whole town. The knitting and cloth mills of the R. Forbes Company are an instance of the biggest industry in a small town in Canada—for a town of that size. On a basis of employees St. Johns, Que., has an industry about the same size; but St.

Johns has twice the population of Hespeler, which has about 3,000 people, seven hundred of whom work in the R. Forbes Company. Some of the



MR. A. C. FLUMERFELT,
(The Hastings Shingle Manufacturing Co., Vancouver, B.C.),
British Columbia Vice-President, C.M.A., 1912-1913.



MR. WILLIAM GEORGESON,
(Georgeson & Co., Limited, Calgary),
Alberta and Saskatchewan Vice-President, C.M.A., 1912-1913.

employees live in Preston; some of the Preston hands live in Hespeler and in Galt—thanks to a very accommodating interurban service that has done much to build up these little industrial cities.

Here again is the persistence of a personality and a business principle. The business, under its present name, was started by the elder Forbes, a Scotchman who bought out a small concern that moved to Holyoke, Mass. About the comparative size of a tool-box to a motor-car there still stands

as the time office of the new works the old office of the firm. Just above it the old bell—for in those days the factory was run by the Speed and there was no steam whistle—still hangs in its little tower. Nearly all the rest looks as though it had been built yesterday.

Here are over 800 horse-power total capacity from three sources, the Speed, Hydro-Electric and a steam plant auxiliary; 14 acres of floor space; 700 workers that come from the towns and the farms round about, from England, Scotland and continental Europe; machines that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, the product of the best concerns in Europe; a private transforming station for Hydro-Electric power from Niagara—up to 500 horse-power; tracks alongside the works; wool that comes from any country that produces the right kind of sheep; products that go to every corner of Canada—all in a peaceful little town that straggles lazily along the pretty river where all its factories are. The total property assessment of Hespeler outside of factories is probably a good deal less than the aggregate value of this one huge, consolidated enterprise. Which is a case of the part being greater than the whole. And the Forbes industry is at the same time one of the greatest woollen concerns in Canada, or even America.

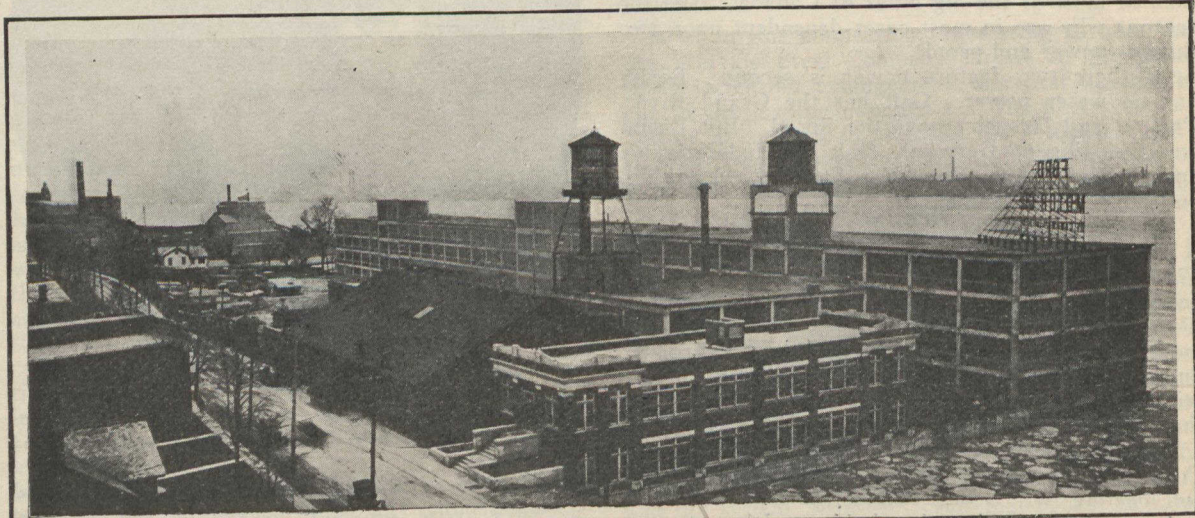
All this should read like a romance. How often in season and out of season since first the British preference was announced by the Laurier Government, have the woollen men lifted their voices in wails of blue ruin protest against a sentiment that would wipe out the prosperous woollen mills of Canada. We were led to believe that the woollen industry in this country was doomed to extinction unless the preference were amended. The Yorkshire spinner and weaver, with his immense advantages both coming and going, would drive out the Canadian maker of cloth. There would be deserted villages, empty mills, cold smoke-stacks, etc., etc.

And the prosperous, tremendously optimistic Forbes Co. is one of the abandoned mills. What has happened since the days of lamentations and deputations to make it possible for a huge business like the Forbes to grow up there in that quiet little town on the Speed?

Mainly—Forbes.

It is a Forbes axiom that the Canadian market is big enough to take all the goods that the company could turn out. And the axiom is big enough to include—that there is no machinery so modern and expensive too good to be used in the knitting industry and the cloth-making in competition with Yorkshire; that there is no labour anywhere too skilled to find employment in a Canadian factory; that in a small town there are advantages to labour in cost of living, in low rents and the lower prices of the necessities of life; that there are also advantages to capital in the lower cost of land and generally lower taxation than in large cities; and that no good, healthy town is too small to maintain a big world industry so long as the personal force of the men behind is of the right, persistent character to build up the industry on its own merits no matter what newspapers might say about the certainty of blue ruin.

THE Forbes Company has worked out these axioms in a practical way. When the preference looked as though it might hit the cloth trade—more or less—they set out to produce cloth under the handicap that could be sold in direct competition with the best weaves of Yorkshire in that class. They are doing it. The worsteds made in Hespeler have been sold by retailers as imported
(Continued on page 27.)



The Ford Automobile Factory in Ford City, on the Detroit River—One of the New Canadian Municipalities Being Built Up By "Branch" Factories From Over the Border.