

WILL SIR SAM'S CLOCKWORK DO THE TRICK FOR CANADA?

To Raise Four Hundred Thousand Men in Canada Looks Like
a Big Contract—Sir George E. Foster Has Hinted
at Compulsory Service.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, Jan. 13.—The opening of Parliament discloses the Government authorization of a Canadian Expeditionary Force of 500,000 men as the chief topic of conversation among the members. It is pointed out that these figures approximate pretty closely the results attained in Great Britain on the voluntary enlistment plan, and the opinion is freely expressed that Canada, in proportion to population, will be doing quite as much as England and even more than the Mother Country, considering our distance from the causes and consequences of the conflict. All are agreed that this is a proud and happy position for Canada to take. The premier colony of the Empire, as it is first in strength and resources, is first and strongest in its loyal response.

A Good Figurer.

Major General Sir Sam Hughes is not indulging in any I-told-you-so talk, but he is free to draw attention to the fact that at the very outset of the war he said five hundred thousand Canadians, and had his arithmetic laughed at.

It was thought at the time that the Major General was indicating an ideal rather than a possible goal, but it seems that he was in full possession of the higher mathematics and knew what he was talking about. Both sides of politics now admit that the Major General was a good figurer and are willing to let it go at that. Not so Sam. In a recent speech in Toronto he again raised the limit to six hundred thousand, but this he did guilefully with a view to giving himself a hundred-thousand margin and making the 500,000 a sure thing. Time has so often verified the Major General's arithmetic that even his critics begin to suspect that his wildest statements are based on precise and elaborate calculations. In fact, the Major General is far from being as spontaneous as his outbursts sound. On the contrary, he is very artful and always is manoeuvring.

Sir Sam's Clockwork.

This being the case, politicians and business men are reassured when they hear Sir Sam say that the five hun-

dred thousand men can be raised like clockwork by next fall. By clockwork they take it that Sir Sam means the regular methods of recruiting now in vogue in the Militia Department—in short that no compulsion, other than that of patriotism and conscience, will be used. There is just that doubt how far Sir Sam's clockwork will do the business. Leaving out the older men, the women, the children, the unfit, the exempted, and those whose obligations domestic and financial tie them to the spot, five hundred thousand is no small share of a population of now less than eight millions. As a matter of fact, it is one in every two of the eligible fighting men throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

Wherefore Sir Sam's clockwork has a sizable job ahead of it. Sir Sam has every confidence in it, but Sir George Foster, whom the universal disaster has revealed as the ripest old Bourbon in the cabinet, has not.

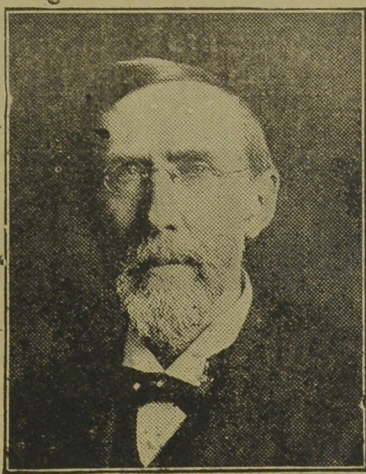
Sir George, the wish being father to the thought, has spoken of conscription. Whether Sir George was acting as a storm signal, a role he loves to play, or whether he was indulging a melancholy mood, or whether he really believed it, nobody knows, but he seems to have been told about the 500,000 limit and was probably reasoning out loud. Sir George, being as calm as a fish himself, never reckons on enthusiasm in anybody else and naturally conscription suggested itself to him as the only way out.

At the risk of making the war unpopular in Canada, he broached it, but on his own initiative—remember that. His colleagues in the cabinet believe that Sir Sam's clockwork will do the trick and that no extraordinary measures will need to be adopted.

The Militia Act.

Incidentally the lawyers in the House of Commons have been taking a look at the Militia Act. Their verdict is that it is very strong medicine indeed. Under it almost anything can be done to the body politic—the danger being once proved.

Although the Militia Act was passed at Confederation, it is a relic of the older days when Canada was a military colony held against possible rebellion or outside attack by force of



SIR GEO. E. FOSTER.

arms. According to the Militia Act, any male Canadian can be sent anywhere in the world "in defence of Canada," and have no legal come-back on the authorities. Virtually, conscription is the law of Canada, and no special Act of Parliament, such as that introduced in the British House of Commons, would need to be passed to make it effective.

Perhaps that was what Sir George meant—when he talked of conscription—the virtual enforcement of the Militia Act, a somewhat archaic statute which previous Canadian governments have found it unnecessary to put into operation.

Of course this is mere corridor gossip, but it shows what way men's minds are trending.

Everybody is hoping that Sir Sam's clockwork will stand the test and that nothing will be done in the way of military compulsion in Canada which will arouse resentment in the breasts of free men. Hope is also expressed that Sir Thomas White has the financial end of the war preparations thoroughly in hand and that the country's commitments being definitely known, business may take courage and strike its old gait.

The following stores have the DAILY MAIL for Sale.

PRICE ONE CENT.

D. H. CROWLEY, 612 Queen Street, opposite Mail office.

R. H. WICKETT, Grocer, 359 York St. CURRIE BROS., Grocers, 303 Queen Street.

D. LENIHAN, Grocer, 522 King St. JAMES FANJOY, Grocer, George St. MISS QUINN, Grocer, corner Brunswick and Westmorland Streets.

JAS. E. SAUNDERS, Grocer, 199 Northumberland Street.

WM. P. GRANNAN, Store, Regent St. MISS BLAIN, Grocer, 301 Charlotte.

E. P. RYAN, Grocer, 879 Charlotte.

H. DE VEBER, Grocer, 298 University Avenue.

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Its fragrance is pleasant

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A Baby's Own Soap Baby is not only "kissable" but seldom suffers from chafing or other skin troubles.

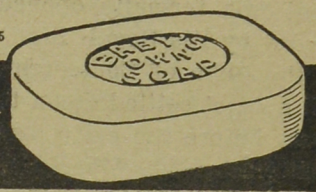
Doctors and Nurses recommend Baby's Own Soap

Albert Soaps, Limited, Mfrs., Montreal.

Sold everywhere. None of its many imitations has all its merits.

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Best for Baby... Best for You



FORD PEACE EXPEDITION HAS PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

(Canadian Press.)

THE HAGUE, Jan. 13, via London, Jan. 14.—The Ford Peace expedition has elected the following American members of the permanent peace board to sit in Europe indefinitely, with the purpose of using all efforts to settle the war: William Jennings Bryan, Henry Ford, Miss Jane Addams, the Rev. Charles F. Aked and Mrs. Joseph Fels, of Philadelphia. Five other Americans will be chosen tomorrow as alternates. The board will be composed of an equal number of members from the various neutral countries and will remain in The Hague or at Stockholm with the financial backing of Mr. Ford.

Each member will receive a salary and the entire expenses of the board will probably amount to \$500,000 yearly. Dr. Aked announced that he would offer his resignation from his San Francisco church. It is not known Mr. Bryan and Mr. Ford will come here.

Judge Ben B. Lindsay, of Denver, refused to accept a nomination to the permanent board, but probably will remain in Europe indefinitely in the interests of the orphans of the warring nations.

Slants Of Humor

FOOLING THE ENEMY.

Rain was falling steadily as the weary cyclist plodded on through the English mud. At last he spied a figure walking toward him through the gloom.

Gladly he sprang off his machine and asked the native:

"How far off is the village of Popleton?"

"Just ten miles the other way, sir," was the reply.

"The other way," exclaimed the cyclist. "But the last signpost I

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

"I know her father does not like me. He wants me to go to work in his factory."

"Well, why don't you prove your worth by going? Then there will be wedding bells and a happy ending."

"I don't know about that. It's a dynamite factory."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HE KNEW IT.

"Do you believe that there is really something which can invariably tell when a man is lying?"

"I know it."

"Ah," said the native, with a knowing grin, "the instrument?"

"Seen one? I married one."—Hous- ton Post.

MY TERRIBLE HACKING AND SPLITTING COUGH

WAS ENTIRELY CURED BY
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Mrs. Clara Jackson, Huntsville, Ont., writes us under date of January 12th, 1915. "I take great pleasure in writing you concerning Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Last winter I contracted a very bad cough which troubled me all through the summer. This winter I started to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and after taking three bottles I can truthfully say that I felt like another woman. The terrible hacking and splitting cough, and the dry sensation in my throat is entirely cured. I would certainly recommend it to anyone troubled with bronchitis or lung trouble. I have not words too grateful to give you."

All obstinate coughs and colds yield quickly to the action of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, combining as it does all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs, roots and barks.

"Dr. Wood's" has been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and we claim that it is the best cure for a cough or cold that you can possibly procure. The thousands of testimonials we have received prove that our claim is right.

All we ask you is to see that you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it, and don't accept some no-account substitute.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25c and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

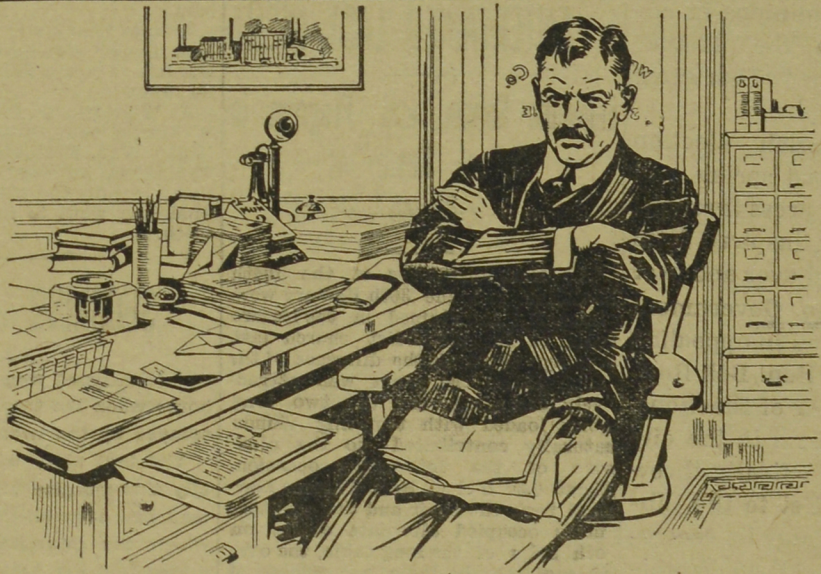
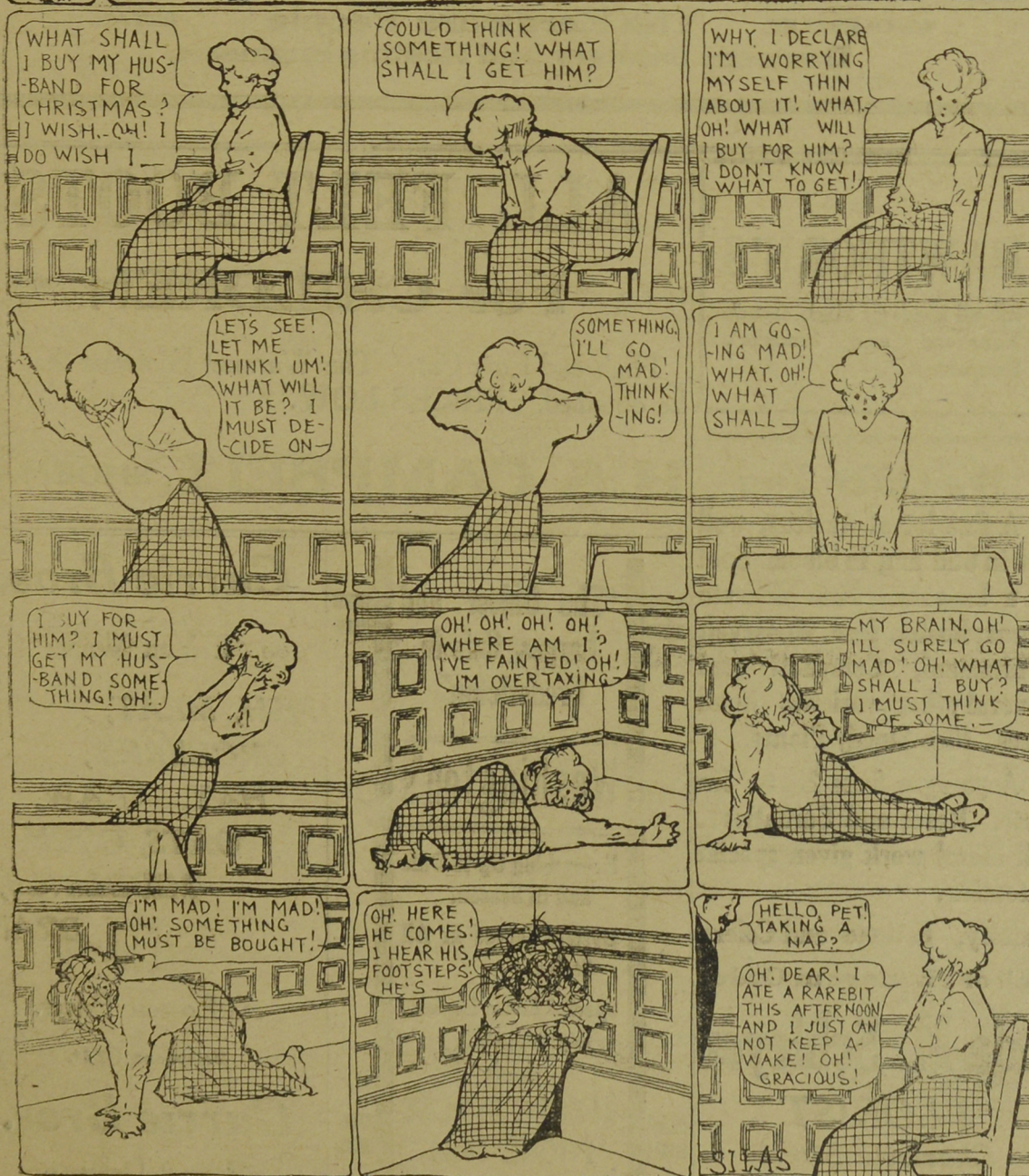
passed said it was in this direction." "Ah," said thenative, with a knowing grin, "but, ye see we turned that there post round so as to fog those 'ere Zeppylings!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

ALWAYS.

"D'you always tip the boy so hand-somely when your wife wires, 'Returning tomorrow'?"

"Always—when she had originally intended to return today."—London Opinion.

DREAM OF THE RAREBIT FIEND



Swamped

When a man's efficiency is on the decline—when after a long day of effort the mass of work still stares him in the face—it's time to find out what's wrong.

Frequently a lack of certain necessary nutritive elements, in the daily diet, lessen mental and physical activity. A prime factor in efficiency is right feeding.

No food supplies, in such splendid proportion, all the rich nourishment of the field grains, for keeping the mental and physical forces upbuilt and in trim, as

Grape-Nuts

Made of whole wheat and malted barley, this famous pure food supplies the vital mineral salts, often lacking in the ordinary daily diet, but imperative in building sturdy mental, physical and nervous energy.

Then, too, there's a wonderful return of power for the small effort required in the digestion of Grape-Nuts, which, with cream or good milk, supplies complete nourishment.

"There's a Reason" for Grape Nuts

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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