

THE DISPATCH.

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HOW OFTEN?

Here is a Series of Real Brain Twisters

How many people realize the number of ways in which it is possible for some of the commonest everyday events of life to happen?

As you walk through the streets of your town, for example, and hear the chiming of your parish church bells, has it ever occurred to you to think out how many "changes" can be rung with a "peal" of eight bells? The answer is 40,320, a number which seems incredible, but none the less is true.

Ten horses run in a race. The number of ways in which the first, second and third places can be filled is 720, whilst the number of ways in which all the ten horses can pass the winning-post is the enormous number 3,627,300.

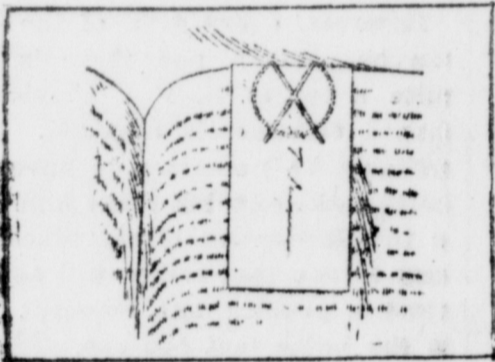
Suppose a town council is composed of thirty-five councillors. From it it is possible to form 6,375,600 different committees, each composed of eight. Eight people could arrange themselves about a round table in 5,040 different ways, and if six persons reserve a first-class railway carriage, having six seats, they could choose between 720 different ways of seating themselves.

A little girl has ten different beads to make into a necklace. She could do it 181,390 times and get a different necklace each time.

If we wish to make a selection of six books out of an available twelve, we have the choice of 924 ways in which to do it.

Finally, it would take 5,000 years for a man earning \$1,000 a year to earn \$5,000,000. Whilst if a person invested \$5 at 5 per cent. compound interest he would become a millionaire—could he live so long—in 282 years.

HAIRPIN AND VISITING CARD MAKE BOOKMARK



There is a little bookmark which does not fall out and it consists simply of an ordinary paper clip and a visiting card. As paper clips are not always to be found in the home, the same effect can be secured with a hairpin. Bend the hairpin to form an M and slip the central tongue over one side of the leaf while the two ends are on the other.

A MOP WITH FOUR USES

Acts as Mop, Scrubbing Brush, Scraper and Mop Wringer

A household article of unusual versatility is that patented recently by a Massachusetts man. The single implement can be used as a mop, scrubbing brush, scraper and mop wringer. Mounted on a long handle is a metal framework containing a wringer like the ordinary clothes wringer. At the bottom of this framework is a scraper, and this scraper acts as a ridge to



attach the latter. The mop, of course, is also attached to the framework when needed and in using the hands need never touch the water. Just insert the mop in a pail of water, remove it and press down on the little handle, and the mop is left moist and clean. The advantage of a long handle for the scrubbing brush will be instantly appreciated by anyone who has crawled about on her knees to use one of these brushes.

Nitrate in Chili

It has been officially estimated that the Chilean nitrate fields contain enough of the commodity to supply the world for 120 years at the present rate of consumption.

Imitates Human Voice

A French scientist is working upon a phonograph which imitates the human voice by passing compressed air through photographically produced holes in a rapidly moving strip.

Lighted Hand Mirror

A new French hand mirror has a small electric lamp mounted in the top, fed by a storage battery or a small electric cell.

BRITAIN'S UTMOST?

Financier Thinks More Should be Working at Munitions

Striking a medium between the members of the Northcliffe camp who devoted their energies to trying to convince the nation that the Government is a gang of fools, and some Liberals, who with equal zeal assert that the same Government was absolutely perfect and can do no wrong, Sir Leo Chiozza Money, the well known statistician and member of Parliament, proved that the British nation was still not doing its utmost. "I very strongly believe," he says, "that the Government has not done all that needs to be done, or all that it ought to have done, in any department of the war. The army is not as large as it ought to have been; labor is largely unorganized, hosts of men and women are doing things that ought not to be done; financial timidity still reigns supreme; there has not yet been a clarion call to the sons of the Empire to rally to the cause in sufficient numbers. British labor power is still amazingly underestimated. People commonly talk as if the men of the country were either in the army or making munitions, and little is done officially to disabuse the public of this wholly erroneous notion."

He argues there are in Britain no less than ten million men, two and a half million of whom are of military age, left to carry on the ordinary work of the country, assisted by six and a half million girls and women. "Even this," he goes on to say, "leaves 25 million unoccupied men, women and children, several millions of whom could be made to work if the Government cared to put its hand to the task. The fact is that we could put six million men into the army and navy, and yet carry on the essential work of the country. I recommend anyone who doubts this to spend a day travelling about London, examining its shops, its streets, its theatres, its music halls."

"To my mind it is deplorable and distressing that any sane person can venture to assert that we have reached the end of our efforts, when hosts of men and women are still wrongfully employed even from the peace point of view, and doubly ill used from the point of view of war. I have repeatedly heard the same kind of observation made by visitors to London, neutral as well as French or German, and there is an increasing feeling of bitterness against the English in France, which sometimes becomes visible even in the French press and which is being felt very much by English officers in France."

Warm Food for Stock

An electric heater has been designed especially to warm food for horses and cattle in cold weather.

Farming With Dynamite

Deep cultivation with the aid of dynamite is being tried experimentally on tea plantations in India.

New Oil For Paint

Oil of the Hawaiian kukui nut has been found to be better than linseed oil in the manufacture of paint.

Newest Folding Chair

A steel folding chair that collapses into a package smaller than a music roll is a New Yorker's invention.

Size of Madagascar

Madagascar, the third largest island in the world, has an area larger than France, Belgium and Holland combined.

Progressive Brazil

The Brazilian government has opened a superior school of agriculture and veterinary medicine at Rio de Janeiro.

A Huge Oven

To bake the paint on its passenger cars a railroad in Pennsylvania has built a huge oven into which they can

EXIT THE MONOCLE MAN

Various Glimpses of Kitchener Given in Anecdotes

Stories of Kitchener's semi-humorous bluntness are legion. "Sorry to report the loss of five men through explosion of dynamite," was the gist of a telegram he received one day during the Boer war from a captain at the front. "Do you want any more dynamite?" was the immediate answer. On one occasion to the War Office authorities were pressing a certain weapon upon him. "Keep the gun," he wired. "I can throw stones myself."

"Twelve hours in which to carry this despatch?" he remarked to an officer on one occasion. "You must do it in six." And the officer did it in five.

At Pretoria one day Lord Kitchener saw a young lieutenant sporting a monocle.

"Does your eyesight require you to wear that?" he asked.

"It does," replied the lieutenant.

"Then report to-morrow morning to the line of communication," ordered the General. "I do not require men with poor eyesight at headquarters."

"A soldier was digging a ditch near Pretoria," said Mrs. Erskine, "and the General observed him for a long while. Finally he sent for him. He asked him if he wasn't ill. The soldier replied that he was; that he felt quite badly. 'Then why don't you report sick?' demanded the General. 'I did,' replied the soldier, 'but the doctor said I was fit for duty.' Lord Kitchener sent for the young surgeon, ordered him to make an examination, found the soldier was suffering from typhoid fever and sent him to the hospital. Then he said to the doctor, 'You can apply for your leave home. I have no use here for the sort of a doctor you are.'"



"Your Majesty, the Kaiser sends you the dove of peace." "Very well. Have it served roasted." —From Hellas, Athens.

HUNNISH TURK DEEDS

The following description given by an Armenian woman of the upper class, is typical of the fate suffered by hundreds of other bands. After describing the murder of every male over fifteen in a surprise attack by Kurds, and how their horses, valuables and food were taken, she continues: "Very many women and girls were carried off to the mountains, among them my sister, whose one-year-old child they threw away. My mother wept until she could go no farther, and dropped by the roadside on a mountain top. We found on the road many who had been in the previous batches; some women were among the killed with their husbands and sons. . . . Many persons were obliged to start off on foot—and with what they could carry on their backs. Such persons naturally became so weak that they fell behind, and were bayoneted and thrown into the river. At the Euphrates, the brigands and gendarmes threw into the river all the remaining children under fifteen years."

Of the districts assigned to the Armenians a Professor Hagopian writes: "These unhappy deported people have been chiefly deposited in two places—one section of them in a swampy region which has hitherto remained uninhabited on account of the deadly malaria; while the remainder have been sent to a still more unhealthy place in the direction of the Persian Gulf, that is, Der-el-Zor, so bad that they have begged to be sent to the swamps, but their petition has not been granted."

Improved Rubber Getting

Electrical apparatus for tapping rubber trees, which may be left unattended for months, has been invented by a German.

Latest Flat Iron

A new flat iron needs no stand to hold it when not in use, legs branching from the handle serving the purpose.

To accustom soldiers to shoot at aviators the British army is using a model aeroplane which flies along a

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE

OTTAWA.

How The British Swept The Ridge

With the British Army in France. Aug. 22 (via London, Aug. 23).—The artillery commander drew his patent curtain of fire, and never in all the seven weeks of the Somme battle has the correspondent witnessed anything equal to the show. As the officers call every action, in the taking of one of the spurs of Thiepval Ridge yesterday afternoon. Ever since July 1, when the British failed in their effort to storm it, Thiepval Ridge has glared at the British, who had kept hammering it with gun fire. The Germans need to set the same store by it as they did by the heights of Ginchy and Guillemont on their other flank.

In front of the position conquered yesterday the British infantry had been decimated by machine gunfire on July 1. The trenches were just as strong as then, with deep dugouts, the result of two years' building. Prisoners taken early in the offensive said the British never could obtain a foothold on that ridge.

Those taken yesterday who had been at Verdun said they suffered nothing there at all equivalent to the deluge of British shells, and that it was impossible for human beings to endure such tornadoes.

THE FALL TERM

of the

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On a thousand yard front, both the first German line and the support trench was taken. One pair of eyes could not see more detail than the correspondent saw yesterday. The British and German engaged were outlined as clearly as a play around the second base could be seen from a grandstand. A home company of the National Guard, doing skirmish drill in camp, could not be more distinct when seen from the side lines. It was the very finesse of war.

With the clear air of a bright afternoon over his shoulder, one looked across the tiny valley toward a slope. There the bare ground was cut with the

slash of a new British trench and beyond that, across an area of dead grass and wavy maize, was the first line German trench. A Niagara rush of whirling screams from capsules of concentrated hell tore through the air and began bursting over it. Their flashes buggered it in an infernal ecstasy, sweeping it with myriads of bullets and fragments, shooting forked tongues of death into its burrows. To show a head and escape being hit and hit more than once was a hopeless as to stand up in a thick hailstorm without being hit by an ice pellet.

Some Germans who had trusted in flight rather than sticking to a jugout, when the first dash of projectiles came, were seen running toward the open way from this swath of destruction. Now, out of the British trench appeared a row of khaki tinted mushrooms, the steel helmets the British soldiers wear, then their heads and shoulders and full forms as the charge went over the parapet. Every man was in full equipment with all its details visible, every figure uniform with all others to the last item, as they moved across the field of dead grass briskly and steadily.

No ominous, wicked staccato of German machine guns coming into action was heard. No machine gunner could live at this post in that trench. The British line opened to go around shell craters or other obstacles and then closed up. Occasionally a figure dropped and was lost in the grass. Right into the face of that curtain of death from shells going only a few feet over their heads they were moving. Then, suddenly as it was laid, the curtain of shell fire lifted. Not a single shell out of the thousands had burst short.

Now the British were going over the German parapet, their bayonets glistening in the sun. As they descended into the trench the earth seemed to have swallowed them up. Little clouds of smoke from bursting bombs rose from the trench. There was hot work proceeding out of sight in the burrows.

One after another, as though they were coming to the top of stairs, heads and shoulders appeared out of the trench. Each German had his hands up and in file the prisoners moved past a Briton standing on the parapet. These Germans, who had not waited to be bombed out of their dugouts, but had surrendered, came legging it at top speed back toward the British first line trenches.

Now British helmets rise from the German first line and start on with another charge to the German support trench. They will clean up any Germans lying in shell craters on the way. They grow dim with distance and in the fading light, but they get there.

Bit by bit, gains are made between big attacks. The British are now within one thousand yards of Thiepval, main gain their position in Guillemont and are within three hundred yards of Ginchy and of Martinpuich.

WANTED

WANTED—A girl to learn type setting. Inquire at "The Dispatch" Office