

The Universal Peace Congress, which opened its second session in Westminster Town Hall, London, on July 15th, seems to be badly needed on the American side of the pond. Just as the European members of the Peace Association were lauding the methods of deciding disputes in the New World, two wars break out, and the idea of peace is knocked higher than a kite.

One of the penalties of greatness is having one's private and personal affairs pried into and written of, and made public property. Henry M. Stanley's love affairs, as the papers call them, seem to be attracting more attention than his explorations or his book. The latest yarn is that Stanley was going to be married to a beautiful Greek girl in one of the Ionian Islands, but, having forgotten to pay the maiden's father a sum of money in proportion to the beauty and youth of his bride, he was reminded of the fact at the altar, whereupon Stanley indignantly told his not-to-be-forgotten father-in-law that he had intended to marry the lady, not to buy her, and the match was "off." Mr. Stanley is a sensible man, so perhaps these things do not trouble him greatly, and may yield him some amusement, if he sees them at all.

The King of the Belgians proposes to hand over the Congo State, which is his private property, to the Belgian nation. Should the bill which is now before the Belgian Parliament pass Belgians will within the next ten years lend twenty-five million francs to the Congo State without interest, and six months after the expiration of this term of ten years decide whether she will take the territory over. In the event of her not doing so King Leopold is already bound to give France the right of pre-emption, but if she does this right becomes extinguished. It is highly probable that Germany would consider Belgium a better neighbor than France, and should Belgium ever tire of her bargain she is certain to find a willing purchaser in Germany. These considerations are likely to outweigh any arguments of the opposition in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives.

The "Ottawa Liar" will have to retire and hide his diminished head, for the person who has been sending sensational press despatches from Halifax certainly deserves the title of champion liar of the Dominion. It is a very small business for any one to try and damage our city by sending such stuff as appeared in the Boston Sunday *Globe*, alleging that Nova Scotia had been captured by General Butler, that the Halifax wires were all down, and Boston was wild over the news. The versions of the Dartmouth disaster were far off from truth, stating that hundreds of people had been thrown into the water and many lives lost. This appeared in many papers, and it must have emanated from the same source as the Boston *Globe's* article, which was simply a work of the liar's excited imagination. These false reports will do Halifax no little injury, and an effort should be made to find out their source and put a stop to them. It is not probable that any respectable newspaper would knowingly publish despatches which are unreliable, and certainly not those which have absolutely no foundation.

St. John is an enterprising city, and Mr. Ira Cornwall, Secretary of the Board of Trade, and of the Exhibition Association of that place, is certainly doing his best to make the fact known to an admiring public. We had been favored with two copies of the premium list of the International Fair to be held in St. John in September and October, so we scarcely expected to receive any more literature bearing on the subject, but a few days since we were again honored with a leaflet advertising the fair, together with a copy of "Canada's National Song," "My Own Canadian Home," the words of which are by E. G. Nelson, and the music by Morley McLaughlin of St. John. The song is dedicated to Canada's Bisley Rifle Competitors on the first page, and devoted to Canada's International Fair on the last. The song is pretty and simple, easily learned, and carries conviction of our love of country (as well as the International Fair advertisement) with it. Its mission is to kill two birds with one stone, to cultivate patriotism, and at the same time draw attention to St. John, its always open and safe harbor, and its exhibition. Judicious advertising always pays, and, all petty rivalries between Halifax and St. John apart, we hope the fair will be an unqualified success.

An odd matrimonial suit is likely to come on for a hearing in Wisconsin. Mrs. Weston, the wife of a Wisconsin minister, intends, it is said, to apply for a divorce from her husband, to whom she has been married as many as nine times. Mr. and Mrs. Weston were first married in Wisconsin according to the forms of the Methodist Church, and went to Europe for their honeymoon. At Dublin it seems that doubts arose as to whether their union was "ecclesiastically perfect," so they were again married in Saint Patrick's Cathedral. But shortly afterwards Mr. Weston, remembering that unfortunately Saint Patrick's had originally been Catholic, and fearing that this might militate against the spiritual validity of the protestant rite, the couple were a third time united by a Presbyterian clergyman. Whether Mr. Weston discovered something particularly binding in the office of the Baptist Church is unknown, but the ceremony was next performed by a Baptist minister. After this there is a whirl of weddings, creeds and rituals, till Mrs. Weston, getting tired, refused to be married any more. Nine times had she named the day; nine times had she stood before the clergyman; nine times had she bought a trousseau; nine slippers had been thrown after her; nine times had rice been strewn behind her; nine times had she and her husband departed on their honeymoon, and now Mr. Weston's earnest entreaties that she would consent to be married "just this once" in the Congregational Church has met with a stern refusal. It is difficult to understand upon what grounds the divorce can be granted, certainly not upon that of conjugal infidelity, nor can Mr. Weston's conduct be described as cruel.

The removal of the National Rifle Association camp from Wimbledon to Bisley is generally regarded as a very satisfactory one. A few of the advantages of the new selection are that the range can be lengthened indefinitely, it is not so wind-swept as Wimbledon, it is far enough from town and the centres of population to be free from loafers, and the proximity of Pirbright and Aldershot is valuable, as the assistance of regulars in the multifarious routine of a rifle-camp is easily procurable. The soil at Bisley is sandy, and the rains, which have been very heavy this year, have effected it scarcely at all, while Wimbledon, it is acknowledged, would have been turned into a swamp. The Wimbledon range was opened thirty years ago by the Queen and the Prince Consort, and this year, the National Rifle Association having outgrown the capacity of that suburb, and removed their camp to the undulating heath in the bracing air of the Surrey hills, the opening ceremony was performed by the Princess of Wales. We sincerely trust that the success which has for so many years attended Canada's riflemen at Wimbledon may follow them to Bisley, and that Canada's reputation for producing good shots may not change.

The New York *Sun* grows mournful over its own statement that young women attending colleges and going in for higher education have names which suggest rather a gay and giddy view of life and its responsibilities. Many of them are called by nursery diminutives, such as Bessie, Jennie, Nellie, Carrie, etc., which the *Sun* says are no names at all, and do not befit young women who are starting out to prepare themselves for an exhausting profession. This may be so in the *Sun's* experience, but it is not so in ours. We find the greater number of women, young or old, who come prominently before the public, are provided with two dignified "front" names, which they write out in full as their proper names. Miss Phillippa Garrett Fawcett is a name which does not savor of the nursery, and the "pa," although at first one would not notice the peculiarity, is all that makes it even feminine. We have in our possession the autographs of six lady students of Wellesley College, and not one of them has an abbreviated or diminutive name in it. The *Sun's* efforts to improve the feminine taste in names will certainly be successful—although it speaks hopelessly of the task—because the ladies are already learning that dignified, euphonious names, which have been borne by queens and heroines, are far more suitable to sensible young women than pet diminutives.

The banquet recently given to General Middleton is an example of a tendency to sympathize with offenders against laws or morals, who have in public opinion been sufficiently punished for their transgression, especially if the offender has been a public favorite, or the transgression stand alone in an otherwise correct career. This tendency is akin to that expressed in "Don't kick him when he's down," but it is one thing and commendable to abstain from kicking a man when he's down, and quite another thing and reprehensible to help up and pat on the back the man who has deserved to be knocked down. It may be that those who most closely scrutinize the conduct of others, who are the first and most clamorous in denunciation when they have discovered or think they have discovered a departure from strict rectitude, are those whose own record would not bear close inspection; be this as it may, the susceptibility of public opinion, the readiness and sternness with which it demands the punishment of those who offend against its code of ethics, is the best conservator of official morality, the best safeguard against immorality. Gen. Middleton was found guilty of a grave offence. Nothing short of his resignation would have appeased public opinion, and had the Dominion Government condoned the offence by refusing to demand his resignation it is just possible that the electors might not be able to distinguish between the original offender and the accessory after the fact.

It is most unfair to make political capital out of the fact that many of the very best of our young men and young women—best in the sense of being most energetic and enterprising, best because only the best is wanted—every year seek homes in the United States. Nova Scotia is a young country, its natural resources and its manufacturing industries are but in the infancy of development. It has not within itself the vast accumulations of capital with which to start and maintain industrial enterprises which the United States, for instance, has. The people of our Province are prolific, and our population is increasing more rapidly than are the means for profitable employment. What could be expected under these conditions? That our immigrants or migrants should stay at home and either do nothing or share with their fellow workers the work and the wages that are to be had at home? Another important factor in occasioning this annual exodus or migration is the movement from the Eastern to the Western States, especially of farmers and their families, creating a demand for labor which our people hasten to fill. Finally, and this if a source of loss should also be a source of pride, it is admitted that our young people, we may say Canadians, are preferred, their work is in demand across the border. Should then any government be blamed on this account? We think not, unless indeed it has neglected to do what lies in its power to open up resources, to encourage industries and the influx of capital. A writer in *Our Grange Homes* graphically describes a drive from Rhode Island to New Hampshire. Of the four head lines of that article one is "Deserted Farms," and the writer says that in his drive of 180 miles he counted 108 deserted farms, each of which he estimates must have represented an outlay of \$2,500 in buildings, tools and cattle. The New England papers also assure us that many of the occupied farms are heavily mortgaged. Let us be thankful that if we have this in one sense deplorable annual exodus and migration we have few abandoned or vacant farms. That there is quite a noticeable tendency among our young men, especially of the migration class, to settle on our own farms, and that mortgages are being paid off rather than increased in number and volume.