

The Colonist.

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TERMS: THE DAILY COLONIST. Published Every Day except Monday. Per year, postage free to any part of Canada...

THE SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST. Per year, postage free to any part of the Dominion or the United States...

ADVERTISING RATES. REGULAR COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING, as distinguished from every other kind of advertising...

WHAT IS AN AUTONOMY? A word that has of late been very much abused in this Dominion is "autonomy."

The power, right or condition of self-government; independence; as the autonomy of an institution or an individual.

"A community that governs itself." Not one of the provinces is, according to these definitions, an autonomy.

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It is more than likely that Jameson's raid was not such a failure as it appeared on the surface to be. That raid has directed the attention of the British nation and of the whole civilized world to the Transvaal and to the Boer methods of government.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. George W. Smalley, the New York correspondent of the London Times, writes very interesting articles on English subjects for the New York Weekly Herald.

THE U. S. GOV'T REPORTS show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

ies will be benefited by his administration of the Colonial Department. Speaking of his appointment to office under Lord Salisbury Mr. Smalley says:

He passed from politics to statesmanship. Brooding much over these newer interests, considering, as he has ever done, with some exactness, the chances of his own career, considering also in a spirit of true patriotism the larger interests of the Empire, he saw that his one great opportunity, both of building up his own place and of serving his country lay in a new policy for the colonies.

It is a characteristic of him that he should have spoken of them as neglected estates which needed development. It is but a figure of speech, yet it shows how commercialism had saturated his mind.

His conception, at any rate, no matter how it was phrased, was a great one. He shook off the notion that the colonies were so many encumbrances, a favorite notion of liberals and radicals which Lord Beaconsfield himself was not free.

He persuaded himself that it was possible to weld the Empire together more closely than ever before, and to make these outlying provinces in a sense integral parts of the huge imperial fabric which covers half the globe.

More than one fortnight and not more than one month, 60 cents. More than one week and not more than one fortnight, 40 cents. Not more than one week, 30 cents.

Advertisements under this classification inserted for less than \$2.50, and accepted other than for every-day insertion, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Advertisements unaccompanied by specific instructions inserted will be charged as if continued for full term.

It will be gathered from this that Mr. Smalley has not formed a very high opinion of Canada politically. In the above extracts he represents this country as utterly selfish, and in another part of his letter he speaks of Canada as being "perhaps the most stiff-necked of the English colonies."

There may be more truth in the American journalist's estimate of Canada than many Canadians are willing to admit. Canada, no doubt, in her dealings with the Mother Country has had an eye to the main chance.

She is as true as steel and perhaps the most loyal of the colonies, but she has no idea of allowing her interests to be needlessly sacrificed of benefit either friend or neighbor, and it will have to be admitted that like most of her sex she dearly loves to have her own way; but in all times of trial Canada has proved that she is true to British connection, and the indications are that at no period of her existence was her affection for the Mother Country more fervent, and her determination to stand by her for weal or for woe stronger.

Canadians generally are desirous of closer connection with Great Britain, and since Mr. Chamberlain has shown a disposition to strengthen the bond that connects the colonies with the Mother Country he has risen greatly in their esteem.

British Columbians will be glad to hear that it is intended to place another government steamer in the waters of their province. Such a vessel is badly needed. We have for some years been urging the Dominion Government to do something towards surveying the harbors, channels and straits of the province.

The charts, as has been proved over and over again, are not, in waters that have been little frequented, by any means to be relied upon. Rocks and shoals dangerous to navigation, which are not marked on the charts, have been found, and the finder in some cases has paid dearly for his experience.

A second government vessel is needed to do some prospecting in the matter of the deep-sea fisheries. Valuable food fish abound near all parts of the coast, but little is known as to the locality of the banks which they frequent and on which they feed. A vessel under proper direction would, we are satisfied, make many valuable discoveries in this direction in two or three seasons.

And then there are the smugglers to be looked after and the unlicensed vendors of spirituous liquors. We have heard bitter complaints of the mischief done by illicit traders of one kind and another along the coast. It would, we believe, pay the government to have a vessel on the coast to put down smuggling. Legitimate trade would be benefited by the energy and the vigilance of a preventive service.

The St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society held their regular monthly "at home" last evening—and each succeeding event becomes more interesting and enjoyable. The Sons of Erin were last evening the guests of their Scotch brethren, and it is safe to say that not a single person of the large audience went away dissatisfied. A choice programme was rendered, after which refreshments were served and dancing, cards, etc., were indulged in "to the wee sma' hours ayont the twal."

Ninety Per Cent. Of all the people need to take a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season to prevent that dread disease, diphtheria, which is now so common. The money invested in half a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will come back with tenfold benefit and a good deal of body and energy of nerves.

Hood's Pills are easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. Cure all liver ills. 25c.

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Don Sanchez leads the way, we following, with useful looks one at the other, till we reach the market place, and there he takes us into a house of entertainment, where a dozen Moors are squatting on their haunches in groups about sundry bowls of a smoking mess called cuscusson, which is a kind of paste with a little butter in it and a store of spices. Their manner of eating it is simple enough. Each man dips his hand in the pot, takes out a handful and dances it about till it is fashioned into a ball, and then he eats it with all the gusto in the world.

For our repast we were served with a joint of roast mutton, and this being cut up we had to take up in our hands and eat like any savages, their religion denying these Moors anything but the bare necessities of life. Also their law forbids the drinking of wine, which did most upset Jack Dawson, he having for drink with his meat nothing but the choice of water and sour milk, but which he liked less I know not, for he would go dry any day than be poisoned with such liquor.

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Being astray betimes the next morning, we reached Elche before midday, and here we seemed to be in another world, for this region is no more like Spain than Spain is like our own country. Entering the forest, we found ourselves encompassed on all sides by prodigious high palm trees, which hitherto we had seen only singly here and there, cultivated as curiosities. And noble trees they are, standing 80 to 100 feet high, with never a branch, but only a great spreading crown of leaves, with strings of dates hanging down from their midst. Beneath in marshy places grew sugar canes as high as any bagstock, and elsewhere were patches of rice, which grows like corn with us, but thrives well in the shade, curiously watered by artificial streams of water. And very beautiful are their property these Moors have sown, with great spiky leaves which no man can penetrate, and other strange plants, whereof I will mention only one they call the fig of Barbary, which is no fig at all, but a plant having large, fleshy leaves growing one out of the other, with fruit and flower sprouting out of the edges, and all monstrous prickly. To garish and beautify this formidable defense nature had cast over all a network of creeping herbs, with most extraordinary flowers, delightful both to see and smell, but why so prickly no man can say.

"Surely this must be paradise," cries Moll, staying to look around her. "And we were of the same thinking until we came to the town, which, as I have said, lies in the midst of this forest, and then all our hopes and expectations were dashed to the ground, for we had looked to find a city in keeping with these surroundings—of fairy palaces and stately mansions. In place whereof was naught but a wilderness of mean, low, squallid houses, with past and audeing, ill paved alleys, and all past everything for unsavory smells—heaps of refuse lying before every door, stark naked brats of children screaming everywhere, and a pack of famished dogs snapping at our heels."

Don Sanchez leads the way, we following, with useful looks one at the other, till we reach the market place, and there he takes us into a house of entertainment, where a dozen Moors are squatting on their haunches in groups about sundry bowls of a smoking mess called cuscusson, which is a kind of paste with a little butter in it and a store of spices. Their manner of eating it is simple enough. Each man dips his hand in the pot, takes out a handful and dances it about till it is fashioned into a ball, and then he eats it with all the gusto in the world.

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None of them smiled, and it is noticeable that these people, like our own don, do never laugh, taking such demonstration as a sign of weak understanding and foolishness, but watching all our actions very intently. And presently a old Moor, with a white beard and more cleanly dressed than the rest, pushing the crowd aside to see what was forward, recognized Don Sanchez, who at once rose to his feet, we not to be behind him in good manners, rising also.

"May Babar?" says the old Moor, and repeating this phrase thrice, which is a sure sign of hearty welcome, he claps the don's hand without shaking it and lays his own upon his breast, the don doing likewise. Then Don Sanchez, introducing us as we understood by his gestures, the old Moor bends his head gravely, putting his right hand first to his heart, next to his forehead and then kissing the two foremost fingers laid