

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By DOG TOBY

DOMINION DAY

DOMINION Day marks an important step in the history of our colony. We have emerged from infancy to manhood. It is the coming of age when we take upon ourselves the dignity and responsibilities of man's estate. For hitherto we have been regarded to some extent as in the stage of childhood, we have had a voice but hardly a fully recognised equality in the Imperial councils. Now we go to meet the representatives of the Motherland no longer as a mere colony and dependency, but as a Dominion, as a country with full rights and standing of our own.

All honour is due to the distinguished statesman who has gained for us this new dignity. Sir Joseph Ward has many claims on our gratitude. He has proved the most capable Postmaster-General of our time - the equal of the great English Fawcett. By his efforts in the direction of cheaper postage and quicker means of communication he has drawn us closer to the mother country and to foreign lands. It is safe to say that at the postal conferences, more, perhaps, than anywhere else, New Zealand has made her influence felt as being one of the great nations of the world. At the recent Imperial Council Sir Joseph also made it apparent that we had emerged from a position of being merely a colony. Our legislation has been watched with the keenest interest, and the opinions of our statesmen admittedly carry great weight even beyond the limits of the British Empire. The term "colony" implies something subordinate and dependent. The Roman colonies were little better than military outposts, the Greek colonies were mainly composed of scattered bands of emigrants dotted along the sea coast. "Dominion" implies rule and power; the word has a strong and virile ring about it. And we have attained to a position of rule and power amongst the nations. Our statesmen are no longer men of influence in domestic affairs alone; they are men whose opinion carries weight in the most august parliaments of the Old World. It is therefore most fitting that we should celebrate this great event by every means in our power, and show our appreciation of the compliment that has been paid us by the motherland in recognising us as no longer a child and a subordinate, but as a nation and a power admitted to terms of the fullest equality with older countries.

Still, with all our pride in our country, we are a peculiar people, and hardly take ourselves seriously enough. We are in that stage of growth between early and full manhood that is known as the awkward age. Our most serious sounding notes in honour of our land are touched with burlesque. There is no reason why this should be so. We have not the huge unpeopled wastes of Canada or Australia, we lack the vast half-civilised tracts of South Africa, but we have a land that enjoys advantages possessed by none of these larger countries. Though in all the best things we may justly claim to take our rank amongst the great world powers, yet people smile because they say other big States could tuck us away in a small portion of their territory and lose us. They could lose New Zealand but not the New Zealander. We have become a nation because we have developed a national character. Anyone can recognise the difference between the Englishman and the native born; and this genesis of a new type is also worthy of being marked in a special manner because the type itself is noble. We are free from the Americanism that taints so much of Canada, and the bugbear of the foreign millionaire that haunts the Transvaal. Nor have we the tendency to cosmopolitan vulgarity that is often noticeable in the Australian. Matthew Arnold

once remarked that the United States was the worst possible country for a person of moderate means to live in. He might have added that New Zealand was the best. The New Zealander is kindly and hospitable; he is hard-working, and he is simple and unaffected in his tastes. A man can get more of the real enjoyment of life in the colony for little cost than in any country in the world. In England, the older civilisation and many traditions demand much style and ceremony. The Old Country families look askance at a newcomer. A man is more esteemed for what his forefathers were than for what he is in himself. You are compelled by hard and fast social customs to choose your friends from your own set. In New Zealand things are different. True, worth and merit alone win recognition; we are all newcomers and all start equal. Gentle birth that shows in gentle deeds always counts for much everywhere; but with us the deeds are all important, and we know that true nobility of character is a matter of the heart rather than of heraldic quarterings. It may be safely said that no other country produces a better type of successful man than New Zealand. Free from all ostentation, kindly, simple, they are men of whom any land might well be proud. We are not celebrating any grand federation or access of new territory, but we are celebrating our birth as a nation with a national character, and may that character long continue and be handed on undimmed and un tarnished through all the generations yet to come.

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NEARLY DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION.

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Miss F. Nargar, of Torbanlea, Nr. Maryborough, Q., says: "I was recently troubled with splitting headaches, the fearful throbbing pain in my forehead being so acute that I was nearly driven to distraction. I tried home treatments in the shape of bandages, etc but without success and I continued to suffer agonies, when an aunt of mine, who had always taken Bile Beans for her ailments, advised me to give them a trial. I purchased a box, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I felt decided relief, and after undergoing a short course I was my old self again. I have had no return of the excruciating headaches since, but should they do so, I shall certainly take the same medicine which so quickly and surely took away my last headache, and that was Bile Beans."

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