

Carnival Week in Auckland. FIRST Winter Show.

IN THE AUCKLAND DRILL HALL.
DAIRY PRODUCE AND MACHINERY.
DISTRICT COURTS.
NEW ZEALAND INDUSTRIES.
COMPREHENSIVE EXHIBIT OF N.Z.
MANUFACTURES.
Maori Arts and Crafts, and Island Curios.
AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT'S
COURT.

Promenade Concerts.
IMPORTANT AGRICULTURAL
CONFERENCE.

CHEAP FARES.

The grounds and Annexes will be illuminated with Acetylene Gas.

May 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

All Attendants must be provided with passes.

EDWIN HALL,
Secretary.

167, Queen-st., Auckland.



AUCKLAND RACING CLUB. GREAT NORTHERN SINGLES CHASE MEETING, 1907

- FIRST DAY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 1st, 1907.
PROGRAMME FOR FIRST DAY.
First Race to Start at 12 Noon.
1. MAIDEN STEEPCHASE (Handicap) of 125sovs; about 2 miles and a half.
 2. MAIDEN WELTER (Handicap) of 100 sovs; five furlongs.
 3. GREAT NORTHERN HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 500sovs; 2 miles and a half.
 4. CORNWALL HANDICAP of 300sovs, 1 mile.
 5. MAIDEN HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 115sovs, one mile and three-quarters.
 6. JERVOIS HANDICAP of 100sovs, seven furlongs.
 7. LADIES' BRACELET of 100sovs. A Bracelet of the value of 25sovs for the best horse, and a Bracelet of the value of 25sovs for the second horse; one mile and a half.

NOTICE TO MAKE RETURNS OF INCOME UNDER "THE LAND AND INCOME ASSESSMENT ACT, 1906."

Land and Income Tax Department.

Wellington, 10th May, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of the above Act and the Regulations made thereunder, every person, and company within the meaning of the said Act, having derived income during the year ending 31st March, 1907, from any source or by any means which is made the subject of taxation under the said Act, is hereby required to duly make and furnish to me, in the prescribed form, returns of such income on or before the 1st June, 1907.

And, further, notice is hereby given that such returns shall in all cases be delivered at or forwarded to the office of the Commissioner of Taxes in the Government Buildings, at Wellington.

P. HEYES,
Commissioner of Taxes.

NOTE.—Persons who have not received forms of return from this office may obtain them at any Post Office Money Order Office.

SPECIAL NOTE.—ANY PERSON FAILING TO FURNISH A RETURN AT THE PRESCRIBED TIME IS LIABLE TO A PENALTY OF NOT LESS THAN £2 NOR MORE THAN £100.

E. MORRISON AND SONS' RED BLUFF NURSERIES.

WARKWORTH, N.Z.

FRUIT TREES A SPECIALTY.



Large Quantities of the Best Commercial varieties in stock. A varied assortment for the amateur and the home orchardist. Also, quick-growing shelter trees of the most approved kinds. Packages despatched promptly to any address.

NOTICE.—All Apple Trees are worked well above ground on blight-proof stocks, and are guaranteed to be free from Woolly Aphis, when despatched from the Nurseries.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR 1907 AND 1908, WITH PRICE LIST, POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

Mrs. Watkins.—If you are unhappy with your husband, why don't you separate?

Mrs. Watkins.—Because his plan of dividing assets isn't fair. He wants to take all the bonds and real estate, and give me all the children.

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

THE Editor's notes, last week, of a sermon by "Ian McLaren," recalled to my mind a similar incident in my own boyhood, and memories, never to be effaced, of our school chapel. The boys in the preparatory school were not supposed to go to the afternoon service, but a few of us obtained leave to go one Sunday when Dean Stanley was to preach. I was scarcely ten at the time, but both the preacher and the sermon are still fresh in my recollection, and I wrote out as much of the sermon as I could remember in an old school note book. I have it still, old and tattered and filled with many strange scraps of schoolboy lore, but the childish mis-spelt notes vividly recall the whole scene to my mind. I can remember the interest with which we looked on the white hair and keen intellectual face of the preacher, the unaccustomed sight of the Order of the Garter worn over the surplice, the exquisitely modulated voice, now soft and pleading as he spoke of the love of Christ for little children, and again clear and ringing as he described, as only he could describe it, the fervour of devotion in the East. No preacher had a greater gift for seizing on local incidents, and making them a treat for his sermon. We had just had a great storm in which many buildings had suffered, and which had involved a great loss of life. In one of the local churches a pinnacle had gone crashing through the roof only a few minutes after the congregation had left. He used this incident to bring before us the nearness of death, even to the young, and he compared the listlessness of our responses with the fervid prayers of Eastern worshippers, whose amens echoed and reverberated with a sound like that made when some of the giant trees had gone crashing down in the recent gales.

Those were the days of great preachers in the Church. Farrar was then at his best. It is the fashion, just now, to sneer at Farrar, just as it is the fashion to use the word "poisonous." "Look at the poisonous way he brushes his hair" is an expression that is supposed to be the smartest of smart talk. Both fashions bespeak the vacant mind. "The man that laughs at Farrar," said Dean Bradley, "is a fool." Sir John Gerst once told me that a great many excellent judges of oratory in the House of Commons regarded Farrar as one of the finest orators of the day. He had an excellent delivery, and though he generally read his sermons, it was not easy to detect the fact. It is doubtful if any preacher of the English Church has exercised a greater influence over the general mass of Londoners. Of a totally different type was Canon Ainger. He possessed the rare gift of attracting men of intellect and education. His style was always exquisitely pure and graceful; the spirit of his here, Charles Lamb, seemed to have entered into his soul. When he came to Bristol the cathedral was almost empty. After he had been there a few months it was difficult for late comers to find a seat. He was at his best when preaching on Bible characters. He would begin with a striking sentence such as: "The defect of Saul's character was not egotism but egoism," or "It is not the morality, but the morale of a nation that makes it great." He was not an orator, but he was a thinker, and clothed his thoughts with

all the charm that comes from literary grace. If Ainger appealed to men of culture, Archdeacon Wilson appealed to men of thought. As befitted one who had been Senior Wrangler, his sermons were always most closely reasoned; he was at his best when preaching before his old University. Page Roberts was always impressive by reason of his telling and pungent way of putting things. I remember that once, in preaching on the ninth commandment, he said the burglar was a far better person than the scandal-monger, "because the one sins openly and boldly, the other crawls to his crimes with the slimy decorum of a snail." Amongst purely extempore preachers, probably Knox Little, whom the "Times" once described as Knox Little, and Boyd Carpenter occupied the foremost place. They were both born orators, the first named passionate and vehement, the latter pleading and persuasive. Nothing could exceed the perfect harm and grace of Boyd Carpenter's delivery. Beginning in a low key so that the hearer had to strain a little to catch the opening sentences, he would gradually raise his voice as he warmed to his subject. Then just before the close there would be a pause, after which, in a low, but perfectly clear and silvery voice that could be distinctly heard in the farthest corner of the church, he would deliver his persuasive and impressive appeal to his hearers to lay to heart the message of the text. These are only a few notes jotted down at random from personal recollections. The pulpit has always exercised a great and perhaps unsuspected influence over the hearts and minds of the English nation, and it is to be hoped that the day is far distant when that influence shall be on the wane.

Avalanches in the Alps.

The avalanche "season" has begun, and from all parts of Switzerland come tales of death and destruction, writes the Geneva correspondent of a London paper. Few tourists who visit the Alps in the summer, when all Nature smiles, can realise the dead and devastation caused by winter avalanches.

The balmy air and sunny days of spring bring not joy, but fear, to the hearts of the dwellers on the mountains. For, as the heat increases, overhanging and roughly balanced masses of snow, ice, scree, and glacier, which have collected on the mountain slopes and summits during the long winter months, fail to maintain their cohesion with the main bulk, and plunge madly down into the lower pastures and valleys, sweeping away whole forests, houses, and villages, their inmates and cattle alike, and burying them in one awful grave.

Villagers and villages unite to fight the avalanche, insurance companies provide against its work of destruction, and even the Swiss Government grants a year-by-year subsidy to enable a staff of engineers to plant forests and construct trenches and breastworks in the threatened districts.

All the efforts of man when baffling against this scourge of Nature are, however, pitifully poor and ineffectual. Forests of stout pines and oaks, huge boulders, and solid walls and houses have been wiped out in a few seconds, and replaced by an ugly gash in the mountain side.

By the nature of their precipitous mountain slopes the Cantons of Valais and Grisons and portions of the Bernese Oberland are peculiarly open to the sweeping onrush of snow masses.

For thirty years snow to such a depth—in some places rising to six yards—has not fallen in the Alps, nor have there ever been so many avalanches.

Avalanches have a curious knack of falling on the same ground, about the same time, year by year, and an ordinary well-behaved one is content to roll its mighty masses down into the bed of a valley or ravine, there to stay until the sun has effaced its rugged features from the landscape.

These "white rivers," as they are called by the Swiss peasants, cause neither anxiety nor fear to the Alpine villagers, who, on the contrary, often start the avalanche by shouting and shooting at it, for, when the time is ripe, the slightest vibration of the air in its vicinity is sufficient to start the mass of snow on its downward career.

On the other hand, there are scores of little hamlets and villages situated in the Alps whose inhabitants have the fear of death hanging over them for months during the springtime. It is a pathetic sight to witness these poor peasants winding their way to the little village church, several days each week, to pray for deliverance from this scourge of the mountains. In some remote and superstitious Alpine hamlets also it is the custom for all the inhabitants to gather on a certain day, climb the heights, and approach as near as possible the "white river" at whose mercy are their lives and property. Then they pray and beg the mountain not to injure or destroy them.

Recently in the Val Veduggia, which is situated between precipitous mountain ranges on the Swiss-Italian frontier, to the east of Lake Maggiore, avalanches fell so frequently and committed so much havoc in the villages that 3000 peasants left their homes in a body, and hitherto prosperous gardens, orchards, farms, and fields are now deserted and abandoned to their fate.

There is another deserted village at the foot of the Silvretta Pass, in the Canton of Grisons, where, according to local tradition, "the grass will never again clothe the hillside nor cattle browse" because of the snows which were once loosened on the devoted village and converted it into a cemetery.

The Fluela Pass, in the same canton, is a notoriously dangerous thoroughfare—if one may employ such a word here. Some winters ago the Davos diligence, which crosses the Fluela, never reached its destination, and all endeavours to find the missing men and masts failed, so immense was the avalanche which rested on the road.

Four months later, on a smiling summer day, the bodies of the six postal employees, their horses, and their mails were found, as fresh and as sound as when, a hundred and twenty days before, the mountains let loose their snowy wind-sheer.

In the spring of 1895 eighty miners employed in the Grandes Mines, five hours' journey from Pragelato, a little town in the Italian Alps, were returning home along an Alpine path, when they were all swept 600 yards down the side of the Col Alberta and buried by an avalanche. Italian troops and police made heroic efforts to rescue the entombed men, but to-day only two out of eighty live to tell the tale.

Sometimes it happens that an avalanche blocks up a stream, whose waters form a lake behind the dam of snow and debris, and menace the existence of an entire valley. Such a catastrophe happened last year above the populous villages of Grignay and Chamson in the Canton of Valais.

With no warning, save a deafening roar like the boom of a hundred siege guns, twelve million cubic yards of packed snow shot into the narrow valley, leaving the whole south face of the mountain as bare and black as in the height of summer.

The enormous pressure of the ever-deepening stream began to push forward the solid waterfall of snow and ice towards the two villages, which had been hastily vacated by order of the Swiss authorities. For two months the fate of the villages hung in the balance, but Federal engineers, aided by large gangs of workmen, eventually succeeded in turning the stream into a newly made channel and halting the progress of the monster avalanche by solid brick walls.

With snow unusually deep on the Alps this spring, such anxiety reigns among the mountain dwellers. On the Italian side of Mont Blanc, Maltohorn, and Monte Rosa enormous avalanches have lately plunged down the steep passes, filling up huge crevasses and leaving scars on the way.