

MACKAY'S FLOWERS, PLANTS AND SEEDS

If you want everything up-to-date, give us a call. **YOKO MATS** (the new flower pot cover Art Shades at Greatly Reduced Prices). **FLORAL WORK A SPECIALTY.** Telephone 2. Opposite B.S.O., QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Muriel Meares (second daughter of Mr. W. Devenish Meares, Papanui) and Mr. H. Monteith, of Christ's College, Christchurch.

Middle Age the Harvest Season of Life.

(By Ian Maclaren.)

Captious people will ask at once the date, 40 or 60? and one had better admit at once that middle age is not a fixed frontier which divides every life into the same size of provinces, but varies with each person. Some children are old at 15, with precocious talk and wear solemn faces, and some men at 30 have the air of 50. They are stout in body, they amble in their walk, they drop oracular remarks, they endure with an effort the gaiety of youth. There are others who defy time and put the record of the registrar general to confusion.

With most of us there is a turning point in life like the water shed on a railway journey. For so many years we are climbing up, for a little we run on a level, and now we are beginning to go down, only beginning, but going down. Say at 50 years if an exact and pedantic reader must have a date. Our body changes about that time; we give up every game except golf, we puff slightly when we hurry to catch a train; we do not care to stand for a long time if we can get a seat, our walk grows more impressive.

We are not old now, but we are not young, we are half and between, we are middle-aged, and our mood corresponds. For one thing we have grown insensible, or largely so, to praise and blame.

The man has come to know himself, and that is the first great necessity of successful living. He knows what he can do and what he can't do, and therefore he is not intoxicated when he is praised, because this was his strong point, and every man surely has some strong point, and if he is not dashed when he is censured, if a neighbour blames him, the chances are he is quite right, for that was his weak point, and every man is weak somewhere. If he were to praise him why that would be too friendly. The fact is the man has no illusions. They have been dispelled as morning dreams. He has weighed himself and understands how he stands, and where he is, and so there comes over middle age a certain mood of calmness, which has not, of course, in it the force of youth, but has its own compensation in contentment. Instead of the flush of spring there is the mellowness of autumn.

Akin to this mood is a gracious magnanimity. When one is young he is of necessity fighting for his own hand to win a prize, to obtain his degree, to establish a business, to acquire a practice, to make himself secure. Every man is his rival, if not his enemy, and he is not inclined to rejoice in other people's success, for it may be at his expense, or at least it may be a reflection on his failure. Nor has he leisure to concern himself about other men's reverses or to give them pity. He was down himself yesterday, and if he does not take care he may be down again to-

morrow in the dust of defeat. When his battle has been fought and the struggle is over, especially when he has won and reached the crest of the hill, then he has time to rest and to observe and to take an unselfish interest in his comrades. When a man is running his race it is not possible for him to consider the other runners or wish them well. He needs all his breath for his own race. When he has come in and put on his coat, having won or lost, but all the more if he has won his prize, he stands by to applaud the panting runners as they pass the goal, the goal he has already passed. Renan had all his life prided himself upon not pushing but preserving calmness amid life's fiercest fight. "If a man shoves me," he used to say, "I say pass, monsieur," and it is not wonderful that as he grew old he was entirely satisfied. "His unimpaired curiosity continued to interrogate the universe," but he was full of rest, he suffered terribly, but he had not abdicating. "I have done my work," he said to Mme. Renan. "I die happy." This mood of satisfaction with life begins at middle age and is connected with a delight in younger people.

When one has had his fill of work and has had some moderate reward, he wishes the younger men coming up behind him to have their share of things, and earn their wages. This is not so much charity on his part, it is justice, it is not to be ascribed to religion, but to middle age.

And so comes another mood, which one may call altruism, or living for other people. The middle aged man (or woman) lives not for himself, but for his children. He does not care what men say about him, but he is desperately concerned about their judgment on his sons. If some one praises the boy the father is lifted for days. If they run the boy down, the father is cut to the heart. He boasts about his son's success, he tries to cover his son's defeat, he would willingly pass on his own gain to his boy and bear his boy's suffering. He has died to himself and is alive again in his family, and if he is spared to be a grandfather he grows preposterous in his pride over that child, and his admiration of all its doings. No doubt there is such a thing as a disappointed and bitter middle age, when men profess to have seen the end of all perfection and to believe neither in man nor woman. There was an old prayer, "Lord preserve me from a young judge," and one expects an old judge to be broad in charity and pitiful towards humanity, but there are old men who spend the last quarter of their lives in carping and complaining, in sneering and discouraging. This is the opprobrium of middle age, but which one sees this ungracious spectacle let him be pitiful for the man has most likely failed. He has been a victim of circumstances or perhaps his own enemy. He has never reached the crest of the hill; he has never passed the goal post; he has been thrown out by the wave, he has been trodden underfoot. And now he has a vendetta against the young who are full of hope, because they mock him; against those who have succeeded, because he thinks it has been at his expense, and against human life because it has been such a deceit and mockery. Pardon his sourness, he is one of the failures of humanity, fruit which has never ripened. Deal gently with him. And turn to that big hearted man who did great things in his day, and now is ready to lend a hand to every struggler, and to give a cheer to every winner. Who wishes well to all men in their place, and blesses God that life on the whole has been so kind to him, and that the best of it is yet to come when the sun, already beginning to sink, will set gloriously behind the western hills.

Speaking of methods of teaching, Dr. Gore, at Birmingham, said that when he learned a language he occupied very little time with grammar, and then proceeded to read the New Testament through in the language, because he was so familiar with the substance of what he was reading that he could follow it in any language. By that means he acquired some acquaintance with the language. Then he read an easy book, missing out what he could not understand, after which he returned to the grammar to try and find out something more about it. The way to learn was to ignore difficulties, and read what they could understand.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Lease for Two and a Half Years (previously advertised at Eighteen months) for the Right to Cut Flax on the undermentioned Crown Lands will be submitted to Public Auction at the Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, on **FRIDAY**, the second day of February, 1906, at 11 o'clock a.m. Ohinemuri County, Block XL, Without Survey District, about 360 acres; rental 1/3. Upset value for one crop of Flax, £250. Posters and conditions and terms of sale may be had on application to the above Office.

JAMES MCKENZIE, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

FLAX AREAS AT KAWAKAWA.

It is hereby notified that a 10 years' Lease of the under noted Land, suited for Flax Cutting and Cultivation will be submitted for Sale at the Crown Lands Office, Auckland, on **FRIDAY**, 9th February, 1906, at 11 o'clock a.m.

Kawakawa, S.D., Blocks XII and XVI, 251 acres (subject to survey). Upset annual rental, £60. Poster Plans giving conditions and terms of sale in full may be seen at the Post Office, and copies obtained at the Lands Office, Auckland.

JAMES MCKENZIE, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM ARROWSMITH, DECEASED.

THE ADMINISTRATORS.

CHAS. F. GRIFFITHS, SURVIVING TRUSTEE AND EXECUTOR.

IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ESTATE.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FROM 26th JULY, 1900, TO 12th DECEMBER, 1905.

	£	s.	d.
RECEIPTS.			
Cash in House	104	4	5
Cash in Bank	74	8	10
Real Property Sold	1,087	13	6
Mortgages and Promissory Notes realised and paid	22,888	1	1
Interest Collected	91	11	4
Rents Collected	2,045	8	0
Shares Sold	13	0	0
Dishonoured Cheques Received	67	3	6
Sundry Advances for Insurance and Rates Repaid	£28,903	3	10
EXPENDITURE.			
Debts due at Death	178	16	0
Rates on Real Property	4	11	8
Real Property Land Transfer Act Shares Calls Paid	6	8	5
To Extinguish Liability Loan and Mercantile Shares	7	10	0
Sharebroker's Fee Thereon	375	0	0
Monument and Photos Thereof	5	5	0
Land Tax	116	10	0
Legal Expenses	224	0	0
Clerical Assistance	353	5	0
Legacy Duty Advance None	6	13	4
Incidental—	2	12	0
Stamps, Stationery, Bank Charge, Exchange	19	19	1
Sundry Cheques Dishonoured	13	0	0
Sundry Advances for Insurance and Rates	67	3	6
Legacies	3,275	0	0
Orphans' Home Account	11,213	10	0
Women's Home Account	11,212	10	0
Residue	1,820	9	6
Balance in Bank	£28,903	3	10

CHAS. F. GRIFFITHS, Solicitor, Trustee and Executor.

I have examined the Accounts of the Estate of William Arrowsmith (deceased 26th July, 1900), of which Estate Messrs Walter J. Hill, who died on the 22nd of January, 1902, and Charles F. Griffiths, who survives, were appointed Administrators, and I hereby certify that these Accounts are in order, and the above Statements of Receipts and Expenditure are correct. I have fully reported this day on the administration of the Trust.

W. H. CHERTON, F.S.A.A., Eng., Auditor. Auckland, 12th December, 1905.

A Cairo pilgrim sends to "Vanity Fair" the following clipping from a local paper:—"Mohammed Ben Ali Su-upt begs to announce to nobility and Cairo smart set that he has opened a high-class restaurant shop at No. 3, Sharia Manakh, Muskr. Everything Al and dam cheap. Prices quite wonderful. N.B.—Delectable music every evening."

A stout man who lived in Savannah Was using a blood-red bandanna. In the field where he stood Was a bull of bad mood— And the blow was felt clear to Havana.

Mr J. N. Rishworth (Mr H. W. Rishworth)
RISHWORTH BROS., DENTISTS,
102, QUEEN-ST. (over Arthur Yates and Co., Feedmen).
Telephone 150.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, January 23, AT THE THEATRE.

Really there was nothing at all exciting to go to last week, no amusement or function of any kind; and if the Brough-Flemming Company had not been here we would have been dull indeed; and now they have gone, and everybody is looking forward to the Knight-Jeffries' Company. On Saturday last the Broughs closed their season here with "Sowing the Wind," which everyone agrees is decidedly the best play in their extensive repertoire. The house was exceedingly well filled. Amongst those present during the week I noticed: Lady Plunket, who wore a dainty white silk evening robe with pink roses nestled in the white tulle berthe, and pink silk ceinture; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket was in a rich white satin evening frock, and pale blue silk coat; Miss Almond, wearing a white and grey floral brocade, and grey ostrich feather boa; Mrs Arthur Myers wore a charming white gown with numerous frills edged with black bebe ribbon, and her hair snooded with blue; Mrs Savage looked charming in black net over glace, and a pretty blue scarf; Mrs Hope Lewis was gowned in black, relieved with blue, and a pale blue opera coat; Mrs Henderson was in a handsome black and silver gown; Mrs Boddie, in a black taffeta, softened with chiffon, and a cream lace scarf; Mrs Ernest Moss Davis wore a black velvet with a berthe of cream Maltese lace; Mrs Elliot Moss Davis was gowned in pale blue silk, inset with cream lace, and a cream lace tucker; Mrs Sherman was in pink silk with cream lace and insertion, and bands of black velvet ribbon; Mrs Rees wore a pretty pale blue silk with Paris-tinted lace; Mrs Duthie was daintily gowned in white chiffon over glace with numerous tiny frills, and a pretty pale blue opera coat; Mrs Bagnall wore a black satin with a cream lace berthe, threaded with black ribbon; Mrs Seymour George was gowned in a black taffeta, softened with white, and a black velvet bow in coiffure; Mrs Thorne George looked dainty in a soft white tacked silk, inset with bands of insertion, and a pale blue cloth opera coat; Mrs Munro Clark was charmingly gowned in white with touches of black, and black velvet bow in coiffure; Mrs Browning was in a black silk gown, relieved with white; Miss Browning was in a dainty white shirred silk with wide folded satin belt; Mrs Hertz looked charming in a black taffeta, relieved with cream, and tiny pink velvet

