

**BYERS—FUNNELL.**

At All Saints' Church, Palmerston North, the marriage of Miss Eleanor Funnell, eldest daughter of the late Mr. T. Funnell, of Cobhitto, New South Wales, to Mr. William Ernest Byers, second son of the late Mr. H. Byers, of Whakaranga, took place. The Rev. G. B. Stephenson officiating. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. J. Funnell, wore an Empire frock of grey silk lustre, with silver trimmings, and a gray hat trimmed with tulle and ostrich feathers. Her bouquet was of white and pink roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Violet Kruse, niece of the bridegroom, wore a cream frock, trimmed with much lace and insertion, and cream hat. Mr. Ernest Byers was the best man.

**MCGRATH—WILKINSON.**

The pretty seaside suburb of Island Bay was the scene of an important wedding on Wednesday, February 3, between Miss Caroline Margaret Wilkinson and Mr. J. J. McGrath (solicitor, of Wellington). Archdeacon Deyou performed the ceremony at St. Francis' Church, which was crowded with guests. The bride, who is the daughter of Mrs. F. Wilkinson (Island Bay), wore a most becoming gown of ivory satin, made in the semi-directoire style, the sleeves and yoke being of lace and net. The corsage was draped with Honiton point lace, and the veil was of embroidered Brussels net, worn over a wreath of orange blossom. Her only ornament was a pearl and ruby necklace, the bridegroom's gift. Two little train-bearers, Misses Curran and Sullivan, looked picturesque in white frocks, with fringed sashes and Juliet caps. Miss May Wilkinson, chief bridesmaid, was in pale pink souple satin, with lace yoke and sleeves, and a big black hat, wreathed with pink roses. Miss O'Neil was somewhat similarly attired in pale blue, but her hat was swathed with tulle and fur, and finished with a cluster of shaded purple and yellow roses. Each maid received a bouquet of pink sweet peas, and a pearl and chrysolite brooch from the bridegroom. At the reception which followed, there were over two hundred guests, and many speeches were made.

Mrs. Wilkinson, the bride's mother, wore black souple satin, with a yoke of ivory chiffon, veiled in black, black ostrich feather boa, black and white picture hat; Mrs. McGrath, black brocade, lace yoke, and black picture hat, with yellow roses; Miss McGrath, pink chiffon tulle and pink hat; Mrs. McMennin, ivory orient satin Empire gown and hat, with sweet peas.

The bride's travelling dress was of a directoire coat and skirt in ivory cloth, with facings of moire, and a pale blue picture hat, massed with feathers. The honeymoon is being spent in the North.

**POYNTER—LIBEAU.**

At St. Stephen's Church, Tamahere, Waikato, recently, Mr. Ernest Poynter, youngest son of Mr. H. U. Poynter, of Whatawhata, was married to Miss Louise Libeau, youngest daughter of Mr. T. Libeau, of Rukuhia. The Rev. E. M. Cowie officiated. The bride looked pretty in a white silk dress with wreath of orange blossoms and veil. Miss Olive Baker and Miss Eileen Libeau, nieces of the bride, attended as bridesmaids. They were attired in white embroidered dresses with blue sashes and carried baskets of blue and white flowers. Mr.

F. Poynter was groomsmen. After the wedding the guests drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous breakfast was partaken of. Subsequently the happy couple left to catch the express for Etorua. The bride's travelling dress was a grey cloth with white silk trimmings, white hat trimmed with white chiffon and feathers.

**BROWNNETT—ROWE.**

A wedding of considerable local interest (says the Thames "Star") took place at the residence of Mr. W. Rowe, Park-road, Auckland, when Miss Lulu Rowe was married to Mr. W. Brownnett. The bride was most becomingly attired in a white silk dress, tastefully trimmed with Valenciennes lace. A handsome veil was arranged over a coronet of orange blossoms, and in her hand she carried a dainty bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss Gribble and Miss Cora Gribble, the former's dress being a pale pink mercerised muslin, and the latter's a pale blue mercerised muslin, both being effectively trimmed. Mr. T. Maxted supported the bridegroom and Mr. W. Rowe acted as groomsmen. The Rev. W. R. Tuck, M.A., was the officiating minister. Mr. and Mrs. Brownnett subsequently left for Hamilton, where their honeymoon was spent. The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue cloth costume, white vest, and black hat.

**Grim Old Days.**

**SOME STIRRING REMINISCENCES.**

The Hon. G. F. Richardson, who arrived in New Zealand in 1851 and was Minister of Lands in the Atkinson Ministry, told the assembled surveyors at a recent gathering in the Masonic Hall, Wellington, some stirring reminiscences of the days of the Dominion in the early 'fifties.

He recalled how, in 1853, he had set out with a mate to drive a mob of cattle from Otepepo to the mouth of the Mataura, a distance of about two hundred miles. His only companion was an old Maori. Very soon after they started the food supply gave out, and after some difficulty they located an accommodation house. Supplies, however, were very short with the latter. The proprietor, in fact, did not think he could spare them anything, as the steamer which brought him regular supplies had not put in an appearance, and nobody knew when the next consignment was likely to arrive. He, however, rooted round the establishment, and after an exhaustive search, a case of Scotch gingerbread was discovered. With that alone the speaker and the Maori started out on their long and lonely tramp, driving the cattle before them. The morning they started, Mr. Richardson said, they had to breakfast chiefly on porridge, so that by the time the sun approached the meridian he was famished. A halt was called and they made a lunch on gingerbread and veal, and repeated the bill-of-fare for breakfast. In fact, that was the only thing they lived upon for several weeks as they passed through what in those days was largely a wilderness of forest and loneliness. Since that day he had never eaten gingerbread. It had, in fact, been a cause of bringing him under suspicion. He knew an old Scotch lady in the South who had several good-looking daughters, for whom there were a number of suitors. The old lady used

specially to provide a very hot brand of gingerbread at meals and insist on the young gentlemen partaking thereof, as it was her particular belief that a young man who ate her gingerbread would never want to drink whisky. "Needless to say, I was never in favour," added the speaker grimly.

**A MYSTERIOUS CRASH.**

On another occasion he was once out with a small surveying party in the wilds of the Ngawaka-a-kupe Block, near Martinborough, which was a very lonely and heavily timbered place in those days. One night he and his party had camped on the banks of a stream in the depth of the bush. He was in a tent by himself and just as he got into bed he was startled by a noise like that of falling timber. From the sound of it he had no doubt that it was totara. His mind instantly flashed back to the table, which had been left several yards away, where the week's bread, cooked that night, was piled up. Acting under the impression that some pigs had invaded the camp, from a Maori pa some distance away, he rushed out in his shirt to save the ruin. It was very much to his surprise he found the table and its load intact, whilst there was not a sign of life or movement anywhere. The fire adjoining had not been disturbed. In fact a great silence reigned over the bush. The peculiar thing was that his dog, which slept outside the tent, refused to accompany him down to the table, but remained crouching outside the tent with bristles erect and growling.

Next morning several of his mates asked him if he had heard a noise of falling timber in the night. Two or three evenings after, when the incident was almost forgotten, the same sound was heard at identically the same time. There was a certain dry resonance in the sound that made him positive that it was totara that fell. He immediately rushed out to the edge of the creek in the direction which the sound appeared to emanate from, and called out, "Who is there?" There was no answer. The bush was as silent as the grave. "Do you want any help?" he called again. Not a sound came back. After some hesitation he went to bed. Next morning he put a bridge across the creek with his party, and they scoured the neighbourhood for nearly a day to see if anything could be located. But apparently there was no cause for the mysterious noise.

Several nights after, resumed the speaker after a pause, the number of the party in camp was swelled by the arrival of several surveyors. On the Sunday evening he and one of the surveyors, who had been making some calculations in his tent, went outside for a smoke in the dusk. Mr. Richardson had said nothing to his companion about the disturbance that had taken place. They were chatting softly in the stillness when in the bush across the creek once again the crash of falling timber was heard. He started to his feet in time to see through the trees the loins of a pair of bullocks, followed by the figure of a man faintly outlined in the gloom, disappearing among the trees. His companion, who did not come to his feet so quickly, only saw the figure of a man and the wheels of a timber dray. Then the deep silence of the bush settled down upon them again. Several nights after the same thing was repeated, and although he called out to the driver there was no answer. The whole thing was so uncanny that they were glad to make a

move. Shortly after they dropped across some Maoris, who, after being questioned by the speaker, told him that none of them dared to visit the place after dark. Some weeks previous, a young Maori had been driving a bullock-dray through there with a load of totara posts, when the vehicle capsized and fell on him, crushing him to death. Not one of the party had known of this. "It appears to me, gentlemen," added Mr. Richardson to his enthralled listeners, "I am the only man you have met who has spoken to a spook."

**SIZE OF A SPOOK'S FOOT.**

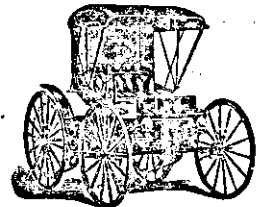
Talking of spooks reminded the speaker of a curious case in which he believed the smallest grant of land that had ever been made by a court of law was awarded to a Maori on the Tararua ranges. It appears that the Maori had claim to a particular spot on the ground that the ghost of his ancestor had been seen standing there. Other Maoris gave evidence in support of the contention. The Court, being satisfied with the evidence, formally awarded the native a title to the particular spot, fixing the area on which the ghost stood as exactly twelve inches square. "That is the first time," said Mr. Richardson, "that I know the size of a ghost's foot has been judicially determined. I know the case to be perfectly true, as I signed the certificate myself authorising the transfer."

The German Crown Prince has invented and patented a new style of cuff links. They have been registered in the Imperial Patent Office under number 44 A.W. 30139.

The invention is described as double cuff links with two looped buttons, and the inventor is stated to be William Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia, Imperial Highness, residing at Potsdam.

Enterprising manufacturers are endeavouring to purchase from the inventor the patent rights, anticipating a great sale among the dandies of all countries. The Kaiser recently invented a new brake.

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