



MR R. THOMAS' DOG CART—3rd prize.



MRS WINSTONE'S GIG—2nd prize.



MISS ETTIE IRELAND'S GIG.

But it was worth it. If the labour had been twice as great it would have been worth it, for this was of the smaller fry the most perfect of all exhibits, the perfection, indeed, of what artistic decorations should be. It aroused an immense amount of enthusiasm as it went by, and one heard on all sides unqualified approval of the exquisite taste displayed. No description of its form need be given, as a photo appears herewith, and certainly as one looked on that superb mass of colouring one felt that words would also fail to do it justice. The sight of all those pansies reminded one of Herrick's pretty fancy of how pansies or heartsease, as he calls them, came to exist. He says:

Frolic virgins once these wore,
Over-loving, living here;
Being here, their ends denied,
Ran for sweet hearts mad and died.
Love in city of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless loveless hours
Gave them heartsease turned to flowers.

Miss E. Brett was the exhibitor of this, and deserved the highest praise for her energy and taste. It was driven by Miss Ethna Pierce, a dainty, smiling little lady robed in white. It was accompanied by a real live coster in true coster costume, and one who might have stepped out of one of Chevalier's songs for the occasion. He was undoubtedly one of the favourites of the day. Mrs Haines, coster cart, with a Pierrot in attendance, was also quite admirable. It was composed of roses and choice flowers, and was admirably arranged with a marvellous crown and capola, from under which peeped the mischievous faces of the driver and his companion, Master and Miss Lewis, son and daughter of Dr. Lewis. Mrs Haines' cart was greatly eulogised, and she deserves great credit for its unqualified success. Miss Flo Reach, with a very pretty design of Summer and Winter in England, took 3rd prize.

As to

THE HUGGIES AND DOGCARTS,

it is impossible to speak of them in detail. Let us, as a class, take the buggies first. There was not one that was not pretty. Mrs Tilly well deserved the prize she took. Her buggy (surely a Victoria phaeton, by the way) was a simple mass of pink geranium, and the effect was heightened and intensified by the costumes of the ladies who rode inside. Mrs Morrin came second, and Mrs Makgill and Miss Dargaville third. Miss Muriel Dargaville must be warmly congratulated on a daring, but exceedingly effective turn-out in deep vermilion and white geraniums, the whole of the interior being a glorious blaze of red flowers. Mrs J. C. Colbeck's trap with nikau palms and tasteful decorative design was one of the most successful while Mrs Goring's turn out, though quiet and unostentatious, attracted universal admiration by reason of the excellence of the taste displayed and the distinguished appearance of the occupants of the trap. Miss Percival's buggy, too, was very pretty—another symphony in pink, and Mrs Morrin's buggy found many admirers, the splendid horse driven adding greatly to the effect. Other exhibitors were Mrs Crowther, Mrs Duncan Clarke, Miss Eva Percival, Miss V. Dowell, Mrs Browning, and Mrs Secombe. Every buggy entered was, as has been said, worthy of prolonged attention, and the difficulties in the way of judging must have been extreme.

Amongst

THE DOG-CARTS

Mrs G. R. Bloomfield carried off first honours. Her dog-cart was decorated in pink and green, and she herself was gowned in pink and white to match those colours. The *tout ensemble* was effective to a marked degree, and there is no doubt she thoroughly deserved the prize. But it was a question if she should not have been bracketed equal with the superb turn-out driven by Miss Ireland, a veritable *creation* in marigold, and from the artistic standpoint, incomparably one of the most beautiful of many beautiful things seen on that day. Whoever arranged that dog-cart, with its wheels of marigold, its rich ribbons to match, and the exquisite costumes in sympathy with the scheme of colour, was an artist in the highest sense of the word. It made a picture which for simplicity, and richness of effect could not have been eclipsed in any part of the world—a picture which the writer has certainly never seen equalled at any flower *fic* in Europe. The two were, indeed, of equal merit, for Mrs Bloomfield excelled in arrangement, and in the time and labour expended. Mr R. J. Thomas, in a dogcart decorated in pink, won a deserved third prize, Mrs Mahoney being bracketed equal. But it is useless to individualise in this class. All were good, and so many were in pink that to say much more is merely to repeat what has been said several times already. The following were the entries in this class:—Mrs G. R. Bloomfield, Dr. Erson, Miss Barton Ireland, Miss Henton, Miss Worsp, Mrs Chatfield, Mrs Wingate, Mrs E. Mahoney, Mrs J. Edwards (tax cart), Mr R. J. Thomas, Mr C. Leys, Mrs Greenway, Mrs Markham, Mrs J. C. Smith, Mrs Enoch Wood, Miss Macfarlane, Mrs Kernott, and Miss Hazel Buckland. Several of these did not, however, come out in this class, but

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