

boiling coffee out of thick cups, standing on an ice-cold platform, at sunrise, and are yet good-tempered ! Are we not in the " Land of Promise," and do we not breathe the balmy air of the " Midi ? "

On this journey, alas ! we felt ourselves defrauded of our just dues, since no *luce e fiore* met our aggrieved eyes. Lead colour had ousted the cobalt and French blue of the traditional Mediterranean skies ; and palms, cacti, eucalypti, and even roses bent under soft white burdens. There be those who praise the wonderful effect of snow on tropical vegetation. We travelled through a region coloured white and grey, and pined for the ultramarines and lush greens, the yellow ochres and burnt siennas of its normal state.

There is one formality to be gone through under present conditions after arrival in a Riviera town, and that is the attainment of a *sauf-conduit*. Without this " Open Sesame " the entrance to other towns is debarred and motoring out of the question. Therefore we energetically climb a wooden staircase at the Cannes Mairie, and interview a most polite and apologetic individual. " Que voulez-vous, madame ? " says the good man, deprecatingly ; " c'est le service," and with an inimitable shrug of his shoulders, and another prayer for forgiveness from the lively French eyes, he presents us with a leaflet on which is printed the following :