

row streets of the old town, with their cavernous arches and dark recesses, to the *Place du Cap*, where an immense *catfalque* is erected, draped in black and illuminated with hundreds of tiny lamps. The procession is composed of the different guilds, such as the *penitents blancs*, whose male members are dressed in white gowns and hoods, while the women wear white dresses and long white veils; and the *penitents noirs*, who are clad in black gowns and hoods, the women looking very lugu-

drank have been preserved as relics. The banker's son was for many years British Vice-Consul, and was extremely popular amongst the English residents and visitors.

My laundress at Mentone, *Mademoiselle A.*, who still gets up the linen of most of the nobility of that aristocratic watering place, told me that when Her Majesty came to Cannes, before going on to Aix-les-Bains for treatment, the royal linen was sent to her. This soon became known, and where-



MENTONE—THE OLD MARKET WHERE PRINCESS BEATRICE BOUGHT HER FLOWERS

rious in black dresses and veils. These, with various other societies, precede the effigy chanting the penitential psalms in low, wailing tones. The effect in the dark night is weird and impressive.

A local banker, whose house was on the route, offered his balcony to the Queen, and I am told that Her Majesty was the only one who saw the procession that year, for all eyes were fixed upon her. The chair on which she sat, and the glass out of which she

ever *Mademoiselle A.* went she was waylaid by English ladies wanting to know all she could tell them about the Queen's linen, especially when she visited the large hotels. She was much amused at their eagerness, and, as she was an educated woman of much *esprit*, she would slyly tease her questioners. They would begin by saying:

"I suppose you are very busy just now laundering for the Queen?"

"Yes, I have a great deal to do.