

crude colours a primitive picture of the Madonna and Holy Child ; or we follow watercourses and they lead to wild flowers and crumbling, battle-torn towns. Sometimes an ancient and grim Cathedral reminds the passer-by of the religious spirit which once animated this fair land of France to its present and which, under sorrow and strain, is now making a new renascence. But joys of Nature and social amenities are this year ignored on the French Riviera.

And, indeed, the horrors and ravages of war are more obvious here than in England ! " Les souliers nerveux qui font de petits pas " along the Promenade des Anglais are no more heard to clatter ; instead is the gruesome tap of crutches ! No carriages, and seldom motors, roll past, but many are the ambulances, and not a few the one-armed soldiers. A large number of invalids are victims of frostbite, and their feet encased in linen and cloth slippers move to deepest pity. In the early days of cold and in the trenches amputations for this were occasional ; but now a treatment of hot air has been found to work wonders. Apart from maimed soldiers there is a number of widows (young, middle-aged and old) and on all sides are mute protests against frivolous and pleasure-seeking !

Many shops in Nice are closed, especially those on the Quai Masséna and St. Jean Baptiste ; and who can want smart hats in these tragic days ? how incongruous are grief and Paris mode ! Even locomotion is achieved with difficulty, and the experience of friends of mine lately proved.