

PAGE BLURRED
PAGE BARBOUILLÉE

- 2 -

C22784

About 9 o'clock, as the royal flotilla neared the city, the church bells of villages and towns on each side of the St. Lawrence could be heard saluting its passage, while three Royal Canadian Air Force bombers were roaring and circling over the river. Then, as if on a signal, a tumultuous welcome arose from marine whistles in the harbour and factory sirens in the city, mingling with the silver peals of Quebec's numerous churches. Ten minutes later, the great white liner hove into sight of Quebec and steamed majestically past Lower Town, the turreted Chateau, Dufferin Terrace and Citadel Heights, all available space overlooking the river being crowded with spectators.

All houses overlooking the river were decorated with banners and bunting, union jacks and tricolours. To the royal party Quebec looked an extremely French city with its narrow streets, steep roofs and dormer windows.

About 9.45 A.M., at Wolfe's Cove, below the Plains of Abraham, the Empress of Australia came to a stop opposite the landing enclosure which was carpeted in red and green. Surrounded by a solid mass of spectators, the space was bright-coloured with draperies and banked with