

## CHAPTER ONE

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Situated on the eastern shores of North America and washed by the broad Atlantic is the old historical port of Halifax. It has been noted for years for its great activity in the shipping world, its fine harbour has many advantages. At the head of the harbour we had Bedford Basin, which is entered through the Narrows and capable of anchoring hundreds of vessels, large and small.

During the war several ships with notable people have entered the harbour, but not one has left such a record of frightfulness as the French Munition Ship "Mont Blanc."

The dawn of the ill-fated morning opened with the making of a glorious day, the inhabitants little dreaming that before the sun had crossed the meridian, Halifax would be visited with a catastrophe that baffles description.

The majority of husbands, fathers, brothers, had left their homes for their daily toils, mothers were getting breakfast for the little ones, others had sent the children to school, the usual daily tasks were just starting, and the thoughts of most were to get the house work finished early in order to get out and enjoy a brief respite in the beautiful sunshine.