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#### CHAPTER IV

For Canada the greatest festive day of all had arrived. To the oldest province, Quebec, also the natural approach to Canada, through its magnificent river St. Lawrence, truly a royal highway fell the honour of being the first North American soil trodden by the King and Queen; and no more fitting landing-place could have been chosen than the City of Quebec, the gate of the St. Lawrence and Gibraltar of America, crowned by its citadel, flying the British flag, and mounting guard, as a grim old soldier, over the whole Dominion of Canada.

At 8.15 on the morning of May 17th, the royal yacht hoisted anchor and, convoyed by the two British cruisers and two Canadian destroyers, moved towards Quebec. On deck, smoking his pipe, a youthful looking man was gazing wonderingly at this Canadian Kingdom which stretched from ocean to ocean. At the same time, from all over the country-side, thousands who had left their homes at sunrise, were converging on the old capital of French-Canada. Within the city, throngs of Quebecers and visitors were swarming the streets looking for vantage points.