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and Her Majesty with Mr. Lapointe, walked to the royal dais with its two great oaken chairs and its banks of flowers.

When the King, an arresting figure of distinguished presence and thoughtful mien, and the Queen, radiating grace and charm with her bewitching smile, took their places on the royal dais, a hush of respect fell upon the vast audience, a symbol of French restraint and homage. Photographers moved excitedly about, cine-kodaks were cranked and cameras clicked, while observers of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation began telling the story which they were to continue every day of the tour.

For a moment, under the light blue sky radiant with sunshine, the historical scene, mingling past and present seemed to pause. There stood the British King and Queen facing the heights upon which Wolfe had led his troops to the conquest of a new Dominion, not quite two centuries ago. There, from the St. Lawrence to the Plains of Abraham, packing the foreground, the roads and the slopes, stood the descendants of those men who