

CHAPTER TWO.

The harbour was busy as usual with its small craft bustling around, everything seemed to be tuned to the highest pitch with the prospects of a lovely day.

The Belgian Relief Ship "Imo" had left her anchorage at the Basin preparatory for her trip to New York, where she was to load with relief stores for that plucky little country Belgium.

The French Munition Ship "Mont Blanc" was preceeding up the harbour, prior to entering the Basin, where she was to await convoy.

As the ships came into view, the pilots saw the danger, and according to testimony at the subsequent enquiry, each blew their sirens for the right of way, but some one blundered, and the two ships crashed together, and almost immediately the deck together, and almost immediately the deck cargo of cargo of the munition ship caught fire.

The advent of the ships in collision and later, fire breaking out, attracted large crowds of workmen from the workshops, women ran out of their houses, their curiosity aroused, dozens of men flocked to the pier heads to get a closer view. A well known merchant of the North End telephoned for the fire engine, and a few moments later the fire engine "Patricia" with its gallant Chief and attendants, appeared on the scene to fight the flames.