

THE QUEENIE DISASTER.

A MONUMENT UNVEILED.

LAST Sunday marked the first anniversary of the terrible yachting disaster by which the yacht "Queenie" foundered in Port Phillip Bay, between Sorrento and Geelong, and her owner, Mr John Clark, his four sons, John James Ernest Henry, Charles Wallis and Norman Leslie, Reginald Percy Johnstone, and Arthur Allen, all residents of Williamstown, were drowned. The occasion was marked by the unveiling of a monument in the local cemetery, erected by the people of Williamstown and friends of other suburbs in memory of the victims. Soon after the sad occurrence subscriptions were started for the aid of the Allen family, and also for the erection of a monument, and after negotiations with different firms the tender of Messrs Chambers and Clutton, a city firm, was accepted for the work at a cost of £45.

The monument is a fine piece of work, a lofty column, in turn surmounted by an urn, all of red granite, the whole resting upon a substantial blue stone base, and surrounded by iron railings and chains, whilst against the front of the monument rests an anchor and cable. Upon the front is the following inscription:—Erected by the people of Williamstown and friends. In memory of those who perished by the foundering of the yacht "Queenie" in Port Phillip Bay on Easter Sunday, April 2nd, 1899. Upon one side are inscribed the names, as above, with the addition— "Voyagers on Life's troubled Sea," and upon the other the following appropriate verse:—

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm can still the restless wave,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the Rev. Robert Murray M.A., pastor of the South Presbyterian Church, in the presence of relatives and friends of the deceased, the mayor and councillors, members of the church and Sunday-school, and a large concourse of people. After singing and prayer the reverend gentleman dwelt touchingly upon the sad incident and the characteristics of the victims. The tragedy had sent a thrill through the length and breadth of the land, and had awakened sympathy in all hearts. Friends of the victims immediately met the tide and helped those who had lost their breadwinner. Farther than this, there were those who considered that a lasting monument should be erected to their

monument should be erected to their memory. Funds were raised and the work done. He eulogised the cemetery trust for granting the site gratuitously, Mr H. V. Champion for his time and services in preparing the plans and specifications, and Mr M. S. Fowler for his able supervision.

The speaker went on to say that now, looking back with calmer judgment, one recognised the admirable qualities Mr Clark possessed. He spoke of him as a faithful servant of his employers, a generous master of his own workmen, an ardent yachtsman whose zeal in the sport and fearlessness at times almost amounted to daring, as a man of the world large-hearted to all classes alike, and such a father and husband that all might well sympathise with those his death bereaved. No monument could ever compensate them for their great loss. The same proved equally true, though in a lesser degree, of the younger victims, who each had his circle of friends and acquaintances. He felt assured that when the relatives looked upon the monument they would feel that there were not only they that mourned the untimely fate of their loved ones, but that there were a larger circle of friends who echoed—

O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

He (at breakfast): My dear, the paper says there was quite a fire in our street early this morning. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. She: Well, don't let a little thing like that worry you. He: Why, what do you mean? She: Nobody will ever accuse you of starting it.

"Faither, what makes the negroes black?" asked Jamie, who was looking at a picture-book. In the course of his explanation, the parent mentioned that they were descended from Ham, the son of Noah. On hearing the word Ham, the little fellow brightened up, and exclaimed: "Ah, I ken noo, faither; it's smacked ham!"