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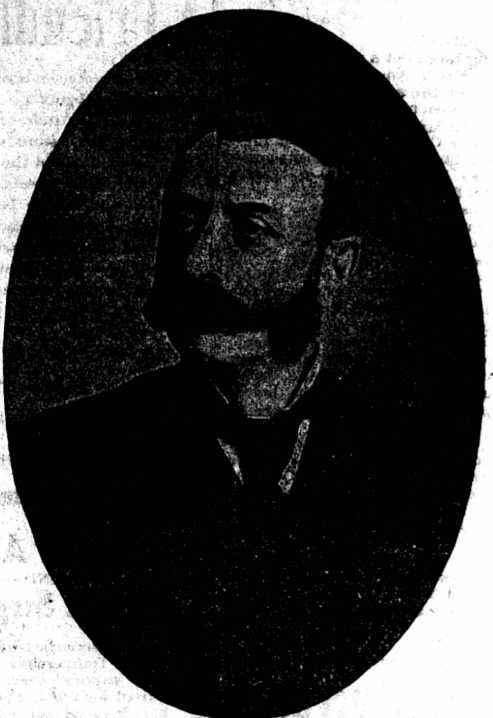
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THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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GEORGE A. SHARP
Superintendent Prince Edward Island Railway

A TRIP BY TRAIN TO MURRAY HARBOR

Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage.
THE inauguration of the Murray Harbor branch of the Prince Edward Island Railway opened up for travel, a beautiful section of this province with which prior to the introduction of the railway communication was a matter of laborious travel. It is not to be wondered at therefore, that the descriptions of this part of the Island, couched as they were for the most part in words of praise for the scenery and other attractions, should have aroused a desire to see personally what a trip to Murray Harbor, the terminus of the branch might disclose.

The regular train service gives a train from Murray Harbor to Charlottetown and return each week day, leaving Murray Harbor at 6:30 a. m., and leaving Charlottetown to return at 3:10 p. m. But Superintendent Sharp has lately put on a Saturday special, which leaves Charlottetown at 8 o'clock in the morning and reaches Murray Harbor about 11; returning leaving Murray Harbor at 4:30 p. m. This train affords the grandest opportunity of a pleasant day's excursion, for the possibilities of the Murray Harbor branch.

Leaving Charlottetown, say, some Saturday morning by the train for Murray Harbor one does not go far before realising what a great work the branch is. Immediately upon leaving Charlottetown, the train comes to The Hillsborough

passed his boyhood days in Charlottetown has not fished for trout in Fullerton's Marsh? And what beauties we used to catch here with a bean pole and a "wum." What? I remember—but this is not a fish story.

And who then thought that a railway would cross this great marsh. It is here where Willard Kitchen the contractor has triumphed over natural obstacles, as he has triumphed all along the line, and left his work a complete and satisfactory proof of his ability and skill as a railroad contractor. The line runs for about three quarters of a mile over the marsh, which it crosses in the centre. This marsh is covered to a depth of from two to two and a half feet with vegetable matter mixed with the wash from the surrounding country. Below is found the fibre used commercially as an absorbent and a fertilizer. The road bed over this yielding material was prepared by building a high embankment five feet above the marsh and composed of sods thrown up from the ditches dug on both sides. In the work at this point, the contractors had employed in conjunction with Prince Edward Islanders a number of expert dykers from New Brunswick, who tossed the sods an incredible distance and deposited them just where they wanted—with a skill born of long practice. This embankment thrown up was 16 feet wide on top and 28 feet, on bottom, with 14 feet

to overcome the difficulties encountered. Along this section, between Vernon River and Montague Cross the country seems to be well wooded and the beeches which predominate in the groves lend a vivid green which is very beautiful.

The charm of the landscape increases from now until the end of the journey is reached, and the train pulls up at Murray Harbor—where one of the most beautiful havens in Canada is presented to view. The praises of the natural charms of this part of our province have often been sung by enthusiastic admirers, but the half has not been told. Words cannot describe the beauty of sea and land which surrounds one in this favored spot—notwithstanding a journey in person to the scene can give one an idea of the reality.

The branch line to Murray Harbor is said to be much better built than any portion of the main line. It is much straighter and has a wider road bed, holding ballasts better and being more economical to maintain.

Mr. Kitchen, the contractor is a native of Fredericton, N. B. Though not yet fifty he has had an exceedingly active life. He comes of a family that have had much to do with railroading, his father, who was one of his sub-contractors on the present work, having had thirty years experience, in building portions of the C. P. R., I. C. R., and Canada Extension. Mr. Willard Kitchen, since beginning rail



WILLARD KITCHEN
Contractor for Murray Harbor Branch Railway

SLAVERY in Prince Edward Island.

[Apropos of the article which some time ago appeared in The Magazine under the above title our Correspondent sends the following sketch. There are several similar cases on record of slaves being held in bondage in this Province. I would be interesting if readers could contribute further information in this connection.—Ed.]

SOME time in the latter years of the eighteenth century an Englishman by the name of Creed, came from the old country and settled at St. Andrews Point, opposite Georgetown. He brought with him a young man, a slave, Dinbo Suckles, captured by slave hunters in Africa, when he was a lad.

When the slave hunter ratted his native place Suckles took refuge in a hollow log. He was dragged from his hiding place by the hunter with an iron hook attached to a long handle, and to his dying day he could show the mark in his back made by that cruel hook.

Creed seems to have been an indulgent master and gave Dinbo an opportunity to earn money to purchase his freedom, which he very soon succeeded in doing. His next move was to get a wife, and settle down and make a home for himself.

Here was an apparent difficulty, as he had a decided objection to marrying a white woman.

But fortune favoured him, Governor Fanning had brought to the Island with him a slave by name of Polley. Suckles went to work to earn money to purchase the freedom of the object of his choice which, in a very short time he succeeded in doing.

After marriage he took one hundred acres of land off the "Montague Estate" on Montague, which he succeeded in purchasing—paying at the rate of one pound per acre—by tending and tending right.

Suckles made a comfortable living; had a family of four boys and four girls. The only one of the family now living—Sarah; the youngest daughter is in the United States, near Boston.

The writer barely remembers the old man—who died over sixty years ago. He was a man of splendid character, and was universally respected. The old home-stand has passed into other hands but there are a number of his descendants still in the vicinity of Montague. His wife Polly lived for a number of years after him, and died at a good old age.

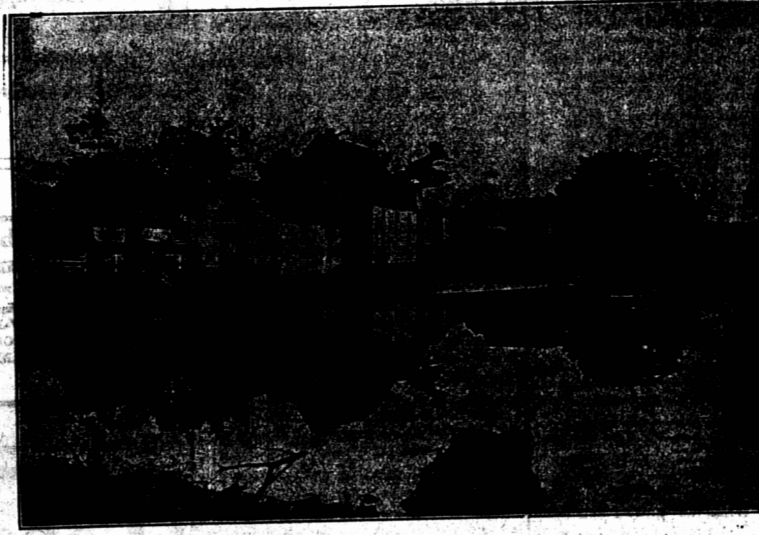


Photo by

McCLURE'S DAM, MURRAY RIVER

[Agnes Kitchen

Bridge—the greatest public work in Prince Edward Island and ranking in importance with any similar work in the Lower Provinces. The bridge crossed, the train at once begins to traverse a beautiful country—more beautiful, perhaps, in early June, than at any other time of the year.

The season has been (at time of writing) somewhat d. l. yed, owing to rainy weather, and crops are not yet all in. Consequently, from our window we see in many fields the ploughman busy, on the harrows covering in the newly sown grain. The trees are rapidly developing a delicate beauty that is giving all the landscape a color scheme of tender green, and the cleared fields, save where the plow has turned the soil, and the marshes, too, are clothed in the verdant cloak bestowed by early spring. Birds flutter on every hand, chirping and singing, and busy with their domestic cares.

The golden sun shines from a clear sky throwing into sharp relief the different colors of the landscape—the dark red of the newly ploughed earth, the emerald sheen of the deciduous trees and the darker green of the spruces; and here and there the foliage is variegated and enriched by wild cherry trees joyously blossoming—enveloped in white.

And so the train rattles on till we come to Fullerton's Marsh. Who that has

slopes. Two steel bridges are placed in the marsh one a small span and another of two spans.

And so, on and on, one scene of beauty after another unfolding to the eyes. In many of the fields the cattle are turned out, and they dot the cleared spaces in the gently rolling scene. Bees with their new horn lambs are to be seen on nearly every farm—and growth and the new birth of the Spring is evidenced on every hand. Verily this land is a land to enchant one.

Now we clatter along and leave the main line to run down a short cop which connects with Port Vernon, the former name of which was Vernon River Bridge. Here we are in touch with the Hillsborough Straits, that bound our Island on the south and here are wharves to which schooners come, giving to Port Vernon the busy aspect of a small seaport.

Returning to the main branch the train continues the journey to Murray Harbor, and soon enters upon a slightly rougher country. A prominent landmark for miles is the chapel at Vernon River, which is erected on a high hill and can be seen from many miles away.

Here the Contractor has had heavy work in construction and large culverts and steel truss bridges have been required

road work thirty years ago, has been engaged on contracts on the C. P. R. and Rocky Mountains, running the road through the Kicking Horse Pass. He also built the portion of the line where it first crosses the Columbia River. The above was all heavy work through rock, and with heavy cuts and fills. He was connected with the construction of Tobique Valley Railroad, extending from Andover, N. B., to Plaster Rock, and construction work on the C. P. R. between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, and on the Eastern Extension from New Glasgow to Canso. He built 25 miles of the Ontario and Quebec Railroad, from Toronto to Quebec, and was associated with the building of the large stone and steel bridge across the St. John River to Woodstock. He has built a large number of bridges of that nature for the Provincial Government and has had several large contracts from the Dominion Government.

He built the freight shed and wharf at Pictou, and is now completing a large baggage and express room at Levis.

At one time there were 100 men employed on the work which will give some idea of the manner in which the contract was overlooked.

At present Mr. Kitchen is engaged in constructing a spur line to Montague Bridge which will be open for travel in a very little while.

TO THE CLERGY AND SOME OTHERS

We well remember, says Geo. T. Angell, the story about the young clergyman who had determined to resign his pulpit because he was so tormented by "Old Deacon Jones" but after being advised by an aged and experienced brother that he would find Old Deacon Jones in every church, he concluded to remain.

To all clergymen we commend the following little poem

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew—
For meddling tongues must have something to do—
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that.
You're a bit rather strong that you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion don't think to escape,
For they criticize them in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease.
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use
For people will talk.

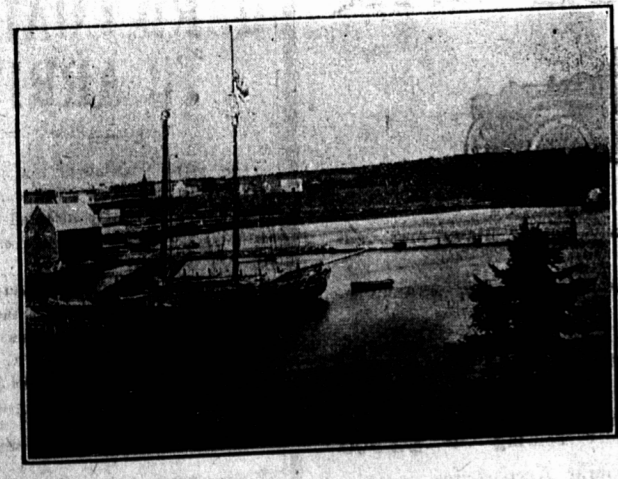


Photo by

MURRAY RIVER

[Agnes Kitchen



Photo by

CONTRACTOR KITCHEN, INSPECTING

[Agnes Kitchen

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