The Miracle of Centennial

A son chronicles his mother's story about her childhood home. (Pub. 2009)

Neil J. McKinnon

"Centennial was settled in the third range of lots, away from the coastline, and became a thriving farming community with school, stores, and post office in the late 1800s."



St. Michael's Cemetery.
Earliest marked stone is
dated 1815, Robert MacInnis.
Photo: Blaise MacEachern

John James Chisholm

and Hughie Gillis,

Walkers Cove, 1935

Photo: Neil A. MacMillan

Walker's Cove

Only pier stumps remain of Walker's Cove lobster cannery, 1938. Photo: Colin Mac Eachern





Ronald J. MacDonald's truck on wharf near cannery. Photo: Ronald J. MacDonald



Plant workers in 1938 Photo: Colin Mac Eachern whose mother, Mary Ellen Mac Eachern, is seated third from the right.

Hurry On

by Euphemia MacEachern

High and dry on the Judique banks On a cold and dreary dawn, 'Twas a lifeboat with a crew of eight From the steamer Hurry On.

A crew of eight; no seven now For just as they reached the shore MacLean had closed his weary eyes To open them never more.

Now five of them exhausted lay, They could not raise a hand, They did not know the little craft Had washed up on the sand.

But two there were could make their feet, They struggled bravely on, And climbed a bank and saw a house And knew the fight was won.

'Twas Douglad F. MacDonald's house Close by the Judique shore, And stumbling weakly up to it They knocked upon the door.

The good folk quickly took them in And listened to their tale, Of the steamer Hurry On How it foundered in the gale.

How they had managed the lifeboat then, And faced the raging storm, And had no time to salvage food Or clothes to keep them warm.

How these twelve men so helpless Upon the waves were tossed Till breakers wild upset their craft And four of them were lost.

They righted her and eight still lived
Tho' far from safe and sound,
For hours and hours they tossed about
And then were washed aground.

"Oh haste, make haste, and help these men Or they will soon be dead. The Judique men jumped to their feet And to the shore they sped.

They brought them in and tenderly They cared for one and all, Tho' at the time they thought two Had heard the final call.

But they rallied one by one and to the Lord gave thanks, They said, "He must have guided us To land on Judique Banks."

For Judique hospitality
Is known throughout the land,
It's part of their religion
To help their fellowman.

And so these men from the Hurry On Will long recall the names Of Dougald F. MacDonald And his brother Willie James.

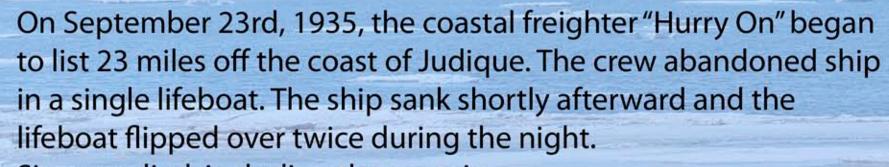
Now they're in St.Mary's hospital Reported doing fine, If you'd care to hear their names We have them here in rhyme.

There was Boudreau, Boyd, and Baker And Carmichael as you know, One was Shay and one was Evans And one was Cocopardo.

So this concludes the story
Of the brave men who were saved,
But God have mercy on those poor souls
Who met a watery grave.

And God have pity of those at home And help them bear their cross, The mothers, wives, and fathers Who are left to mourn their loss.

And O, kind people safe on land Won't you hearken to my plea, Say a prayer tonight and every night For our boys who follow the sea.



Six crew died, including the captain. The remaining six survivors made it to shore at Walker's Cove below the home of Dougald MacDonald.

WHERE HURRY ON HOODING ANK HERE SURVINORS LANDED

Death Rides Stormy Seas



Local residents who came to help: Duncan I.
MacDonald, Mrs. John B. MacDonald, and
Mr. & Mrs. W.J. MacDonald
Photo: Cape Breton Magazine

Photo: "Chronicle Herald" newspaper, 1945



Coastal freighter "The Hurry On" and 1930 fishing boat. Photo of Hurry On and life boat: Cape Breton magazine

Text: Judique Flyer Trail Committee

Photos Gut of Canso Museum & Archives, Port Hastings

Photo: Walker's Cove, view east, Walter Delorey © 2009

Photo restoration and layout by MV Design, www.wdmv.ca

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