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## ACROSS THE ISLAND

### He Must Be The First To Move House Here

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DOUG MAYNE, Parkdale barber, just has to be the first man who moved a house from Newfoundland to Prince Edward Island. The house, a Spanish style, two-bedroom bungalow, arrived early last week on one of the modern transport trailer trucks.

Here's the story.

Mr. Mayne went to the Ernest Harmon air base at Stevensville, Newfoundland and barbered there for two years. When the air base closed down there was a ghost town left behind. There are 1100 empty dwellings in the area now, Mr. Mayne tells me.

Doug had sold the house for \$6,000 to a man in the area. The man paid \$1,000 but handed the house back and would not pay any more.

But the man from whom Doug bought the land on which the house was built, wanted the land back. So he and Doug struck a bargain. The man would dismantle the house carefully for the Island man, if he got the land in return.

The dismantling job was done unusually well, Doug tells me, and Gene Bolger, driving one of Jelley's big transport trucks, hauled the house back to Charlottetown just last week.

There are some parts of the house that were not salvaged. The shingles for example. But a good part of the building is there.

THE BUNGALOW was finished in "Knotty Pine" on the inside and the finish is there, along with the rafters, joists and other framework. The doors are there and the picture windows seem undamaged.

The picture windows, Spanish style, have many small lights of glass, instead of the huge pieces of glass we associate with the "picture window" term.

If anyone else has ever moved a house to the Island from Newfoundland, I have never heard about it.

### Travel Stories Are Unusual

SEVERAL UNUSUAL stories about the tourists who travel across the Northumberland Strait on the Borden-Tormentine route are currently being told in Borden.

One chap had a great deal of difficulty backing his automobile and trailer off the Abegweit on the Tormentine side. When he finally got his car and trailer up the wharf so that he could turn around and drive ahead, for a change, he got into a stream of traffic that took him aboard the Confederation. The rest of the story, as I heard it, is the man came all the way back to P.E.I., which he had left a little more than an hour earlier.

It's easy to sympathize with a chap who has to back a trailer off a ferry and up the wharf. It's easy for professional truck drivers, but it's a most difficult task for anyone who is not accustomed to the task.

ANOTHER STORY concerns a motorist who was looking for a parking place near the water at Tormentine. Finally he found a place right close to the water. So he drove his car onto the lot, parked it and walked up the dock where, presumably, he had business.

Imagine his surprise, and chagrin, a few minutes later though, when he saw his “parking lot” moving out to sea with his car on it. The “parking lot” he had chosen was the Scotia. So he had to board the next ferry for P.E.I. and come back and get his car.

### Where Am I Going?

THE OTHER story is also interesting. A traveler approached the tourist bureau girl aboard one of the ferries on the way to P.E.I. and asked “Where am I going?” Naturally the young lady thought the man was teasing her. Finally she found that he was in earnest and courteously told him “you are headed, sir, for Prince Edward Island”.

“Isn’t that interesting”, replied the man, “I always did want to visit P.E.I.”

When the young lady asked him just how he came to be on the ferry, if he had not known where it was going, he explained that he had seen the long lineup of automobiles and trailers and joined it, just for curiosity, I imagine.

### Connolly Bust Unveiled In 1890

MANY CHARLOTTETOWN citizens have seen the bust of Owen Connolly which is on top of the Connolly Building on Lower Queen Street. A friend has loaned me a copy of The Daily Patriot of July 15, 1890 which has this interesting paragraph.

“This afternoon a bust of the late Owen Connolly, Esq., cut in stone, was placed on the new block lately erected by the Connolly Estate. W. C. Harris, Esq. was the architect. The sculptor was Howard Ramsay.”

Many have never seen the Connolly bust. Indeed it was back in 1956, when I was showing a number of people around the new Federal Building – it was opened that day – that someone asked me to whose memory the bust was erected. It was the first time I had ever seen it and I could not tell them until I asked someone who knew.

It was easy to see it from the sixth-floor windows of the big building, but it’s easy to miss it as one travels along Lower Queen at street level.

Mr. Connolly was an Irish merchantman who apparently made a great deal of money and owned a large amount of property. Much of the money was left in a scholarship to provide educational assistance for young men of Irish extraction. I am told that thousands of young lads have received valuable financial assistance from this fund to pursue their education.

### Early Morning Sailings

PEOPLE BELIEVED in early morning action in the days of our forefathers. A Daily Patriot story of July, 1890 says, for example, the steamer Heather Belle would leave Charlottetown every Tuesday morning at four o’clock for Brush Wharf at Orwell. She would leave Orwell at seven o’clock on return to Charlottetown, calling at Halliday’s Wharf. She went back to Halliday’s and Brush wharves that evening and remained overnight.

Tuesdays through Thursdays the Heather Belle provided twice-a-day service, apparently, between Charlottetown, Brush Wharf and Halliday's Wharf. She would "call at China Point Wharf when possible", the advertisement said.

Friday morning she left Charlottetown for Cranberry Wharf, East River at four o'clock. She left there at seven o'clock in the morning for Charlottetown, and called at Hickey's Wharf on the way back to Charlottetown. At three in the afternoon the Heather Belle made the return trip to Hickey's and Cranberry wharves and came back to Charlottetown that evening.

Saturday morning the steamer left for Crapaud at three in the morning, left Crapaud on return at seven, and at three in the afternoon the steamer left Charlottetown for Crapaud and returned to the city that evening.

Cabin fares were 30 cents to Orwell per passenger. It was 20 cents for those who stayed out on deck. To Mount Stewart, etc. the fare was 20 cents for cabin seats. The passengers paid 40 cents cabin on the Crapaud trip. It was 20 cents on deck.