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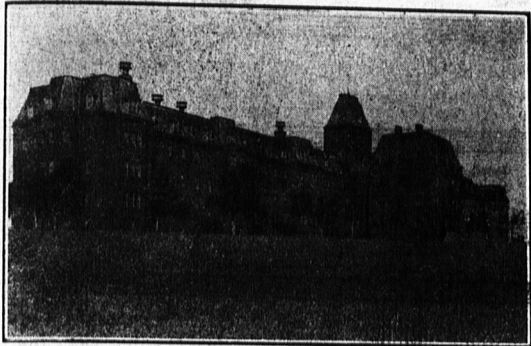
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1906.

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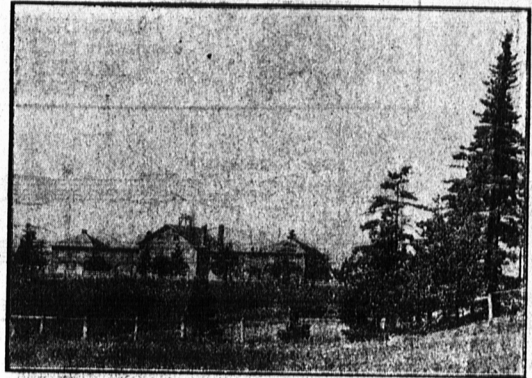
FALCONWOOD ASYLUM, CHARLOTTETOWN.

OUR HOSPITALS FOR THE INSANE PAST AND PRESENT

ONE of the things about which Prince Edward Islanders have cause for felicitation is the fact that the care of the insane of this Province is in good hands. It is a gem in the crown of our present local administration that they regard these, the most unfortunate of God's creatures, with a compassion and consideration that is creditable to humanity. We can truthfully say that now this province is in nowise far behind in its method of treating the insane people committed to its guardianship, a fact that can be done in a cheerful and willingly, and the conditions which surround the inmates of Falconwood are made as pleasant as can possibly be the case.

The present asylum building at Falconwood was completed in the year 1879, and an extension was added five years ago. It now affords sufficient room to allow the superintendent to put into practice the methods of treatment which has so far resulted in producing most gratifying results. There has been a great change made in the treatment of patients since the present Medical Superintendent, Dr. V. L. Goodwill took charge of the institution. The mechanical contrivances formerly used to restrain patients have been abolished, and the superiority of the present methods of treatment are to be seen in the improved condition of the inmates.

The "old asylum" as it used to be called was built in 1845 on land that was part of the Lewis farm, North River. This building was used until the present institution was ready for occupancy. An illustration of this building is also given on this page. At the time of the deplorable outbreak of smallpox in Charlottetown in 1882, the old building which was then beginning to



THE OLD ASYLUM—PULLED DOWN SOME YEARS AGO.

PEN PICTURES OF THE FATHERS

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE. Concluded

THE tragic death of McGee took place in the early morning of 8th April 1888, during the second part of the first session of the Dominion Parliament. Howe had gone to England with the avowed object of securing the repeal of the union so far as Nova Scotia was concerned and Tupper had been sent by the Dominion Government to prevent that object being attained. The evening and early morning hours of the 7th and 8th April were spent in the House of Commons debating a motion made by Dr. Parker, an Ontario Liberal, asking for the recall of Dr. Tupper. It was during this debate, and in the early morning hours that McGee made his last memorable speech. As he spoke, using strong language in condemnation of Dr. Parker, he used the words "sticking below the belt." Patrick James Whalen was then in the men's gallery, and as McGee used the words just quoted he leaned over the gallery rail and shook his fist at his intended victim. McGee did not see this action, but an observant employee of the House, who had at the moment entered the opposite gallery took note of it. This man, Edward Storr, was a man of intelligence but little education and he kept a diary. He at once entered in his diary the time by the clock, the words used by McGee and the threatening action of the to him unknown man in the gallery with a full description of the latter's personal appearance. When the House adjourned between two and three o'clock in the morning, McGee in company with Robert McFarlane and another member passed down the walk through the centre of Parliament Square to Sparks Street, and there parting with his companions passed on westward along Sparks Street toward his lodgings one block distant. Just as he started a messenger of the House saluted him with "Good night, Mr. McGee." He replied, "Good night, or rather Good morning, for it is morning now." These were his last words. The moon was shining in the western sky, and a very little light new fallen snow covered the ground, so that in the bright moonlight the street was almost as light as day. The writer of these lines had passed a few minutes earlier alone along the exact path taken by McGee. The doomed man reached the door of his lodgings. He was smoking a cigar and had transferred his walking stick to his left hand while with his right he inserted his latch key in the door. At this moment the assassin shot him from behind, the bullet passing through the base of his brain and emerging through his mouth and then lodging in the door. It severed a main artery, and death was instantaneous. His blood stained the door around the bullet, and it stained the snow far down the gutter below where he fell. It was a night of horror in Ottawa. In brief space rewards were offered, by the Dominion Government, the Ontario Government and by the cities of Montreal and Ottawa for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. No one had seen the shot fired, but the story

of Edward Storr and other circumstances led to the speedy arrest of Whalen. In his bed was found concealed a revolver with all the chambers loaded except one and that had been newly discharged. The bullet found in the door where the murder was committed was of the same dimensions as those remaining in the weapon. In due time Whalen was put on trial for his life. He was defended by an able array of counsel, foremost among whom was John Hyland Cameron, then admitted the first lawyer in Ontario. But the case against the accused was too strong to admit of any other result than conviction and despite an able and most eloquent defence the jury found a unanimous verdict of guilty. It was proved that Whalen had repeatedly threatened McGee's life; that he had dogged his victim's footsteps about Montreal; had followed him to Ottawa and remained during the November-December sitting; had returned to Montreal when McGee returned at Christmas and had called at McGee's house with suspicious intent; that he returned to Ottawa when Parliament resumed in February, and finally when in jail awaiting trial, he was overheard relating to another prisoner in an adjoining cell, a supposed accomplice, that he "shot him like a dog." At the trial Whalen's wife sat by his side faithfully from day to day taking the deepest interest in the proceedings. After the verdict of "guilty," the Chief Justice, Sir William B. Richards, who presided, asked the prisoner, in the usual form whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. Whalen arose, faultlessly dressed, wearing a green necktie, and launched forth into a speech. He protested his innocence and affirmed that he had not had a fair trial and then began a tirade against British misgovernment and oppression in Ireland. They had incarcerated thousands of his countrymen; he said, on suspicion or perjured testimony "in British hells among the living damned." And he was proceeding to further violence of language. "Stop! Sit down!" called the Judge in tones of sternness. Whalen dropped into his chair. "I would have heard you with patience," the judge proceeded, "if you had anything to say in defence or explanation, but I cannot sit here and permit you to rail against the British Government, and here with the wrongs of Ireland before at least all are equal. You have had a fair trial; you have been ably defended; you have been found guilty of an atrocious crime." He proceeded to put on the black cap and pronounced the sentence of death in the usual form. The execution was delayed by a review of the trial at Toronto, under a writ of error. In the meantime the jail where Whalen was confined was closely guarded against the threatened rescue. There were Fenian circles in Montreal, Ottawa and other Canadian cities and that detestable organisation was rampant in the United States. There had been a Fenian invasion

of Canada in 1866 and another followed in 1870. There were rumors that a rescue might be attempted on the day of execution. At last the end came and Whalen stood on the scaffold, constructed a quarter of a century before, but which had not yet had a victim. Before the black cap was drawn he stepped to the front of the scaffold to address the vast multitude assembled. Executions were then public and many thousands were gathered. He did not now protest his innocence, but did claim that he had not had a fair trial. The attending priest touched him on the breast, as if to ask him to forbear speaking further. Whalen paused a moment, then raising his voice shouted, "God save Ireland!" and added in a lower tone, "God save my soul." He then took his place on the drop which almost instantly fell. Whalen was a young man, tall, slender and of fair complexion, by trade a tailor and was always carefully dressed. He had been chief marshal and a conspicuous figure in the great procession in Ottawa on St. Patrick's Day shortly before McGee was murdered. There were perhaps a few but not many who at the last doubted his guilt. There were thousands who believed his guilty secret was shared with a number of others who escaped punishment altogether. My own firm conviction after hearing and seeing all that was said and done at the inquest, the trial and execution, is that Patrick James Whalen undoubtedly fired the shot which killed Thomas D'Arcy McGee. ROD AND GUN in Canada, for March, shows steady improvement. The articles deal with many aspects of sport, and hunters and fishers will find this issue particularly enjoyable. THE SUGGESTION has been made that we should procure an article on the fisheries of this Island a hundred years ago. For instance it is stated that shad used to be caught in numbers in the East River. If any reader can supply us with information on this line the editor will be obliged.



DR. V. L. GOODWILL.

Dr. Goodwill is a son of the Rev. John Goodwill. He studied at Prince of Wales College, after graduating from which he went to Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. From here he graduated in 1889. He then spent some time studying in New York, and in the Rockwood Hospital of Ontario. He assumed his present position as Medical Superintendent of Falconwood Asylum in 1900. Dr. Goodwill is an enthusiastic volunteer. He has been in the Militia for fifteen years, and is at present adjutant of the 2nd Regt.

fall into the stage of decay, was repaired and made to do duty as a hospital. After the epidemic had become a thing of the past the building was pulled down and every sign of its existence was soon obliterated. A curious fact in this connection is this: that in the year 1844 the land for the old asylum was purchased from the Government of that day from the late George Lewis, and that he was still alive when in 1894 after a lapse of fifty years he bought the land back. There is nothing now in the vicinity of the old site to indicate that it was once occupied by any asylum or to recall the melancholy associations of the mournful period when it was tenanted by victims of the smallpox plague. Instead, a pleasant prospect pleases the eye on every hand; and near the spot on which the "old asylum" once stood there is now a pleasant summer cottage, which overlooks the delightful scenery and the waters of the North River.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver St., Boston is received. It indicates large proportions to which the cause of kindness to animals has grown of late years, and is full of interesting reading and information. A READER of The Guardian writing from Belvedere, kindly furnishes additional information regarding the brig Fanny, the account of whose trip is now being published in this department. We perhaps should state that the full account of the formation of the California Association, the members of which sailed on the Fanny, appeared in the Prince Edward Island Magazine in May, 1905.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for April continues the scattering articles on The Treason of the Senate, and furnishes so much more excellent articles that it is hard to particularize. The description of New York's aristocracy is especially good; the fiction and the illustrations are the best yet accomplished by this Magazine. HARMSWORTH'S SELF EDUCATOR Magazine, No 6 is an encyclopedia of information dealing with about two score subjects, the most important to our readers probably being the article on agriculture contributed by H. L. Hutt, professor of horticulture in the Ontario Agriculture College. It is an example of the careful manner with which the magazine has been localized so that the student has not only the advantage of the best international experts, but also the benefit to be derived from their special information. This was only to be expected, since Henry Mann, the Canadian and U. S. editor, was chosen on account of his thorough knowledge of Canadian requirements. It is impossible to praise too highly this excellent publication.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BRIG FANNY

Extracts from the Diary of the late E. Lovc.

(Continued.) January 28, 1850. Monday. This morning found our water would not hold out for us to go to Rio, so the company was called together to decide what was to be done. Some wanted to go to Rio and some to Bahia, we being in latitude 12, one hundred miles from Bahia so the captain said to end all dispute he would run at once for Bahia. The yards were squared at once and away we went to the no little sorrow of some of the company. 29. This is a most delightful morning. 30. Very early in the morning saw Bahia's lights, about twenty-five miles off and at two o'clock made the harbor, when the wind dropped. Some of the men went in a boat swimming but a breeze sprang up and they had hard work to get on board and we had to bring to; we then proceeded up the harbor and in little or no time we were opposite the city. Before we came to, several boats with Englishmen on them spoke to us, and asked if they could do anything for us, and wished us to deal with them. We had not come to yet but in a few minutes we rounded up and let go of the anchor and had every sail furlled. The officer of the port came alongside and asked for our bill of health, but we had none so we had to hoist the yellow flag, till the next day, and then were to be set at liberty. 31. At two o'clock the health officer came on board and looked at us all and then gave us liberty to go on shore. Being all in readiness we at once boarded the boat and I and about twelve got in her and went on shore and some more came in another boat. Most of the people are black slaves. The few whites we saw were poor-looking creatures and the streets very narrow and dirty except some of the back parts of the city. We saw a great deal of fruit growing, and saw where they got all the water to supply the place. It was so very warm that we could not look around much. The yellow fever was very bad. It took off about a third of the hands belonging to the shipping. They are the greatest lot of rogues that I ever saw. They would cheat you out of your eyes and you could not help yourself. February 1. Friday. After staying on shore all night, seven of us in one house we agreed to go out and take another look

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PARK ROADWAY, CHARLOTTETOWN.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oh have I walked these woodland paths
In sadness, not foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The flowers of Spring were growing.
Today the winds have swept away
Those wrecks of Autumn's splendor,
And here the fair Arbutus flowers
Are springing fresh and tender,
O prophetic flowers, with lips of bloom,
Surpassing in their beauty
The pearly limits of ocean shells,
Ye teach me faith and duty,
Walk life's dark way, ye seem to say,
In faith and hope foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the fair flowers growing.
LEIGHTON.

This Issue is in Two Sections---Be Sure You Get The Whole Paper