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# THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

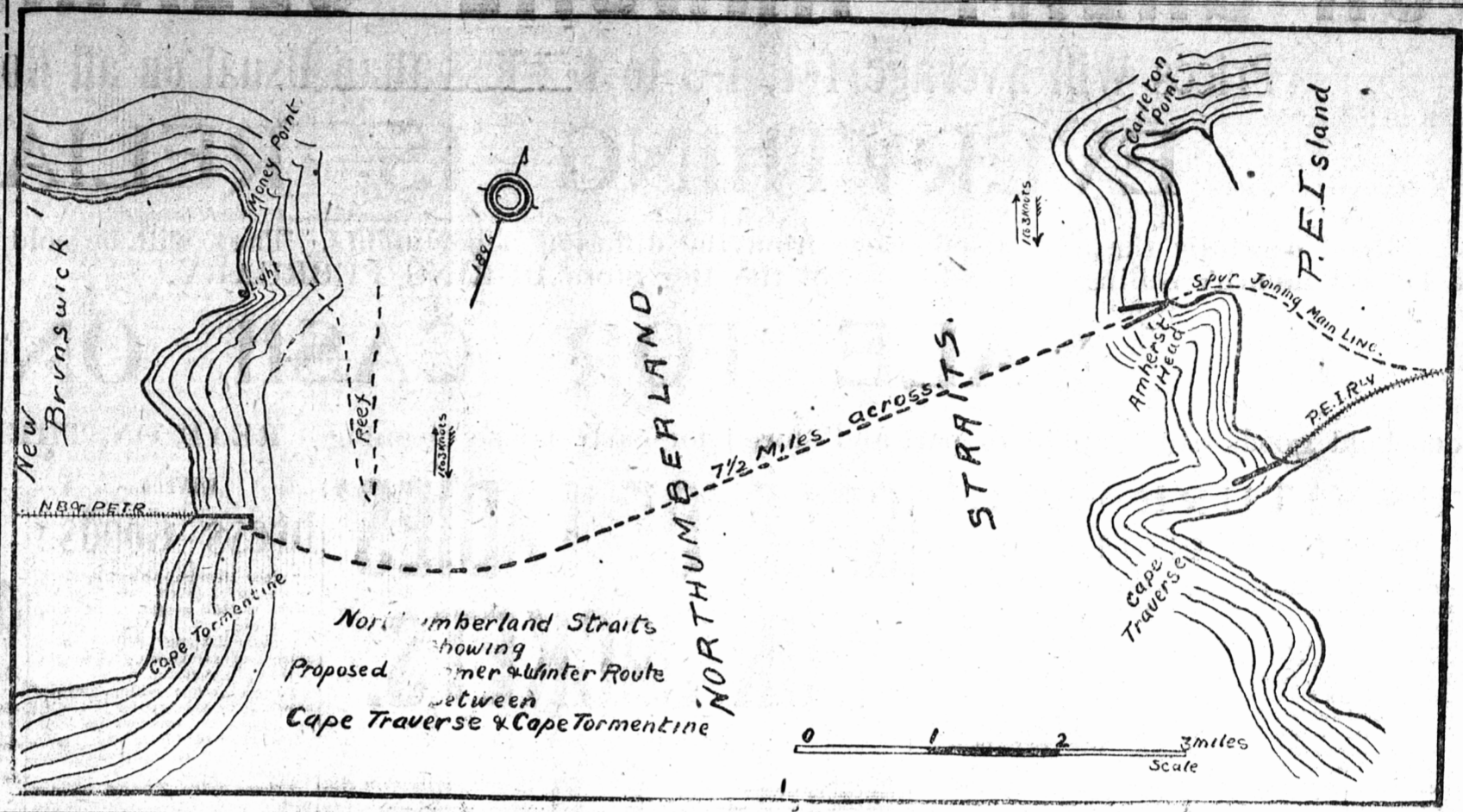
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**JAPANESE SHOOTING RUSSIAN SPY**  
The illustration shows the swift judgment of the Japs when they capture a Russian spy. These men are frequently hard to detect as they usually are attired in the guise of the Japanese.



## HOW A RUSSIAN SPY MET DEATH AT CAPTORS' HANDS

**Captured in a Millet Field, He Went Bravely to Doom.**

**He only Broke Down When He Thought of His Wife and Little Ones in Far Away Russia.**

It was recently my fortune to witness the execution of a young Russian private of the infantry, says a special correspondent of "Leslie's Weekly," New York, who had been captured within our lines near Yental disguised as a Chinese. I was so favorably impressed with the incomparable conduct of the ill-fated man during his captivity; and up to the last moment of his life, that I have decided to set down here the story, so that others beside the few who gathered on the execution ground, may know how bravely a Russian can meet death.

It was while a portion of our Manchurian army was camped near the Yental colliery, and chafing under the restraint that kept it back from Mukden, that this young Russian, Basil Ryaboff by name, volunteered to reconnoitre out lines with ten tents to the northeast of Yental station. Being unusually short for a Russian, and having a skin burned a deep brown on the face, hands and neck by the Manchurian sun, there was nothing incongruous about his Chinese disguise. He succeeded in eluding our guards sentries and patrols for many days, and it was only by chance that he was finally apprehended.

At the time of his capture he was in possession of information which, had it ever reached General Kuropatkin, would have placed us at great disadvantage in the movements of the immediate future.

One evening the spy was making his way through a millet field when he chanced upon a Japanese soldier cooking supper. The latter, being in need of water, ordered the spy to fetch a pailful from the river nearby. Fearful of betraying himself, however, the Russian appeared not to hear the command, and continued on his way. The soldier, becoming incensed, spring up from his pots and pans and started in pursuit. The spy took to his heels and would doubtless have out-distanced the soldier had not a gust of wind carried away his Chinese hat and false queue, and betrayed his nationality to other soldiers who were watching the race. At sight of the spy's shock of yellow hair, such as no Chinese might claim, a shout went up from a hundred throats, and a hundred men joined in the chase. The Russian ran until he fell prone upon the

earth completely out of breath. His captors hustled him into the presence of our commander, who, after submitting him to a brief examination, in which he frankly admitted he was a spy of Kuropatkin, ordered him confined pending trial by a military court.

The court assembled on the thirteenth day of the ninth moon. It consisted of three Japanese officers—a major and two captains. When the prisoner entered he bowed respectfully to the judges and stood at attention. As a mere matter of form several witnesses were called, but their examinations were brief, the prisoner having already confessed the purpose of his visit to our lines. Major Fukuwara read the allegations in a low, distinct voice. The prisoner listened with calm countenance. Then Judge Hamano arose and read the sentence. It was a shortly worded document and very much to the point. It ended with these words: "I therefore sentence Basil Ryaboff to death."

There is a peculiar fascination about the play of a man's features when he knows he is near to death. Every spectator morbidly searches them, attributing this, that, and the other thing to every tremor of nerve or muscle. Although the words of Judge Hamano must have sunk into his heart like knife-thrusts, Ryaboff's countenance gave not the slightest indication of inward perturbation. When it was over he said, very distinctly: "I am satisfied."

A few days later the execution took place. Ryaboff took his stand by a bare tree in a certain valley studded with great rocks. Four soldiers—the execution

squad—were drawn up facing him. The judges of the court were present to see that their sentence was properly carried out. There was also a number of curious soldiers and civilians, all intent on seeing a Russian die. The condemned man was placed by Lieutenant Fugita, of the gendarmes, in a kneeling position in front of the bare tree. The ropes binding his wrists were then unbound and two gendarmes tenderly rubbed the chafed parts with a soothing ointment. "May I pray to my God?" asked the kneeling man of Lieutenant Fugita. The latter readily granted the request, and there and then the Russian uttered a brief and fervent prayer to the God in whom he believed so well.

"Have you a wife?" asked Judge Hamano. "Yes," replied the condemned, "I have a wife and two little children." He hesitated, his lips quivered, his voice shook, and then great tears burst from his eyes. The thought of his family was too much for his iron nerves. He did not cry, however, as a coward or a woman would cry. His tears were unselfish ones. The bullets of the Osaka rifles had no horror for him, but at the last moment his heart went forth to his little home in distant Russia, and he became as gentle as he was hard and cold during his trial. It was a trying time for all of us. I found it most difficult to keep my own tears back. Even the stony-hearted gendarmes had a way of looking at the toes of their big boots that suggested that they were ashamed of them.

Taking the Russian's hand, Captain Hamano said: in my opinion you are one of the bravest and most honorable of Russians. I admire you from the bottom of my heart, and in my unofficial capacity seriously regret the unkind fate that has cut your days so short, although I am at the same time one of its agents. Imperial Japan claims your life for her own best interests, and her word is my law. It may chance that you have property to leave. If so, I will be glad to do what I can toward communicating your wishes to your family.

These kind words so affected the prisoner that he was again forced to tears, great sobs shaking his frame. Then, remembering this to be a womanish action, he gnashed his teeth in a vain effort to control himself. Finally he said: "When I was arrested I was prepared in mind for this fate. I am ashamed of my tears and pray you to laugh at them. Unfortunately I have no property to leave my family, but hope that my government will care for them. I thank you for your sympathy, and now state my readiness to go before my Maker."

Captain Hamano shook the prisoner's hand and withdrew. A gendarme stepped forward and bound a white cloth over the prisoner's eyes. A young officer drew his sword. The Osaka rifles clicked once, twice, three times. The fatal word was spoken. It was all over before any of us appreciated the fact. The doctor ran to the side of the prostrate body and pronounced life extinct. So died Private Ryaboff, of the Twenty-Fourth Chamsarsky regiment, for his Ozer.

## THE ESTIMATED COST OF A STRAITS TUNNEL

Sm:—The periodical interruption to navigation serves to accentuate the desirability of having uninterrupted access to the main-land by means of a tunnel. Your editorial respecting cost of tunnel, in yesterday's Guardian, was, therefore of public interest. I am inclined to think, however, that your estimate, notwithstanding it is based on actual experience in tunnel construction, is much too high. It is doubtful if the Boston work affords a fair basis of our needs.

In this connection it may be interesting to make a comparison with the surveys and estimates of the proposed tunnel to connect Scotland and Ireland, made a few years ago. The London Spectator at the time gave a report of the surveys from which we gather the following:

The entire length of this tunnel would be 34 miles, 25 of which would

be under water. Half the distance would be through a very hard rock formation, while the other half would be through conditions not dissimilar to our own. It was estimated that ten years would complete the work, and that it would require \$30,000,000 to defray the cost with full equipment. "The heading," however, or as we would say, the tunnel itself, was estimated to cost without equipments only \$12,500,000.

But as an offset against these estimates as compared with our conditions the following must be taken into account. It was estimated that the harder rock cuttings for half the distance would be \$500,000 per mile in excess of the easier work, making an extra of at least \$8,000,000. The greater length would also greatly increase the proportionate cost. Moreover, the Scotch-Irish tunnel was too

avoid deep water, which would also add something to the proportionate cost of construction as compared with a straight cut. I understand also that their tunnel was to be of sufficient capacity for a double track, while the great length, and English methods would add greatly to the cost of equipment as compared with our needs. In other words to reduce it to a fair basis for comparison with our conditions it would be necessary to deduct about twelve millions of dollars from the estimated cost. Say thirty-eight millions, fully equipped, instead of fifty.

Now for all practical purposes of comparison we may regard our tunnel as being about one third the length of theirs. This being so, on the above estimates we arrive at the following interesting conclusions for our tunnel:—

Cost of cutting only	\$ 4,000,000
Cost of tunnel fully equipped	12,500,000

Time required to construct 3 1/2 years. When we consider the skill of English engineers and their tendency to be conservative in their estimates these figures are calculated to be the more impressive. All rail communication with the continent for 12 1/2 million dollars! Without considering the commercial advantage to the province, it is quite probably a fact that a tunnel at this cost would be actually cheaper than the maintenance of present facilities.

Another fact perhaps worthy of note is that such a tunnel would bring all travel from Port-aux-Basques, Nfld., about four hours nearer to Boston or Montreal via Souris than via Sydney, C. B.

If these estimates even approximate the truth, it would seem that the time had come for us to unite in demanding a tunnel. Your excellent paper has, in the past, been largely instrumental in bringing about much needed reforms. A crowning work would be to advocate the passing of the ice-boat and the passing of our insularity, by championing our rights in this most important matter.

I am very truly  
Yours,  
F. A. WRIGHTMAN  
Alberton,  
Jan 31st, 1905.

### Your Doctor

We wish you would ask your doctor what he thinks of Vapo-Cresolene. He will say "It's certainly the best way of reaching the throat and lungs, this inhaling method." You see, it brings the medicine right in contact with the weak places. If it's asthma, bronchitis, whooping-cough, croup, or any such trouble, the Cresolene vapor touches every inflamed place. Relief is quick, certain.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit including a bottle of Cresolene, complete B. G. S. Send for free illustrated booklet. LESLIE, MRS. CO., Ltd., Agents 288 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

### FAT CATTLE FOR SALE

The Provincial Farm will offer four fat cattle for sale at Public Auction on the Market Square, Charlottetown on February 10th, 1905 at 2 o'clock.

S. E. REID,  
Commissioner of Agriculture.  
3 dw. td.

## The Awful Helplessness of Locomotor Ataxia

A Test Whereby This Dreadfully Common Form of Paralysis is Detected in Its Early Stages—Cure is Then Readily Effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The sufferer from locomotor ataxia is known by his peculiar shuffling gait in walking and the flop with which the feet are put down. About the first indications of this disease are loss of sensation in the feet, and shooting pains in the legs.

Like other forms of paralysis, however, locomotor ataxia comes on gradually as the result of exhausted nerve force, and is accompanied by such symptoms as wakefulness, irritability, headache, restlessness of movement, twitching of the nerves, momentary defects in sight and hearing, and difficulty in controlling movement of the limbs.

The time to begin treatment is at the first indication of nervous exhaustion, for you can be certain then that, if not locomotor ataxia, some other dreadful form of helplessness will overcome you.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most effective treatment ever devised for the cure of locomotor ataxia, paralysis and all diseases of the nerves.

First, because it is composed of the ingredients which the foremost physicians assert are the most certain nerve restoratives.

### The Test

Stand with feet close together and eyes shut. If you are a victim of locomotor ataxia your body will sway from side to side and you may fall over.

You will also be unable to walk in a straight line with your eyes shut, and only with difficulty with them open.

Second, because it has established an enviable record in curing these diseases. When you use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can be absolutely sure that, search where you will, there cannot be found a more certain means of forming new, rich blood, creating new nerve force and restoring and revitalizing wasted and depleted nerve cells.

**Was Afraid of Falling.**  
Lost Control of Legs and Could Scarcely Walk—The Numbness of Paralysis Through-out the Body.

Mrs. Barbara Bush, Dixon, Stormont Co., Ont., writes:—"I suffered a great deal from dizziness in the head and numbness of the whole system, more especially the hands and arms, feet and legs. When I tried to walk my legs seemed to want to cross each other and I would be afraid of falling and grasp for a chair or table. I also had distressing nervous feelings at times, and suffered from a gnawing sensation in my stomach. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built up my nervous system and removed the miserable feelings from which I suffered. As I am seventy-three years old my system was run down and this treatment seemed to be exactly what I needed. I hope others will benefit by my experience."

## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box. You can cure coughs and colds and prevent pneumonia and consumption by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

**LIBERTY TEA** IS THE ONLY TEA that offers consumers their money back if not satisfied.