

### Sea Cadet Training Advantages are Explained to Rotary Club by Lieut. Robt. Blance in Address

The sea cadets is not a military institution, but instead the boys who join are given an idea of sea life and discipline and helped physically, taught to get rid of the slouch, given a liking for the sea, and those who finish the course are able to take up the work of an able seaman, if they so wish, or to take up training for the position of an officer. This was the summary given by Lieutenant Robert Blance of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteers, who has charge of the local cadet corps, yesterday afternoon at the weekly luncheon of the Prince Rupert Rotary Club, President George Rorie in the chair.

Mr. Blance gave an outline of the work of the cadets and the aims and objects of the organization in which the members of the club and visitors were much interested. In thanking him for his address, President Rorie said the members of the club were particularly interested in anything which made for the betterment of the young people and had learned a lot that day from the address, they had heard.

Lieutenant Blance said the cadets were an outgrowth of the Navy League, an organization for creating an interest in naval affairs in Canada, and one which should appeal to the people of Prince Rupert, as a place destined to become one of the great world ports. He was one who believed that the future of Canada lay in her exports. If they had no transportation system to other countries they were at the mercy of the world and it was very desirable that their ships should not be manned by aliens.

One of the features of the cadet training, Mr. Blance explained,

was discipline. The boys enjoyed military drill and took a keen interest in the setting up exercises. It had a moral effect on them. Waking upright often meant living upright. They trained boys to be prompt and do things cheerfully.

Parents found boys much improved and more prompt to do things cheerfully as the result of a few months' training. Military drill gave them an appreciation of law and order and without order people became a mob. In the sea cadets they were allowed to wear the uniform of the British navy and this taught them self respect. Many a boy refused to do things which would disgrace the uniform, the sign of fair play and freedom. It developed patriotism and the love of their country as well as co-operation and the desire to help each other.

Cleanliness and fairness were inculcated. They also had work to do such as learning knots and splices, seamanship, reading the compass, steering, the rule of the road at sea, the meaning of lights, visibility and courses and later they took up chart work. Rifle shooting was splendid training for the eye and mind and for control of the nerves.

The local cadet corps, now about 40 strong, had been formed two years ago. They had an annual camp in which they learned to swim. All the boys but one were now able to swim. Nineteen were taught the first year. The training filled a want not provided in the schools and gave them an idea of initiative and executive work.

C.P.R. steamer Princess Royal, Capt. Thomas Chiff, arrived in port at 2:30 this afternoon from the south and will sail at 10 p.m. on her return to Vancouver and waypoints.

#### CHALLENGES PREMIER



S. J. Farmer, member of the Manitoba Legislature, who has challenged Premier John Bracken to debate the question of the 'leasing of the Seven Sisters Falls' Company.

### HAIG WATCHED INDIAN ROPE

Sergeant Secrett Spoiled Show by Breaking Mesmeric Spell of Fakir

#### HORRIBLE REVENGE

Viper Used in Effort to Take Life of Man Who Spoiled the Show

LONDON, March 22.—Everybody has heard of the Indian rope trick, but is there anybody—any European at least—who can declare he has actually seen the trick done? The trick referred to, of course, is when an Indian conjurer throws a rope in the air. It seems to remain suspended. A boy climbs up—and vanishes. Some years ago a British newspaper discussed this fully and while it had plenty of Anglo-Indian correspondents who knew all about the trick and some had heard of plenty of people who were suspected to have seen it, yet nobody would declare that he had himself been a witness.

Interest in the subject is likely to be reawakened by a curious story told by Sergeant Secrett in his book, just published, "Twenty-Five Years with Earl Haig." For this period Secrett was the late Field-Marshal's personal attendant. He served him thus in South Africa, in India, right through the War, and to within a short time of his death. One evening in India Secrett was riding with Haig, when on coming to a clearing they found a fakir, with a huge crowd of natives around him. The fakir uncoiled a long rope and stood up.

"Secrett, he's going to do the much-disputed rope trick, I believe," said 'Sir Douglas. 'Come along, we must have a look at this.'

"We drew in near to the crowd and the attention of the hearers was immediately diverted to the British General. The fakir seemed to be offended and at once began to pack up his 'props.' Sir Douglas asked him to continue, but he refused, mumbling something about the necessity of everybody seeing all the parts of the 'miracle.' Sir Douglas was still thinking about the rope trick when we got near a rather steep incline, he turned to me and said:

"I believe we just missed that show, Secrett. I wonder if it is that these chaps are reluctant to demonstrate the trick to Europeans?"

"I don't believe believe there's a man living, sir," I replied, 'who can make an ordinary rope stand up on its end and send a boy up on it. The only soldiers I've ever heard tell the story are noted for a bit of romancing.'

#### Fakir Arrives

"Late that evening, after dinner and just before the sun went down, the fakir arrived at the bungalow at which Sir Douglas was staying. It stood at a junction of roads and was occupied by a major in charge of a cavalry detachment.

"The fakir salaamed before the party and suggested that he should entertain them. They at once consented and the performance began. He produced the eagle from a matchbox, the pigeons from parrots' eggs, and did a few other clever bits of conjuring. Then, from the end of a powder-flask of old-fashioned design, he produced the boy! Where the boy had been, goodness only knows. Certainly the old fakir was a perfectly marvellous conjurer. I was not able to watch the whole performance, as I had to keep going backward and forward. The major's head man was ill and I acted as butler.

"I saw that the fakir insisted upon the party leaving the verandah to watch part of his performance. They sat on cushions in a circle around him. I watched from a window. I saw the old fellow make the round of his circle several times, then I saw him uncoil his rope. He moved once more round the circle and then pointing upward with one hand, shot the rope into the air with the other.

"Sir Douglas and the others sat with their eyes turned upwards. Then the boy was brought forward and the old fakir mumbled something. His audience now turned their eyes on the boy, who stood on the ground. The fakir slowly and gently moved his hand upwards and the audience following his hand with their eyes. He seemed to be giving instructions to the boy and addressing the spot where his eyes rested—ever upward.

"Then the whole thing dawned on me. He had mesmerized his audience—including my master! I went out at once. 'The boy is still on the ground, sir,' I shouted, 'and the rope fell the moment he threw it up!'

"For a second the fakir's attention was taken off the audience and the imaginary rope; in that second all four seemed to come out of the spell, or whatever it was he had woven round them.

"But here is the remarkable thing. Although I saw the whole incident with my eyes it was quite a long time before Haig would really believe that his eyes had deceived him. The major had heard of the identical experience before and was exceedingly glad that I had interrupted in the middle of the trick, or else, he said, he would have been prepared to swear he had seen the trick performed.

#### Angry at Failure

"The old fakir was immensely angry with me—naturally! That night as I slept I heard a footstep on the balcony outside. The least sound always woke me, and I was up in a shot, and had the shutters open. But no one was there. Nevertheless, never having been prone to fancying things which did not exist, I stayed awake for awhile. I knew there had been a footstep—certainly that was true, and I was just a little curious to know who was prowling about at that hour of the night.

"The moonbeam cut through the slats in the shutter and I lay watching the shadow on the floor made by the intercepted light. As I lay, suddenly I saw the color or the shape of the moonbeam change at a place near my camp-bed.

"I switched on my flashlight. There, coming towards my bed, was a viper, his wicked little eyes glinting in the light. As I moved he raised his head, but snakes were not new to me. I took the pillow from under my head and held it between the snake and myself while I leapt out of bed and seized my revolver. The snake had turned and was definitely making for me. I did not want to fire the revolver if I could help it, because that would disturb the household, and yet, not having a stick, I did not see what else I was going to do.

"My eye caught a couple of crossed kurri knives on the wall, and, still facing the snake, the revolver in my right hand, I to reach one of the knives, with the same hand in which I held the torch. But the movement was awkward and, just as I felt the knife, the viper darted its head forward.

"I waited no longer. I fired and blew half its head off. Again, even as the report of the shot died, I heard a step on the verandah. I dashed out, this time with the flashlight, and was just in time to see a dusky figure disappear around the corner of the bungalow. I fired, but too late."

A Daily News want-ad will bring results.

### A Tickling In Her Throat For Years

Mrs. Peter Johnson, Fort Albany, B.C., writes:—"I had been troubled for years with a tickling in my throat every time I would lie down, and at night I would cough so I could not sleep, and could hardly do my work. I would cough until I would vomit."

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