

TRAWLING ON THE NEW ZEALAND COAST

Continued from page 8.

Moki resembles the tarakihi somewhat, but is larger, has thicker lips, and other peculiarities which mark him from his sort of half-cousin. On the back, his sober gray is relieved with some effective splashes of primrose.

The leather jacket is coloured light brown or sometimes like dark crocodile skin. His dorsal and anal fins are of a vivid yellow, and long after he has left his native element they flutter in the sunlight.

The shonounamu is not unlike a carp in looks. On the back he is an orange brown, shading lighter towards the bottom of the body, and he is remarkable for several transverse bands of a darker hue.

Maomoe is a delicate little fish, highly esteemed by the Maoris. The back is a rich blue inclining to violet, which grows lighter on the body. He has a very small and delicate mouth.

John Dory, whose name is a corruption of the French "jaune dore" (golden yellow), is one of the best known fishes, partly on account of his name, which has a home-like, familiar sound, and partly on account of the legend connected with him. The dory's characteristics are two black spots, one on either side of the body. These mark the identical spot where St. Peter picked him up. Everyone who knows his Scripture is aware of the fact that when St. Peter expressed some scruples about the wisdom of paying tribute, he was told to go to the water and take up a fish. He did so, and found a piece of money in its mouth. The fish was John Dory, and the finger marks of the blessed saint are to be seen on its descendants to this day.

The fact that the Dory does not live in the water spoken of in holy writ proves nothing, except that faith is a fine thing, and that those that do business by great waters have the true poetic sense.

The porcupine fish was fully described in the last article. Suffice it to say that his "tummy" is a staring white, and on top he is greenish black, with patches of bright yellow on jet black. He is studded all over with spikes like a chevaux de frise. When he first comes out of the water he is blown up tight as a drum, but gradually deflates till he looks like a balloon that has met with an accident.

The pig fish roughly resembles the John Dory, but lacks the suggestion of gilt in his cuticle. As will be seen from the picture of him he is not ineptly named.

FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS.

The legend about the John Dory which, even if it might not be admissible under the rules of evidence, is certainly picturesque, reminds one of an interesting side of the fisherman's character—his superstitions. Sailors may be ignorant—in fact, many of them are, though naturally becoming less so owing to the spread of knowledge—but they are seldom bigoted. Their want of knowledge runs to superstition. The sailor is too near Nature to be narrow-minded. He is brought so close to "the things that matter" that he can never be really small. When the pig fish came up in the trawl somebody remarked that it wasn't safe to mention the unclean beast on board a trawler in the North Sea. Exactly why nobody seemed to know, but the fact remained, and William, the chief de galley, gave an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative by relating an experience of his own on another ship, in which he was within an ace of taking more than the regulation number of baths a day. He and the mate were in a heated argument, when the skipper came up, and wanted to know what all the bother was about. "I only said something about a pig," remarked William. "There you are again," screamed the mate, who was only prevented by the skipper from carrying out his threat to chuck William into the blue sea (he called it some other tint). The only way to spoil the spell cast by the use of the forbidden word is to touch something iron, and this led to a comical event on the Nora Niven herself. When she came out from England she had on board a shell-back from the North Sea, who was more than slightly deaf, and the rest of the officers used to play on his infirmity in a shameful

manner. At the mention of the hated name he would reach his hand out for a bolt in the cabin roof just above the table, and so ward off the impending evil. Knowing this, the others would often reach up for the bolt in unison, although the conversation might be nowhere within cooee of a pig-stye, and the shell-back would hasten to join in the dive for a touch of the evil dissepler.

When it is absolutely necessary to refer to the animal which bears the hated name, he is spoken of as "Jack Nasty Face," or, simply, "the Grunter." There must be some hidden reason behind this apparently trivial antipathy to "the unclean," and one wonders the Anglo-Israelites have no pounced down upon it. Surely this repugnance to utter even the offensive name is referable to nothing less than the influence of the Lost tribe-of-Israel-ancestors of the British people.

These old-time trawlers were also full of other funny superstitious, some of which are understandable, and some of which are simply Tommy rot, as "Mr. Hopkinson" remarked about the signing of the deed. If a man walked under the beam of the trawl it was a sure omen that there would be a split net—that beggar of the fisherman. It was unlucky to touch a trawl with a broom, and so on. Some of the yarns, such as that about a man who forgot his oil-skin, and who, when his wife came running down with it to a rocky point, close to which the smack must pass, went ashore and refused to go out with the fleet that trip, savour of the not unknown penchant of some men to shirk work at the slightest opportunity.

INTERESTING FOLK.

Sailors are always interesting. They have seen so much, and so often carried their lives in their hands that they have a different outlook on life from most people. Sailors wander over the earth so easily in their conversation. A man who has been knocking about the harbours from Archangel to the Bluff with his eyes open must naturally have something to talk about, and the sailor's "When we were in—" is such a very different thing from the "Ah, that reminds me of when I was in—" of the half-fledged globe-trotter who has probably been across to Melbourne to see the Cup, or tione the Sounds trip at so much a head. Listening to a sailor in a reminiscence mood is like reading that remarkable graphic bit of writing in "The Light that Failed," where Dick takes Maisie over the world in a few short paragraphs.

Some men follow the sea merely to get a living, and some men follow the sea from sheer love of it—if they cannot feel the swell of the tide and the salt spray on their faces, they might as well be confined in a dungeon. The trawling skipper, Captain Nielson, a blue-eyed Dane, who has been at sea since he could toddle, is a typical example of the latter class. In his day he must have been quite a character, for his name is still a password round the East Coast of England wherever trawlers sail in and out. Wonderfully fascinating are his stories of life on the North Sea, stories of trawling, smuggling, and the hundred and one adventures that befall the men who range over that well-known sheet of water in search of a living. Much of the romance went when steam superseded the old smacks, but the men are the same, and, as long as there are seas to sail, and men to sail them, there will be stories to tell, and men to tell them. Captain McAllister has a fund of tall yarns, with a special brand for gullible officials, and unsophisticated newspaper people, reminiscent of a party of the name of Jacobs. If the Nora Niven doesn't bring up a sea serpent before her chert is out, it won't be Captain McAllister's fault. "The chief" of the er-should have come from Scotland, but hails from Lincolnshire, also has a well-filled kit of good stories gathered from the four quarters of the globe where he has roamed, although still a young man. So altogether we had a very pleasant trip, and the writer was more than sorry when the Nora tied up at the wharf, and the cruise, as far as he was concerned, was at an end. There was one member of the ship's company who was quite out of the common, and about whom a word in closing. This was William, the chief de galley. To judge from the huge chunk of the earth that he was familiar with, William must have started out with his bundle when but a very tiny tot. The soldierman who had heard the jewellery from "Birr to Barrelli" was only a circumstance to the catholicity of taste ex-

hibited by the chef in his pilgrimages. And in his wanderings William has picked up snatches of many tongues, which he brings in at most unexpected moments. His running comments when manipulating the pots and pans in his sanctum are like bits out of the latter end of the dictionary that have got mixed, and don't know where to find themselves. When he comes on deck for the first time in the morning, William will take a nautical look round the horizon, and with one eye on the top of the mast, sagely opine, "Ah, boys, got the wind on the weather side again," and his face wrinkles up into the most cosmopolitan of smiles. He could import more into one word than any ordinary person could coax into a string of sentences. That one word was "dinner." There was no bell, gong, gun or steam whistle aboard the Nora to call the hands to dinner meals, and the first intimation one had of the recurrence of that interesting event was William's cheery countenance peeping round the cuddy door and bawling, "Dinner!" "Dinner" meant simply that it was dinner time, and that the meal awaited us in the cabin. But cook proposes and the trawl disposes. The trawl takes precedence of everything, even eating. So it sometimes fell out that William's invitation and the wants of the net clashed, and that was William's opportunity for the display of his remarkable talent. There were some "port-manteau" words in Lewis Carroll's delightful work, but they were mere hand-bags compared to our friend's. Perhaps one would respond to the gentle hint from William that he had perpetrated something extra tempting in the way of entables. His second "entry" was the same as the first, minus the smile, and his announcement was lengthened to "Dinner!" rising by degrees to "DINNER!" This would mean (when you were familiar with the code word) that the dinner was "dished" as William called it, and that the whole bally show would be cold, and William didn't care which way the boat went, and if his cooking was going to be spoiled like this, he would sign off as soon as the ship moored alongside the pier, and you felt that William was a very hardly used mortal. The final scene was full of what the dramatic critics call human interest. "DINNER-RR-RR" with about forty thousand r's whirled up again the breeze, while William assumed a George Ringold air, in full lightning, and, after looking unutterable things, retired to the recesses of the galley. The paraphrase of this, his ultimatum, is quite unprintable. Wandering saloonwards with an apologetic mien, the cabin folk would open the meal in a temperature reminiscent of the cool-chamber. Never in one place long, William has been all over the world, in all manner of craft, and is typical of those restless spirits who carry the name of Englishmen round the globe, those restless spirits.

"... as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail.
Where'er the surges sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

"Canton: the Most Famous Eastern City in the World."

Writing from Sydney on November 8th, Mr. M. McIlraith, of McIlraith's, Ltd., says:—"My attention has been drawn to an article in your paper dated October 12th, under the heading 'Canton, the most famous Eastern city in the world,' wherein your correspondent states that Captain Page, of the s.s. Ping King had communicated to him some information relative to Mr. McIlraith, who disappeared in China. "The captain is very emphatic in his statements, and makes comments which are very far from the truth in regard to the missing gentleman. "I would ask you, in justice to Mr. McIlraith, to state that there is absolutely no truth whatever in the statements the captain makes. Mr. McIlraith did not have a considerable sum of money on him, nor did he have any money securities, nor did he—as the Captain states—have as much drink as he could carry. "Were your paper read only by those people who know Mr. McIlraith, I should not take the trouble to write contradicting these statements, but as it no doubt has a wide circle of readers, and Mr. McIlraith had numerous friends in New

Zealand, I cannot let the statements go without giving them full denials.

"In company with the leading detective in Hongkong, I boarded and interviewed all the captains and officers of steamers running from Hongkong to Canton at the time Mr. McIlraith disappeared. We were absolutely unable to trace that he had ever left Hongkong, and there was certainly no trace of him in Canton city.

"The case is evidently not the Captain one of mistaken identity, as there are several people of the name of McIlraith in the East.

"I shall be glad if you will give this statement due prominence in your paper, and might also add that I think your correspondent might have taken some trouble to verify the statements of Captain Page before publishing in a paper so widely read as yours."

DRIFTING INTO CONSUMPTION

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS Save a Wellington Lady.

Pale, Weak and Worn-out; Weak Chest and Bad Cough; brought up mouthfuls of blood. Now hearty and strong.

It is not claimed that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure Consumption in advanced stages, but there is positive evidence on record in New Zealand that many have been saved by these pills from drifting into the deadly disease. One of the latest cases is that of Mrs. E. A. Carlson, of Hoppers-st., Wellington, whose case will be investigated by anyone. She is there a living witness of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do.

"Right from girlhood I had the germs of Consumption in my system," said Mrs. Carlson. "As a girl I was weak, pale and worn out. For years I struggled against bad health, expecting to go into an early grave. My throat was bad and I was always asthmatical. Every winter I caught a cold, and it brought on an attack of pleurisy. With one attack I had to have five pillows under my side to try and ease the pain. My cough was a perfect graveyard one it racked me to pieces. Often I brought up mouthfuls of blood. When an attack of blood spitting came on it would last for about six or seven weeks. Every night I had night sweats, and they made me fearfully weak. The nasty damp clammy feeling was horrible—and even sometimes during the day when sitting down a cold clammy sweat would break out on me. Just like cold water trickling down me. Many a time the asthma was so bad that I sneezed for breath.

"When the attacks of pleurisy came on the pain was awful. When I took a full breath it was like a knife being driven into me. It was cruel to see my little ones about me and not able to do anything for them. I could never eat much, and this helped to make me still weaker. I got so bad at last that the doctor drew my lung band on one side and told him that I could not last another three months. I spent pounds and pounds on doctors, but they never did me any good. But fortunately a friend in Sydney sent me some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The third box made such a wonderful difference in me that I felt encouraged to go on. My doctor, which had been a lousy whelp, was now much clearer. Every week I felt myself getting stronger and better. I kept on taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had used over a hundred boxes, and that I have had splendid health for the past five years in society due to them. They completely cured me when the doctors had failed."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of blood diseases like anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, scottish, backache, kidney disorders, liver complaint, headaches, and the special secret suffering of growing girls and women when the regularity of their blood is deranged. Get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—price 3/6 a box, six boxes 18/6, from all chemists and storekeepers, or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington.

To those who are conscious of having acquired an injurious habit of indulgence which they honestly are anxious to reduce, if not to abandon altogether, there is one piece of advice which we would give—we have hardly known it to fail. Let the inveterate cigarette smoker give up the ready-made cigarette; let him buy pure paper and good tobacco; let him make his cigarette just before he smokes it, and he will find that he will smoke consequently fewer cigarettes, and be all the better for it. London "Lancet."