

CANADIAN COINS.

Plentiful Enough in Main and as Good as Uncle Sam's.

(Bangor Commercial.)

Have you ever stopped to consider how much Canadian money there is in circulation hereabouts? If you never have noticed the plentifulness of the coin of the neighboring dominion it will surprise you to see how much there is of it in circulation in Bangor alone, and if you go farther north and east of Bangor you will find that the Canadian currency in a large part takes the place of Uncle Sam's money. If you go west you will find that this plentifulness of the Canadian coin increases until you will find places where a piece is seldom seen and the natives look upon it with eyes of suspicion.

In Houlton, Eastport, Machias, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and other towns along the eastern border of Maine one would not be surprised to find a great deal of Canadian silver for it is tender in most of the transactions between the people of those towns and the inhabitants of the border towns of the New Brunswick. Bangor, too, is in the way of getting a large amount of Dominion currency for it is here that a great many inhabitants of the provinces stop and spend their cash.

The railroad ticket offices and the express offices come in for the largest share of this and handle most of the money, and from them it passes into general circulation. Woodsmen coming here from New Brunswick leave a great deal at the hotels and boarding houses, and others leave it at the express office in return for money orders to send back to the folks at home. These provincials seem anxious to unload their Canadian currency and get good American money in its place, and even when returning home they give Canadian money for their tickets instead of the American money which they may have just as plentifully as the other.

The national banks handle very little of the Canadian money, for they are not allowed to take it on deposit and if they do it they exchange it or put it out into circulation again as soon as possible. The express companies and railroad officers readily take it for they can readily use it in paying off their employees, and in the transaction of business in the offices where so much of the coin is used. There are some storekeepers and merchants who refuse to take Canadian money, but they are very few in Bangor, where, as a rule, the money is considered as good legal tender in small amounts as Uncle Sam's own coin. But even here notes of the Dominion banks have been refused.

Farther west and south, however, it is different. Little of the money is seen there and subsequently it is looked upon with suspicion. Of course there is a great deal of Canadian currency in circulation in the towns all along the northern border of the United States just as there is on the eastern border of Maine, but down through the middle and southern States the natives look askance at a half-dollar or quarter or dime which bears in relief the head of the late Queen.

Here in Bangor one hardly ever notices whether he receives American or Canadian money in change, and even if he notices he does not care. Canadian paper money is not so plentiful as silver and the bills look so much alike that the casual observer would scarcely notice whether he had American or Canadian paper. It makes no difference what you get, however, whether it is American or Canadian, so long as it is not counterfeit of either, for either is good and will buy as much as the other. However, it is just as well that we do not see many Canadian bills since the old denominations of \$3 and \$4 are likely to be confusing to the average man.

TRAMP CATS WIN.

Nine of Them Get Blue Ribbon at New York Show.

(Newport Lines.)

When the glad news spread through the alleys and along the back fences of Brooklyn last night there was wailing and caterwauling for joy among the vagabond cats of the borough. Tom mewed to Tabby and Tabby in turn squalled to Maria that nine tramp cats of Brooklyn had gotten away with thirteen blue ribbons at the Madison Square Garden Cat Show.

The reformed bootjack dodgers were entered in the exhibition by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hale, of 40 First Place, Brooklyn. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hale are interested in cats and have reclaimed many a furry outcast. They gather in the homeless and friendless felines, feed and pamper them and teach them good manners. Mrs. Hale has taken in many a depraved vagrant prowling around on back fences and fast approaching the city dump and trained him to be somebody in the feline world.

Among the cats under her care which she has rescued from vagabondage were nine that had come to know and practice all the little niceties of cat etiquette. They had learned not to wash their faces in public and to keep their coats smooth and their whiskers neatly combed.

Mrs. Hale was so proud of the reformation which had taken place in these once dissipated and abandoned creatures that she decided to enter them in the cat show held at Madison Square Garden last week. She had no idea of playing a joke on the show people, nor did she expect any of her entries to win a prize. She merely hoped some persons would take a fancy to the cats and give them good homes.

Joke or not, however, the nine Hale cats carried off thirteen prizes. They won purely on their merits as cats, Mrs. Hale declares. Four of them were bought by admirers. Teddy Gold, of orange coat, formerly a swashbuckling freebooter, who picked his living out of alleyways and kitchen windows in the neighborhood of Court street and First Place, was one of the prize winners. Another was "Ida Saxton McKinley," so named because she wandered into the Hale house on Mrs. McKinley's birthday. She was exhibited with her six-months-old kitten, Tittlemouse by name. Snooks, another Hale entry, with a shady past, won in a walk out of his class, which should have been for nondescripts. Emmy Lou and Novie also simply ran away from the aristocrats in the gray tabby class.

Altogether it was regarded as a great triumph for the slums of Brooklyn catdom, and the celebration on the back fences of the borough last night was kept up until the sympathetic smile of the pale new moon was lost in the flooding light of dawn.

BOY SAVED THEM.

Raced to Engineer and Told Him Couple Had Slid Under Train.

Port Jefferson, L. I., Jan. 7.—A man and woman who said they were Mr. and Mrs. J. August Huntley of Brooklyn, arrived on the noon train yesterday in quest of a suitable country place for next summer. They arrived at the station just as the 6.05 p. m. train for the city was ready to leave.

It had been raining, and the rain had frozen upon the platform, thus making a solid coat of slippery ice. Across this Mr. and Mrs. Huntley slid, not stopping until they had fallen beneath the train just back of the forward trucks of a car. There had been nothing to grasp save each other, and it had not occurred to them to lie down, so quickly had they slipped. The light was dim, and those who saw the couple fall were few. These set up a shout, but it was not heard in the engine. The trainmen had boarded the train after the signal for starting had been given.

A small boy, whose name was not

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learned, was standing upon the platform. He had skates on his feet. Realizing the situation at a glance, he flew toward the front of the train, screaming to the engineer as he sped. The train fortunately was gaining headway slowly, owing to the slippery condition of the rails, otherwise a rescue might not have been accomplished.

"There's a lady beneath your train!" yelled the boy to the engineer, and the man at the throttle heard him. It was but the work of a fraction of a second to reverse and apply the air brakes, and the train came to a stop with the rear trucks of the car under which they had fallen almost touching Mr. and Mrs. Huntley. They were assisted out and boarded the train, none the worse for their experience, although Mrs. Huntley looked white. She laughed, however, as her husband "tipped" the young skater.

To Build Ships.

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 9.—The bonus of

two hundred and fifty thousand dollars offered by the city of Sydney two years ago to any company which would start a ship-building industry in the city within three years is being sought by a company recently formed. This company not only says it intends to erect a ship-building plant capable of turning out one 15,000 ton steamer every year, but will also build a floating dry dock which will hold an 8,000 ton vessel, and keep a wrecking steamer at the port. The matter of granting the bonus is now being considered by the Sydney city council, and it will likely be decided at a meeting to be held on Wednesday evening. The company guarantee to spend a million dollars before the bonus is claimed, but no provision is made for its property reverting to the city should the plant at any time be closed down through mismanagement or otherwise. The company, of which J. T. Barchell is president and Wm. Hayes of Sydney, secretary, expect to secure a bonus for \$100,000 from the local government.



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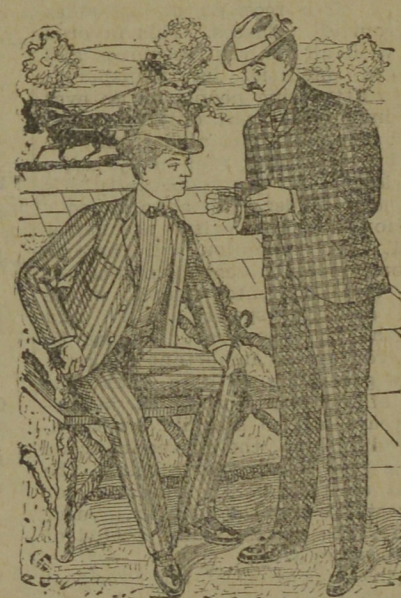
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