

The Daily Leader

Will be published every morning (Sunday and Legal Holidays excepted) from the office, COR. MAIN AND ARCHIBALD STS. Subscription Price, \$4.00 per Year.

Semi-Weekly Leader. Will be published every Wednesday and Saturday. Subscription Price, \$1.50 per Year.

Advertising Rates given on application H. T. STEVENS, MANAGER

RELIGION AND FUN.

Human nature continues to be more prone to fun than to religion. Although common sense teaches that religion is lasting in its benefits, while amusement is merely transient, there does not seem, generally speaking, to be sufficient common sense in human nature, to appreciate the solid and the useful, rather than the vapory and the useless. These philosophical reflections are suggested by a statement we find in an exchange, respecting the comparative expenditure of the people of New York, (who are very much like ourselves), on the support given to theatres and churches. We are told that the expenses and benefactions of all the churches, Christian and Jewish, are about \$5,550,000 a year, while the receipts of the theatres is \$6,580,000; that the value of church property is \$68,000,000, and the value of places of amusement \$10,000,000. The churches are open all the year, and the theatres only three fourths of that time. If these figures are approximately correct, the preference of human nature for fun over religion is very marked.

The reasoning mind, fairly imbued with the teachings of religion, as enjoyed by everybody in nearly all countries in the world, must wonder at the evidences of depravity afforded by these figures, and after reflecting upon them, will entertain a feeling of regret that the millennium is evidently so far away, and that we are approaching it so slowly. Such a man will also find in them additional and abundant evidence of the totality of human depravity.

Asshowing the comparative earnestness of the different parties engaged in the effort to cultivate the spiritual condition of the people, the number of churches owned and the amounts expended by the several denominations will be interesting. The Roman Catholic chapels are said to number 82, the Protestant Episcopal 87, Methodist Episcopal 65, Presbyterian, 62, Baptist 51, and Jewish 45. The churches and the residences connected therewith are estimated to have cost the fabulous sum of \$68,034,000, of which the Roman Catholic expenditure is \$17,000,000, the Protestant Epis. opal \$16,393,000 the Presbyterian \$9,354,000 the Jewish \$4,652,000, the Methodist Episcopal \$4,125,000 and the Baptist \$3,000,000. The popular character of the denominations may be seen in the average cost of church buildings: Baptist, \$90,000; Congregationalist, nearly \$200,000; Jewish, over \$100,000; Lutheran, \$70,000; Methodist Episcopal, \$62,000; Presbyterian, \$150,000; Protestant Episcopal, nearly \$200,000, and Roman Catholic, \$200,000. The expenses and benefactions of the various denominations are estimated at \$5,550,398 annually, of which the Roman Catholic is credited with \$1,550,000, the Protestant Episcopal, \$1,514,282, the Presbyterian, \$926,660, the Baptist \$332,597, the Methodist Episcopal \$324,000 and the Jewish \$27,1000.

HON. MR. OUMET'S VIEWS.

To an interviewer on Friday, Hon. Mr. Oumet said in reference to the Manitoba question: "I am sure a remedial law can be devised so as to remove the remotest cause of conflict between the Local Government and the administration of separate schools. It has not been established during the five years that the matter has been before the Courts that the Catholic schools before 1890 were inferior to the schools of other denominations. That charge has been repelled with indignation. All Catholics ask is to be at liberty to add to the secular education required in the public schools whatever teaching will meet their religious views. I may say that if that had been provided for in the legislation of 1890 we should have never heard of the Manitoba school question."

Mr. Oumet said the government has not yet considered the school question. A despatch from Sackville received at 2 o'clock yesterday morning says: E. Cogswell of this place left home this morning to go out and look at some marsh land in the vicinity of Cole's Island, about two miles from Sackville. Not having returned a searching party was organized, but no trace could be found of the missing man. Another party will go out at daylight. His absence has caused much uneasiness, and it is feared that he has been drowned.

A NIGHT WATCHMAN'S STORY.

"What gave me a start in business?" said Jerry Jarman. "Well, I'll tell you. In 1883, I was a night watchman. About 2 o'clock one cold morning in March the street had become deserted, and I was able to sit down beneath the tarpaulin shelter and enjoy a pipe and the warmth from the coke fire that glowed in the iron basket which stood against the open side of the hut.

"My occupation called me into various parts of London and the suburbs where sewerage or other road-works were in progress. I was then in Brick Lane, Spitalfields—a locality none of the sweetest or quietest—and my job was no easy one, for the inhabitants were prone to remove, with an eye to firewood, any loose timber lying about, and the rougher portion of the community were rather too partial to playing with bricks, which they merrily threw at one another's heads, much to my wrath and fear.

"I had just settled down for a quiet hour or two, when a man made his appearance in front of the shelter. He was, perhaps, thirty years old, very thin and pale, with unkempt hair and beard, and shivering in sufficient clothing—what little he had being ragged and old. His teeth were literally chattering with the cold, and he had a frightful hollow, hacking cough, as he asked me, in a lost, forsaken sort of way.

"Will you let me have a warm?" "It was against the contractor's rules to permit anyone in the hut, and if the police found such an outcast there they would most likely run him in, but I have a heart, and I could not but take pity on the poor shivering fellow before me.

"Well, it's against the rules, but you do seem cold, old chap, so I suppose I must let you come in."

"Thank you," said the man, coming inside. "Thank you. I am, indeed, very cold."

"He sat down on the rough plank by my side, holding out his emaciated hands toward the fire, and after a little while he evidently felt the benefit of the warmth and shelter.

"Seeing this with satisfaction, I set about heating my can of tea over the fire. I then took some cheese and bread and butter from my basket, and was about to start on my meal, when I caught sight of the poor fellow's eyes looking longingly at the food.

"Are you hungry? I asked. "I've had nothing for near upon four-and-twenty hours," was the reply.

"So I divided my meal with the stranger."

"After the repast, the man began nodding and fell asleep. I went out, looked around the works and saw that the lamps were all right, and returned and settled down again, and my guest did not wake up till the rattle and rumble of the traffic for Spitalfields Market got very noisy about 5 o'clock.

"The poor chap shook himself together and thanked me for my kindness, and was evidently making off, but I had been watching him while he was asleep, and had somehow begun to take an interest in him. There was a remnant of better days about the wan, diseased-looking face, which showed that he was not of the ordinary tramp class. So I restrained him from going.

"Where are you off to?" I asked him. The man looked at me as if in wonderment at my question.

"To the streets," he replied, simply.

"I put a few more questions to him, showing him I wished to be friendly, and got him to tell me his story.

Shortly it was that he had been a clerk in a merchant's office. His young wife died in childbirth, and his own health had given way so that he had lost his situation, and had been unable to obtain other employment. He had no relatives or friends, and had gone from bad to worse, till he had become an outcast of the streets; but, as he woefully put it, he had not long to live, so it didn't matter. I'm in about the last stage of consumption now," he said, "and shall soon be out of my misery."

"I was a bachelor then, living alone, and I quickly determined to offer the poor chap a shelter for a day or two at all events, and as soon as the workmen arrived and I was off duty, my strange companion started off with me to my lodgings.

"For over six weeks I housed and fed George Rankin, for that was my guest's name.

"Bit by bit he told me his history and struggles, but it is not necessary for me to mention them, except that his father had been a miser; a miser in a small way, no doubt, but a miser nevertheless. He had turned George out of doors soon after his mother's death—she was practically starved to death, George said. The lad was then only 14 years old, and he had never seen his father since.

"I got a neighboring dispensary doctor to see my friend. He gave him some physic to relieve his cough, but declared that it was quite hopeless to attempt to cure him, and in the seventh week poor George Rankin died.

"The day previous to his death he gave me a paper which he took from the lining of his coat, where it had been sewn up. "You have been a good friend to me," he said. "About the only friend I ever had, and I can't repay you for your kindness except by giving you this. I don't know whether it will be any good to you or not. I had a mind to destroy it, but I thought I had better not. It is a letter from my father which he wrote shortly before he died. Although he never did his duty by me, he evidently kept an eye on me, and knew my whereabouts to some extent."

"Read it out loud to me," George added, "so that I know you can make it out."

"I took the letter and read: "George—I am not likely to live many days, and I am thinking about my money. I can't take it with me. I would if I could. I darsay you have no love for me, and I would not let you have it, but it is a pity that anybody else should get it. You think I have not done my duty by you. I tell you I have done more for you than my father did for me. I gave you an education—that is more than I got. I do not wish to see you, but after I am dead you will receive it; this letter, I have arranged to have it posted to you. You will find my

money hid in the top garret at 27 Yorkham street, Old Kent road, where I shall die. I will not tell you where it is hid. It will be a little exercise of your patience to find it. You were always an impatient young wretch, and I would not let you know where it is at all, but I would rather you had it than anybody else.

YOUR FATHER.

"The letter was written in very faint ink, in a crabbed, illiterate handwriting, but I made it out fairly well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

USELESS HOARDING.

The temptation to hoard is not confined to that class of people picturesquely described as misers; it assails women at every turn of their lives, and in certain directions finds easy victims among men. Who does not know the emotion which during periods devoted to house-cleaning, when store-rooms, attics, and top shelves render up their hidden treasures, we discover garments laid aside, old boxes, parcels carefully tied in a prehistoric era, bundles of papers and pamphlets yellow and dust-grimed, letters written by people who have passed out of their lives, the flotsam and jetsam of years, which belongs to the category of articles too good to be destroyed, yet of no use to anyone on earth. The familiar and well-worn proverb, "Keep a thing for seven years and you will find a use for it," is responsible for much of our stupid hoarding; for the lumber and rubbish which cumber our shelves afford admirable lurking places for germs of disease and a nucleus for dirt and cobwebs, the plain fact being that we carry far too much luggage on the road of life, and would be much better off were we to travel lightly burdened.

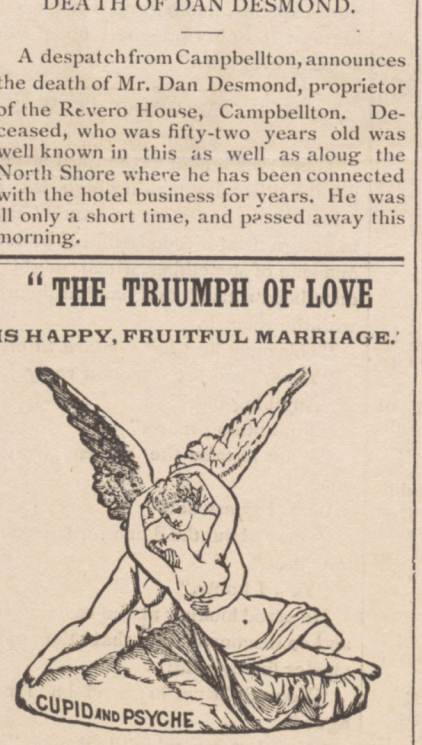
The housekeeper who wishes peace of mind will do well each year to reduce her stock of garments held over for contingencies, which may never arise, to the lowest possible amount. The masculine mind rebels against the giving away of half-worn coats, hats and trousers, and diplomacy is needed by the wife who has grown weary in the struggle to preserve intact from the fretting moth that portion of her husband's wardrobe which he will never wear again. With children's clothing it is different, and where there is no further chance of refitting and remodelling—cutting down Louise's last summer frock for Emily, and turning Gwendolen's brown spring jacket for Gladys—at once the mother should dispose of them. None of us has a right to hoard other people's property, and an altruistic spirit dictates that what has served its turn for us, and is still sufficiently presentable to be valued by a neighbor less fortunately endowed than ourselves, is no longer our own; the neighbor has a valid claim to call it hers.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Renewer Hair is, unquestionably, the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp affections.

DEATH OF DAN DESMOND.

A despatch from Campbellton, announces the death of Mr. Dan Desmond, proprietor of the Revere House, Campbellton. Deceased, who was fifty-two years old was well known in this as well as along the North Shore where he has been connected with the hotel business for years. He was ill only a short time, and passed away this morning.

"THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL MARRIAGE."



Every Man who would know the Grand Truths; the Plain Facts; the New Discoveries of Science as applied to Married Life: Who would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD and How to Attain It."

"Here at last is information from a high medical source that works wonders with this generation of men."

The book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power. A method by which to end all unnatural drains on the system.

To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc. To exchange a jaded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power.

To cure forever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, etc. To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

Age no barrier. Failure impossible. 2000 references. The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my own self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

THE PERFECT TEA MONSOON TEA THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.



NO USE CRYING OVER MONEY WASTED

in other stores. Better resolve to deal with us in the future and you will always get satisfaction. We use no deception, but do everything fair and square. We are not better than other men, but we have adopted that policy because we believe it pays. For best goods, best value and best satisfaction in every way, do not fail to call at our establishment. It is our aim to meet the wishes of our customers in every practicable way.

W. G. BELL 314 Main S.

REPAIRING OLD CLOTHES Is An Art

And it takes a first-class tailor to make a first-class clothes renovator. Having had a long experience at the trade I am in a position to give good satisfaction in all its branches. Old clothes cleaned, dyed, repaired and made to look like new.

Second Hand Clothing Bought. Don't forget the place, NO 200 MAIN ST.,

A, McLEOD. Formerly Occupied by J. W. Gay, printer.

BOAT FOUND

A Boat found floating down the river. Owner can have same by paying costs. ROBT. SMITH, Apr 26th. Riverside.

High Grade GROCERIES.

Everything we have is FRESH. We guarantee quality. We want you regular all-the-year round trade. Let us sell you all you can eat.

J. T. RYAN, Main Street, Moncton, N. B. Tel. No. 125.

J. W. Brewster, DEALER IN Groceries, provisions, Etc, MAIN STREET, Moncton, N. B.

Particular care is taken to keep the very best class of Teas, Coffees, Sugar and all staple articles in the grocery line.

Free Delivery to any part of the town.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

On May 1st I will remove to shop on Main St., opposite W. O. Schwartz's Grocery Store, where I shall be pleased to meet my old as well as new customers.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER, REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

S. R. DOUCETT, Moncton, N. B.

A. HEBERT & CO. TELEPHONE 07.

Livery, Boarding, Sale and Training Stables.

First class Barouches and Cabs always in attendance.



Greatest Offer Yet!

Beautiful Portraits

BEAUTIFUL FRAMES

FOR SUBSCRIBERS OF "THE LEADER."

We have made arrangements for the preparation to our order of First-Class Crayon Portraits

Of Subscribers to the Leader, or of their departed or living friends. Every portrait will be enclosed in a handsome

OAK AND GILT FRAME

26x30 inches. These pictures are equal to, and in some respects better than those which have been selling at from five to seven dollars each. Our Prices are:—

Semi-Weekly Leader and Portrait \$3.50

Daily Leader and Portrait \$6.50

We require photograph of the person whose portrait is to be furnished—the photograph in all cases to be returned uninjured when the picture is delivered.

Payment of \$1.00 must in all cases be made when portrait is ordered and the balance when it is delivered.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

These portraits are unexcelled as faithful likenesses. They are done by artists who have been selected from those foremost in their line in Boston, and no more suitable or artistic adornment for parlor or drawing room can be found. Belonging, as they do, to the class of work which gives tone and rich effect to a room, they ought to be found in every household.

WE GUARANTEE THE WORK

To be as represented. Send Your Photograph

accompanied by \$1.00, for which you will receive The Leader—the portrait to be ready within a fortnight of receipt of photo.

Address, THE LEADER.

Moncton, N. B.