

# CARDINAL GIBBONS.

### The Simple Home Life of His Eminence of Baltimore.

#### A MARVEL AS A PEDESTRIAN.

Before many weeks Cardinal Gibbons will most likely be sojourning in the Eternal City, and Baltimore will be deprived of one of its most distinguished, most cherished, and, at the same time, most unpretentious residents, remarks a writer in a Baltimore paper.

By both Protestant and Catholic the Cardinal's absence will be felt. Although one of the highest dignitaries of a church which has millions of adherents throughout the world, the Cardinal, above all, is a citizen of Baltimore. While many may differ from him in religious belief, if all men were like him the millennium would have arrived.

The Cardinal and James Gibbons are not a whit different. As both he is a man free from guile, full of simplicity, and noted for his generosity. There is hardly a resident of Baltimore whose opinion has weight in the least. But proud of the fact that the Cardinal claims this city as his home. It is not alone the fact that he is Cardinal. It is his own personality, combined with the high office which he holds, by which he is able to exert a strong influence for good, that makes his residence in Baltimore seem a mark of esteem conferred on the rest of the Baltimoreans.

When a visitor is shown the points of interest of the city it is rare indeed if the Cardinal's residence is not pointed out with some degree of pride. In Washington Monument, Grand Hill, Park, the various institutions of learning are shown, but the arch-bishopal residence is as great an attraction.

Perhaps the visitors may say, on the spur of the moment. "That does not strike me as being such a fine home for a prince of the Church. It is hardly any better than the houses about it, and can by no means compare with some of the private residences."

But a person who makes such remark does not understand the traits and character of the man. Perhaps he would do so if he had heard a remark uttered this winter by the Cardinal to a friend with whom he walks frequently, and with whom he was taking a "constitutional" at the time. It was:

"Whenever I see the poor creatures with whom the streets are filled day and night, I marvel at the benevolence of the Lord. He has put a roof over my head, and given me wherewithal to eat and be clothed, and I marvel at His kindness to me. My heart bleeds for those who have not been so fortunate."

And the Cardinal's deeds prove his words. So well known is his generosity and his inability to leave the suffering uncared for that frequently it is taken advantage of. During his walks about the city scarce a day passes that he is not accosted for alms. The beneficiary often receives a dollar, or a half dollar, or whatever amount the Cardinal has at the time.

"I have no doubt that he is many times imposed upon," said a gentleman speaking of the fact the other day. "He does not seem to mind that, though. If he thought he had neglected one worthy case it would grieve him terribly."

Cardinal Gibbons is essentially a man of the people. He is democratic in the extreme. His tastes and habits are frugal, and his home life is simplicity itself.

At 10 o'clock His Eminence grants audiences and there are but few who fail of admittance to the kindly faced old gentleman with the weak but melodious voice, who receives all

visitors with a pleasant smile and a hand-clasp.

There is hardly as much formality about this reception as there is when a stranger seeks admittance to the office of a man of business. A simple walk up the flight of stone steps on Charles Street, a ring at the bell and the expressed wish to see the Cardinal is all that is necessary.

There may be just now a trifle more discrimination in regard to visitors than formerly. There may be possibly not. However, they may be an amusing incident growing out of the attempt on the part of a high-ranking dignitary to pay His Eminence a visit on one occasion. The Cardinal expected the visit. It was to be paid by an Archbishop who was in town, of whose presence His Eminence had been notified. But the Archbishop appeared on the city without putting in an appearance at the Cardinal's residence. Thinking it strange he investigated the affair. What was his surprise mingled with dismay and no little amusement, to learn that the Archbishop had been "turned down" by the door by an ignorant servant girl. He had called in good faith and at the time expected. Not being impressed with the girl's ignorance, and thinking it best to go on his way, he was not aware of the fact that the Cardinal was not at home. The girl had a card, which she kept, and which was the means of this that the visit was not to have been made. It is not necessary to say that after the incident regarding her was all in the dust of time, the girl died upon some occasion.

There is a long and a prolonged walk every day. This is the hour at which the Cardinal takes his daily walk. He is seen in his black robe, in his white gloves, and of the time is taken to walk to the final emergence from the street, and out generally of the city.

The younger members of the clergy might not be that way. They take those walks by dogmatic. In reality they are not dogmatic. For His Eminence is not a dogmatic man. He is a walker. We are not prepared to say more than glad to see him taking, likewise he is glad to see us have him do the walking. He talks to him of the other day, he walked to Calverton and returned. While his fellow pedestrian was tired and full of fatigue, the Cardinal seemed as fresh as at the start.

His favorite walk is through the north and north-west sections of the city. There is one man from many who can keep pace with him and not get tired by the long swinging stride with which he glides along the streets. This is his physician, who sometimes accompanies him.

Speaking of these walks, which, by the way, are the Cardinal's only recreation, a gentleman, who is an intimate of His Eminence, and who has walked with him, told the following.

"One day last winter the weather was so bad, walking especially being most disagreeable. I thought I would forestall His Eminence. I drove around to his residence in my buggy, and, noting the inclemency of the day, suggested that he take a drive with me. He consented. We drove out as far as North Avenue, when he proposed that we tie the horse to a post and walk out the avenue. I think there was a smile or a ghost of one on his face as he proposed it. There was nothing to do but accede to his wishes. I shall remember the walk for some time."

The Cardinal generally, on such occasions, wears simply a long black coat closely buttoned. A high black hat usually adorns his head.

Those who have taken these long walks with him say that it was an intellectual treat. The Cardinal is a fine conversationalist and discusses warmly

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every subject in a manner which shows he is a deep thinker and an analyst of no small ability. His interest in affairs of the day is well known, and he keeps well posted on all current topics.

Though His Eminence has at his command a fine span of horses and a carriage, it is seldom they are called into requisition. Perhaps the only times are when he leaves town, or is met at the station on his return from a trip. Then another occasion when the carriage and horses are called for is when there is a guest—who will not walk. Woe betide the unfortunate one who thinks he is something of a pedestrian, and is willing to venture forth with the Cardinal. Before the walk is ended in his eyes, His Eminence is transformed from a pale, delicate figure into an athlete of tireless energy and unlimited endurance.

#### A Civic Carpet Bagger.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

SIR—I noticed among the missionaries who were spreading the McCarthyite Gospel in Haldimand the name of Mr. John Hewitt of the Waterworks Department, Toronto. Now, were Mr. Hewitt a private citizen, with his time all his own, no one could question his right to take a hand in a political campaign, whether in Haldimand or elsewhere, although the good taste, not to say the decency of such carpet bagging has not infrequently been called in question. But as Mr. Hewitt is a civic official, and paid to the full for such services as he renders the city, I submit that he is guilty of grave dereliction of duty in absenting himself from his office during business hours to engage in work other than that for which he regularly draws his salary at the cost of the tax payers.

As this is not the first time that Mr. Hewitt has left his office to take care of itself while he was scurrying over the country and airing his peculiar views, it may be pertinent to ask if he has leave for this liberty from his superiors in the City Hall. Has Mayor Kennedy given Mr. Hewitt carte blanche to go and do and say as he pleases? If not, is it City Clerk Blevins or Treasurer Coady who has yielded to Mr. Hewitt's inordinate longing for public notoriety?

If these gentlemen know nothing of Mr. Hewitt's comings and goings—of his frantic efforts to force his identity—will some one of our aldermen be manly and honest enough to rise in his place in council and demand an explanation of conduct that would not be tolerated in view of good municipal government? There is a moral as well as an aldermanic responsibility which calls for action in the matter.

Yours &c., TAX-PAYER.

Toronto, April 20, 1895.

**BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.**

Good health is better than diamonds. Health is life. No pleasure can be taken without it. It is the most precious thing in the world, and many people are careless about it. They neglect their little ailments—they ignore nature's danger signals and run right onto the rocks of disease. All diseases have insignificant beginnings. Consumption is but the fruit of neglected catarrh. A slight cold develops into pneumonia or bronchitis. A little indigestion grows into "liver complaint."

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The unsuccessful attempts of New York reporters to interview Henry Waterson on the political situation reminds Major Handy of a funny incident of an attempt of J. B. McCormick ("Macon"), then of the Cincinnati Enquirer, to get a talk on some question of the hour from Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial. Finally Halstead lost his temper and said: "Dash it all, McCormick, don't you know that I have a newspaper of my own in which I can express my opinions?" "Yes," said McCormick, "that is all right; but we want to give them circulation." This was too much for Halstead. So they went over to St. Nicholas Hotel and had a drink, and McCormick got his interview.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.