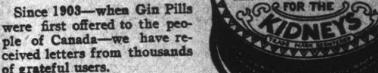


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## Football Reminiscences.

By ONLOOKER.

14th LEAGUE MATCH — TERRA NOVA vs. B.L.S.—RESULT, B.L.S. 3 GOALS; TERRA NOVA, 1 GOAL. PLAYED ON LLEWELLYN GROUNDS, JULY 26th, 1898.

In beautiful weather and before a fair muster of spectators this match was pulled off last evening resulting in the first League victory for Irishmen this season. The following were the players who lined up at Maynard's signal.

B.L.S.—Goal, McLoughlan; backs, Halley and White; halves, Donnelly, Connolly and Crotry; forwards, Tobin, Jordan, O'Mara, Higgins and O'Driscoll.

Terra Nova.—Goal, Parsons; backs, Vincombe and McNeilly; halves, Marshall, Gemmill and Kent; forwards, Dowden, Easterbrook, Pike, Soper and Knight.

The B.L.S. played down hill the first half, game opening slow with the exchanges fairly even, continuing for about 20 minutes without even a corner. Then the Terra's made a combined attack on the Irish Citadel, and Easterbrook getting a chance, landed the ball past McLoughlan and safely into the net. This roused the Celtic who now rushed for the other end, but the Terra Nova's backs were very effective and held them off for 5 minutes, when Donnelly got on the ball, and made a nice run down field, passing to Tobin who centered and O'Mara found the net, thus equalizing. The pace now got faster, the Terra's pressing hard, and having one or two tries.

Then the B.L.S. went for the other end and Parsons had to do some hustling. At half time the teams crossed with the score one goal each. Resuming the Terra Nova's, with a rush secured the first corner of the match. This was nicely placed, but kicked over the touch line, and eventually went behind. Then the Irish came away again, but were driven right back to their own quarters, and a free kick for hands awarded the Terra's. This was badly taken, however, the ball being shot past. B.L.S. now put in some nice combined play, and Connolly best Parsons for the second time. This was followed by another run towards Parsons, and a try by O'Mara just went over. Then the Terra Nova's made tracks for the other end, and Knight missed an easy chance. B.L.S. again pressed, and an attempt by O'Driscoll just missed by inches. Right after, however, they had the satisfaction of netting the ball. Connolly again doing the needful. Some even play followed, and the Terra Nova's secured another corner. This was well placed, but cleared nicely, and another corner failed to materialize. Play continued fairly even until Maynard sounded time with an Irish victory by 3 goals to 1.

Referee—F. Maynard.  
Line-men—W. Soper, (T.N.C.); J. Vincombe, (Star).

### NOTES ON THE GAME.

The game was not brilliant, but interesting at various points. One noteworthy feature was that all the corners of the match were secured by the Terra Nova's, and all proved fruitless.

We were hopeful of a better showing at half time by the Terra Nova's, but playing up hill in the first half seemed to have taken all the "grit" out of them, and their opponents were very evidently the better "stayers."

Easterbrook played a splendid game in the Terra Nova front-line—of the half backs, Marshall was the most effective. Gemmill was not in condition, although he played pluckily. Vincombe and McNeilly were not up to their usual and Parsons was disappointing in goal.

The B.L.S. forwards outclassed their opponents, and made a capital showing. Higgins is improving every match O'Mara would be more effective with a little less "self-reliance." We were not a little surprised at the speed our friend Jordan shows. The outside men—O'Driscoll and Tobin—were also better than we have seen them.

The half backs, Crotry and Donnelly—were in fine form, and Connolly was the most energetic man on the field. Jack White partnered Halley in the back line, going on at the last moment, as they were a man short, and between them they put in a capital defence. Well done Jack, last time you played was the occasion of your famous draw with St. Andrew's.

McLoughlan in goal, although in a new position made a good display, saving brilliantly on several occasions. Wednesday evening those old rivals K.A.C. vs. St. Andrew's.

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## Thistledown Frae Scotland.

(Contributed.)  
THE OLD SCOTTISH BEADLE—HIS CHARACTER AND HUMOUR.

A great power at one time in the Church of Scotland, the Beadle, or bethral, frequently grave-digger, church officer, and minister's man all in one—built largely in every representative collection of the Scottish national humour and character—next to the minister here, indeed as elsewhere—and furnishes the collector with his choicest specimens of Scotch wit and humour of the dry and caustic order. The type of beadle, of course, which fifty or a hundred years ago gave tone and character to the story and anecdote, is now almost a extinct species. This being so, let us turn aside and review the "bodie" where he is preserved, in the manner as he lived, in the many stories and anecdotes which have survived him. See him there! He is a shrewd, canny-going, cranky-looking individual. Fond of snuff, and susceptible to the allurements of a sly dram. He is proud of his office—the more solemn and conspicuous duties of which he performs with a dignity of deportment and solemnity of countenance which casts the minister almost hopelessly into the shade. He is heard to speak of "Me and the Minister," and should there chance to come a young probationer to occupy the pulpit for a day, who appears flurried and nervous just before he is to ascend to the "place of execution," he (the preacher) will receive a kindly tap on the shoulder, and be warned not to let his feelings get the better of him. "I can never see a young chap like you gaun up into the poopit," he will continue, "without bein' reminded of the first Sabbath that I took up the Bible. I shook like the leaf of a tree! I dinna shak' noo; an' ye'll get over yer nervousness, too, sir, wi' practice, just as I ha'e done. I fand it the best plan—an' a fooldiss see will ye, gin ye'll try it—never to think about what ye're doin', nor who's looking at ye, but just step up the stair and gang through wi' the business as if you dinna care a rap for a livin' soul o' them."

His intimacy with the minister—the semi-private work he performs, about the manse and elsewhere, affording him an occasional peep behind the solemnity that doth hedge a clergyman—places him on easy conversation with his reverend master, and of this circumstance much of his humour is born and given to the world. The minister's condescendence towards him not infrequently have had the effect of giving him an exaggerated notion of his own importance. His knowledge of what is going on at the manse makes him a welcome visitor at the houses of the gossiping members of the congregation, many of whom should have their tongues clipped; and Dean Ramsay tells a story which admirably illustrates this interesting phase of his character. A certain country beadle that a dram o' whisky loosens his tongue had been sent round the parish to deliver notices at all the houses of the Catechising which was to precede the preparation for receiving the Communion. On his return it was evident that John had garrulous rather freely of refreshments in the course of the expedition. The minister rebuked him for his improper conduct. The beadle pleaded the pressing hospitality of the parishioners. The preacher would not admit the plea, and added:

"It is given to you to mak ye're tongue wag." "Why, John, I go through the parish, and you do not see me return home fou, as you ha'e done."

"Ay, minister," replied John, with an emphatic shake of the head, "but, then, ye're no see popular in the parish as I am."

The self-complacency of the reply could scarcely be surpassed.

It is told of another of the consequential breed of auld beadles, that being asked by a member of the Kirk—one of the humbler order—if he knew whether or not the minister was to be preaching himself on the approaching Sabbath, he dryly replied: "It's ill for me to ken 'a' that the minister intends doin'. Come ye to the Kirk, an' whether the Minister's there or no, ye'll see me in the poopit as usual at any rate."

Indeed, sir," said Robert Fairgrieve, the beadle of Antrim, one day to the minister, "Hus (us) that are offish bearers (meaning the minister and himself) should be examples to the flock."

The self-same functionary when on his death-bed was visited by the minister, who was a little concerned to find him in a restless and discontented humour. On enquiring into the cause of his uneasiness, Robert replied: "Weel, sir, I was just mindin' that I ha'e buried 538 fowk since I was made beadal o' Antrim, and I was anxious, gin it were His will, wi' ye're influence that I might be spared to mak' the sax hundred."

"Weel, Saunders," said a country diggerman to his beadle on Monday morning, "how did you like that minister who was preaching for me yesterday?"

"Oh, just middlin' ways, sir," replied Saunders, "just very middlin' ways. He was far owre plain and simple for me. I like a preacher that jummals the judgement and confounds the sense awes; and doo, sir, I never heard any o' them that could beat yersel at that."

Well, said Saunders, "there are many people about who estimate a preacher much in the same fashion—measure his eloquence by his success in 'jummmin' their judgement' and 'confoundin' their senses.' They desire sermons so 'deep' that they cannot see to the bottom of them, the more incomprehensible the preaching, the more profound the preacher is declared to be."

"Eh, he was grand the day!" said an old lady on her return from church.

"In what respect?" inquired her lord and master.

"Just terrible deep," said she. "I dinna understand a word o't; but eh, it was grand!"

"What makes you laugh, James?" inquired a country minister of his beadle one Sabbath in the session-house between the preachings, as the

humbler functionary stirred up the fire and "hotted a leuch" in a semi-suppressed manner.

"It is unseemly, James," "what is there to amuse you?"

The minister should be explained, had a reputation for giving his people what is well understood when described as "cauld kail het again."

"Eh, naething particular," said James, still laughing. "I was only thinking o' something that happened when the Kirk was skalin' a maunent syne."

"What was it? Tell me about it."

"Weel, minister, dinna be angry wi' me," said Jamie, "an' I'll tell ye. Whether ye ken it or no, sir, ye're blamed for preachin' an auld sermon noo an' than, an' I think I rather got the better o' some o' them the day—some o' the Kirk-fouk, I mean."

"How so, James?"

"Deed, simply enouch, an' I'll tell ye hoo. Just as soon as the himmost psalm was finished, ye see, I gaed off as usual an' opened first the west door, and syne ran round and opened the East door, and as I was comin' back round the Kirk again, who should I meet but Newmista, an' twa or three ther o' the farmers, an' by the way they were lauchin' an' nudgin' ane another wi' their elbows. I kent fine what they were ettlin' to say, so I tak' the first word wi' them, an says I, 'Weel, lads,' says I 'ye canna say that yeon was an auld ane ye get the day, for it's no ahune sax weeks since ye got it afore. An' I think I got the better o' them, sir. An' that's hoo I canna help lauchin'."

The beadle of a Northern city Kirk was a pavior to trade, and the minister with whom he was regularly "yokit" every Sabbath coming up one day to John was busily engaged laying canvas, was struck with a fine smile, as he thought, and said:

"John, you and I toil daily with the same object in view, namely, to mend the ways of our fellow-men. But I am

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afraid you make much better progress than I do."

"Ay," replied the pavior-beadle dryly, "but maybe if ye was as muckle on your knees at your work as I am, sir, you would come better speed."

A capital rejoinder. (To be continued.)

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