



OLD ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

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This architecturally common but very picturesque looking old structure possesses a unique interest, as being associated with a period of local history long since passed away, and a condition of local society now represented by a few names. Some time after the conclusion of the peace which brought to a close the Napoleonic wars, a number of English officers, who thus found their occupation gone, decided to come to Canada and take up land grants. Among the first were Captain Drew, afterwards Rear Admiral Drew, and

architectural taste, and so out of harmony with all his previous associations that he promptly refused to use it at all, and had a small frame building erected elsewhere, in which his little congregation, which at first numbered twelve persons, worshipped for a while. On becoming more acquainted with the condition and resources of the settlement, he relented and returned to the despised little pile of bricks. As the congregation increased the capacity of the church was enlarged, and it is some years now since it assumed its present form and proportions. Its time-worn walls receive a picturesque setting from the foliage of the ancient trees around; and the mural tablets to be found inside, to the memory of noted founders and members, give it an historical aspect of surpassing interest. Canon Bettridge was in many ways a remarkable man. A descendant of an English house of ancient lineage and historical renown, he joined the army when a youth, and was with Wellington at Brussels when the approach of Napoleon was announced. For some reason he was assigned a post in Brussels, and so did not participate in the memorable engagement at Waterloo. He is described as a man of grand appearance, his military training having given a bearing of grace to his magnificent form that was very pleasing. His little congregation of twelve gradually increased as the settlement filled up, and it soon became to be no unusual sight to see a dozen or more high-bred horses pacing up and down before the church, in charge of liveried servants, while the colonels, admirals, captains, etc., to whom they belonged, listened inside to the grand, impressive words of the eloquent preacher. It was a strange sight to come upon in a Canadian wilderness, but not more strange than many other sights that could have been witnessed in this interesting little colony. They lived up to a standard of magnificence that seems incredible now; their balls, banquets and social gatherings are described as semi-regal, and the state of society maintained higher in many ways than any present-day society to be found in Canada. This may seem an extravagant statement, but it is supported by many curious and even remarkable facts. Their wealth, in a growing colony, was comparatively great, and they were lavish of it. In this way they exercised an

important influence on the growth of the settlement; and not only by their wealth, but they left an impress of high culture and good manners which has even yet not wholly been obliterated. But they are gone and with them the military aristocracy which they had established. Nothing remains but their names—such names as Vansittart, De Blaquiere, Drew, Barwick, Cottle, Light, etc., and the memories of their days and deeds. Some of them have given their names to the streets of Woodstock; the names of others may be found on the tablets erected to their memory in old St. Paul's, and inscribed on the moss-covered headstones in the little churchyard to the rear, while others but find a place in the memory of a few of the "oldest inhabitants."



MEMORIAL TABLET IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Major James Barwick, of the 79th Regiment. Captain Drew reached the site of the present town of Woodstock early in the thirties, and made the selection of the tract of land in what is now Woodstock East, and on a plot set aside for the purpose Old St. Paul's was built. In the year 1835 Rev. Canon Bettridge arrived on the scene and found a small rectangular building of brick, so small, so lacking in

The French Book Trade.

Paris is experiencing just now a curious crisis in the book trade. These arise from time to time, for the publishing trade is no more free from overproduction or "glut" than any other branch of commerce. There are about a dozen authors who command the French market, and some four or five whose popularity seems inexhaustible. But the number of novelists is to be counted not by dozens, but by hundreds. And still the publishers go on issuing. A few days ago the publisher of one of these popular authors had 45,000 copies of his last venture returned to him. They were the volumes that had been sent to the different railway stations. And yet had been scarcely any sale; they all came back. And yet this author was very popular. The explanation is the prevalent plan of sending works first through the press as feuilletons. The novel had lost its freshness; it was discounted before it was issued. This system is found to tell on the most expensive volumes. Lately an art publication, an edition of engravings, liberally announced and generously criticised, came back to the publisher with only one copy sold; a second venture, published at a guinea, obtained a sale of six examples, and then the edition was sold out for one and a half francs a copy. At present it is understood that there are 3,000,000 volumes of novels on the hands of Paris publishers which cannot be got rid of. And this number grows from day to day. It was even proposed that these unsaleable volumes should be distributed at country fairs as prizes for children, instead of gingerbread and sweets, but that the Prefect of Police interfered and stopped the practice. — *Pull Mall Gazette*.