

Surf bathing though the principal attraction, was not the only out-door amusement. The golf grounds were well laid out, and the tennis courts always in good condition. Hard, straight roads afforded splendid automobiling. The river was well stocked with fish, and a few hours work with hook and line was usually repaid by a fine catch. All sorts of sailing craft could be had, and a yacht race over a seven mile course was held every Saturday. Then, if you were tired of the river, for a cigar or two you had a place in a fisher mans dory, and the experience of deep sea fishing.

In this earthly paradise time slipped by, and my health returned almost imperceptibly. My stay would have been uneventful, devoid of any occurrence worthy of being related here, had I not, on the eve of my departure, dropped my watch to the floor of the bathing pavilion, and broke the minute hand. I took it to the only jeweller the little town boasted of, an old man who kept a little shop on the main street, eking out a living by doing the odd jobs his trade procured him during the summer months. To replace the broken hand was but an affair of a few minutes, but the old man, noticing a small figure of Christ engraven on the cover began to talk religion. Among other things, he said that the sight of the misery and suffering in the world to day, had forced him to look forward to the advent of a savior of the human race. He admired Jesus Christ, who had done very much towards social betterment, but who on the whole did not come up to expectations. FreeMasonry, he thought, was the most reasonable religion for the time being, as it looks for the coming of one who shall teach the true religion, and raise up our poor fallen race. . .

I had heard such ideas ventilated before. I admitted here was a cryin g need of social reform, but insisted that