

middle aged man with black hair and dark eyes. Having taken his medical course at McGill and a year at *MacDonald* University, Edinburgh, he returned at the end of 1902 bearing away much knowledge and also an important part of the University to practice in Saratoga. During the first three years, his movements were closely watched by the undertaker, for the latter in seeing the Doctor's carriage drive by immediately rushed to the door and noting the house at which the steed was reined, re-entered his workshop, inscribed a name on a coffin plate that it might be ready when called for in a couple of days. But in accordance with the old maxim. "Practice makes the master" Dr. Coldwell now holds a prominent place among New York's leading physicians and possesses a wide and rapidly increasing practice.

Again the misty canvas shifted and suddenly I stood in a large library, with marble floor and beautiful oak book cases filled with richly bound volumes; in fact everything was highly suggestive of wealth and elegance. At a table of citrean wood, highly polished and delicately wrought with silver arabesques sat a lady writing. Her career had fulfilled our highest expectations. After graduating from Acadia, she took another course at Chicago University receiving there the degree of Ph. D. and thus enjoying the distinction of being the youngest lady possessor of this title in America. In 1900, having taken a very advanced course in Philosophy in Germany and realizing her sufficiency of suffixes, having acquired M. A.; Ph. D.; M. W. S.; S. P. A. S. she decided to add the prefix *M. R. S.* and otherwise alter the name, Roop. I longed to learn the contents of those manuscripts on which her pen so unceasingly scratched but was denied the privilege as the magic camera dissolved the view.

Now I stood in a vast assemblage; the dulcet notes of a tenor voice were floating; the fixed gaze of the enraptured audience was directed to the stage on which I was delighted to behold my old classmate, L. Miller. From a hand bill in the possession of one of the audience I learned that Signor Miller, having graduated at the best Conservatory on the Continent was now ranked among the best singers of the age.

The smoke from the tripod blotting out the theatre transferred me to a small meeting house. Standing on a large packing box, with his left hand thrust into his bosom and his right performing graceful gestures which must have been entirely lost on this rustic audience, was the speaker. But how changed! Certainly I should never have recognized that head so streaked with grey, the furrowed brow and sunken eye