

any vicissitude. The Company's Car Shops are a sight to see for those who would have an insight into one of the greatest forces of modern progress. The engine and general repair shops of the Company are also located here, and it is no uncommon occurrence for the pay car to disburse \$40,000 at this point on its monthly visits. The Michigan Central and its St. Clair and London branches, together with the Credit Valley division of the C.P.R., make of this a union station. Our engraving gives a view of it and of the yard adjoining.

MEDICAL SCHOOL, MCGILL UNIVERSITY.—The building in our engraving will be familiar to many of our readers as that of the Medical School of McGill University. The Medical Faculty of this great institution was founded in 1824. It was originally known as the "Medical Institution." Its organizers were Drs. John Stephenson, Andrew F. Holmes, William Robertson and William Caldwell. In 1829 it was affiliated to McGill College, and in 1833 the degree of M.D. was conferred for the first time on Mr. W. L. Logie. At that time there were only five professors, now there are nearly twenty. The reputation of the school has extended far and wide, and some of its graduates have made their mark in both hemispheres. For some years the school had no building of its own. Then, after some vicissitudes, it settled down in what was for a long time its familiar home in Côté street. Some years ago it was thought time to move to a more convenient site, and the present building was opened in 1885. It has been found admirably adapted for the fulfilment of its functions—the facilities now offered being on a par with those of the first schools in Europe. By what is known as the "Leanehoil Endowment," Sir Donald Smith gave \$50,000 towards the perfecting of the means at the disposal of the students. The Campbell Memorial and Cameron Obstetrical Endowments—the former, in honour of Dr. G. W. Campbell, who was connected with the school almost from its foundation till his death—have tended to the same result. The laboratories, dissecting room, lecture halls and all the other apartments are spacious and well equipped. The laboratories are the chemical, the physiological, the pharmacological, the histological, and the pathological, each of which has its own apparatus and instruments. For the study of anatomy, physiology and histology there is no medical school in America that will, when all the arrangements are completed, be more comprehensively adapted. Montreal has long been famous for the high qualifications of its physicians and surgeons, and we need hardly say that McGill comprises its full share of the most distinguished of them.

A PATRICIAN LADY OF VENICE.—This fine picture (one of Cabanel's best works) needs no explanation. The beauty is of that blonde type in which North Italy delights. Expression, pose and costume are all in harmony.

EVENING AT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

All golden is the air with sunset glow;
Melodious sounds of evening vibrate down
The quaint and winding street of the old town.
Great creaking wagons, drawn by oxen, go
Their tedious journey lumbering and slow,
While from the grass the crickets' chirping note
Comes, mingling with the calls from many a throat
Of deep-voiced cattle in the fields below.
Serene and restful, like a godly life
That nears its close, its perfect faith secure,
A life at peace with God, at peace with man,
After the tumult and the busy strife,
And the hot labour of the day are o'er,
This evening beauty soothes as naught else can.

OLIVIA DOUGLAS.

Mr. Henry Sandham has lately painted a portrait which has deservedly won a great deal of praise from the critics and the few others by whom it has been seen. The subject is Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, and it was painted at Ottawa during the summer. It will be hung in the Parliament buildings in that city, and fulfils in a remarkable degree all the requirements of a public portrait of a distinguished man. The Premier has been in office for thirty years, and in the commanding head and figure may be read the success with which he has met and conquered the difficulties in which the Canadian Government is often entangled. Sir John is seated, arrayed in his official costume, decorations, etc., and, in spite of the richness and brilliancy of their effect, the artist has bravely solved the problem of making them entirely subservient to the importance and dignity of the head. The breadth and seriousness of Mr. Sandham's work is making itself felt in portraiture, and it is to be hoped that this fine work may be publicly seen before it leaves Boston.—*Boston Post.*

There are 3,000 medical women in the United States whose incomes range from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year. The number is increasing every year, and the supply of "lady doctors" bids fair to be as great as that of the male physicians. Austria is the only civilized country in the world which prohibits women from entering the medical profession. Russia and China permit them, and the Queens of Italy and Roumania employ women physicians. Women are petitioning the Austrian Government to open the doors of its medical colleges to them, and the Empress has been urged to assist. One of the most successful homeopathic women physicians of the West is Miss Maria McLean, of Helena, Montana, whose income last year was between \$11,000 and \$12,000. She received her medical education in Boston and Berlin.



We read not long since a story of an incident illustrative of the late Sir Frederick Ouseley's munificence. When the late Bishop Gray, metropolitan of South Africa, was seeking help for his church, Sir Frederick, who was at that time somewhat involved in pecuniary difficulties, shrank from the pain that he would give if he sent his friend empty away. Although, therefore, he had no money, he said to the bishop: "I cannot refuse you a trifle. Take the stone in that jewel box and sell it for your mission. Bishop Gray accordingly took it to a jeweller to have it valued and turned into coin of the realm. "I suppose," said the jeweller, "you really are a bishop, but whether or not, this stone is a Persian jewel of rare value." The bishop, of course, had no trouble in proving his identity, and he was astounded at the sum which Sir Frederick's carelessly generous gift was the means of adding to his treasury. It turned out that the stone had belonged to the father of Sir Frederick, who had been British Minister to Persia and was a distinguished Orientalist.

Not only Sir Gore Ouseley, but his brother, Sir William Ouseley, made his mark in that memorable band of English Orientalists of the early years of this century, to whose labours Sir William Jones was the first to give a fruitful impulse. They were both the sons of Ralph Ouseley, the member of a family originally from Northamptonshire, but of which a branch had settled in Ireland, partly in Wexford, partly in Limerick. The famous Gideon Ouseley, who did so much to spread John Wesley's reform in Ireland, was nearly related to the brothers.

Of Sir William's oriental studies, one of the most important results was his edition of "The Oriental Geography of Ebn Haukal, an Arabian Traveller of the Tenth Century," published in London in 1800. It gives the Persian version and a translation, and is of considerable interest and value to one reading the works of early western travellers, such as Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville. The portions relating to the great cities of Central Asia, long since fallen from their high estate, are especially instructive.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

DEAR SIR,—Apropos of a paragraph in last "Red and Blue Pencil," allow me to say that in the Warwickshire speech, which is my mother tongue, *Ralph* was always pronounced *Raif* among the educated as well as the uneducated classes. It may be that a later generation has adopted the newer pronunciation of *Raif*, but I know no other than the older one, which was particularly impressed on my mind by the reading of a favourite book, "Ralph Gemmel," among tales of the Scottish Covenanters.

Can any of your readers inform us of the Scottish pronunciation of the word fifty years ago?

Yours, faithfully,

S. A. CURZON.

In the poetical preface to her "Coming of the Princess and other Poems," Mrs. Kate Seymour McLean uttered this prophecy:

"Oh! Poet of our glorious land so fair,
Whose foot is at the door,
Even so my song shall melt into the air
And die and be no more.

But thou shalt live, part of the nation's life,
The world shall hear thy voice,
Singing above the noise of war and strife,
And therefore I rejoice."

This patriotic prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled within the last few years. A generation ago Heavysege and Sangster were quoted in English and American magazines and journals (the former with rare praise in the *North British Review*), but the momentary enthusiasm passed away and an interval of reaction followed. Now, however, the interest in our literature—our poetry especially—has received an impetus which promises to be lasting. Some time ago we had the pleasure of quoting some laudatory comments on the "Songs of the Great Dominion," that had appeared in the English press. In a recent number of the *Athenaeum* we find an appreciative review of

"Among the Millet," by Archibald Lampman, and of "La Légende d'un Peuple," by Louis Fréchette.

The following introductory comments of the reviewer on the scenery and history of Canada will be welcome to our readers:

Probably Canada takes precedence among all our colonies for romantic history. For generations two great nations were in conflict among its forests and upon its lakes and rivers for a supremacy which even now, in a great portion of the country, is not definitely settled. Then it has its older history; the period when the pioneers, French and English, strove with, conquered, mixed with, and gradually absorbed or drove westward the powerful Huron, Iroquois, and Algonquin races, when red and white fought for years the foredoomed battle of civilized energy against savage man. And a yet more ancient background lies behind; for no land in the Americas, with the exception of Mexico and Peru, has such a hold upon the imagination as have those northern tracts which legend says were once ruled by a fair-skinned autochthonous race, in the days when, as some of the confused Algonquin folk-tales still clearly enough indicate, it was "always summer" in the far Polar North. Its cities, also, have, more than any others in North America, a picturesque and time-hallowed beauty all their own. Even in the Old World there are few towns so fortunate, in the æsthetic and historic glamour that abides upon them, as Quebec.

Mr. William Sharp, for it is he who writes thus, then expresses surprise at the long-continued silence in these prairies and forests of ours, as in the groves of old—silence only broken now and then by a potent voice. But of late there have been signs of change, and they are especially promising among the later comers in the choir. Prof. Roberts, Mr. Lampman and Mr. Bliss Carman, Mr. Sharp pronounces the ablest among the younger poets in either Canada or America. "The eldest of these," he continues, "Charles G. D. Roberts, is a poet of exceptional promise; one, moreover, whose work is already remarkable, particularly his most recent studies in what, for lack of a better phrase, may be termed the higher realism. Mr. Lampman comes next, with his noteworthy volume *Among the Millet*. Mr. Bliss Carman, whose verse has not yet been collected in book-form, is in some respects the most individual artist of the three, though his longer poems occasionally suffer in parts from a baleful obscurity. Perhaps no one of these poets has the keen, though intermittent and strangely unequal, imaginative fervour of the late Isabella Valancey Crawford, with whose death passed away one fair hope for Canadian literature.

Mr. Sharp, nevertheless, gives to the French the pre-eminence in Canadian poetry. Quoting Jules Claretie, he, in the main, agrees with him in his judgment of Mr. Fréchette, whom he deems without question the foremost living French Canadian poet. He thinks, notwithstanding, that he "may lack that quality of serene reserve which placed his predecessor, Octave Crémazie, in the front rank." In his great patriotic epic he "has done what no Anglo-Canadian poet has attempted to do." Mr. Sharp's criticism is all the more valuable that he does not indulge in indiscriminate praise. Commendation, coming with such authority, is sure to have a wholesome quickening influence on our native singers.

CANADA'S "SOO" CANAL.

The Dominion Government is constructing a \$3,000,000 canal on the Canadian side of Sault Ste. Marie. In two years more Canada will have an independent route from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic seaboard. The "Soo" canal will rank with its namesake on the American side. The engineers are overcoming great obstacles and deserve no ordinary praise for the boldness of their design. The canal is to extend across St. Marie island in St. Mary's river. Its length will be 3,500 feet. The canal proper is to consist of a channel way, massive pier work at both entrances, and a lifting and guard-lock. The prism of the canal will be sunk to a depth of eighteen feet below the lowest known stages of the river above and below the guard-lock. The summit level will possess a mean width of 150 feet, or a bottom width of 145 feet, the sectional area of water being 2,700 square feet. The plans provide for a lock 600 feet long between its gates, with a mean width of eighty-five feet in the chamber, diminishing at both ends, but on opposite sides, to a mean width of sixty feet at the gates. The walls will form a height of 41½ feet. The gates are to be opened by hydraulic power nearly similar to that used on the American side; but the mode of filling and emptying the lock will be different. A trench will also be built on both sides of the canal for its full length down to the level of the bottom and will be fitted with puddle up to the water surface. The contractors are Messrs. Hugh and John Ryan and Messrs. Allan & Fleming, of Toronto and Ottawa.