

A Journey Without Defeat to Glory

By Lily



Emily was walking home with the cool winds of October blowing against her face, her curly hair tucked back, and her silk dress brushing up against the window of a bakery. The smell of fresh warm bread wound itself around her nose. As Emily entered the bakery, her skin was met with warmth, providing relief from the cold October breeze.

“Why hello Emily!” said the kind face staring back at her.

It was her old friend Diana from her hometown Norwich Township.

Emily smiled back warmly.

“What’s that you have in your hand?” Diana asked.

Emily had bought medicine for her husband who had fallen ill with tuberculosis. The disease was serious. Her husband had been coughing and sweating with a fever all day long. “It’s some tea for my husband” explained Emily

“He has fallen ill with tuberculosis.”

“That’s sad to hear.” she replied sympathetically.

Emily left with a loaf of fresh bread to warm her hands.



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It was getting late and she had to get back to her husband. The sound of the horse hooves clonking on the pavement drowned out the thoughts going through her head. Emily was seriously worried about her husband, she loved him and wanted him to stay healthy. Her stomach filled with butterflies and her heart felt heavy. Emily wanted to know how to cure his disease without him having to suffer. She had no medical knowledge, but she wanted to do more.

Her keys jangled as she opened the door with a click. The hallway was dark as she stepped inside. Her high heeled boots made the wooden floor boards creak. There was a cough in the living room from her husband. Emily quickly hurried to the kitchen to boil some water for the tea. The smell of lemons and ginger filled the kitchen. The best that Emily could do for her husband was to brew some tea to soothe his throat and warm his insides.

“Honey, tea’s ready!” Emily called to the living room.

Footsteps approached from upstairs, it was her daughter Augusta coming down.

“Good evening mother, you are home!” she said skipping towards her.

“Can you take this to your father Augusta?” she said, “Thank you.” John Howard was coughing and coughing, he sipped his tea then slowly mustered a thank you to Augusta. Emily could tell that he was tired, and it was there and then that she decided to pursue an education in medicine, to not only be able to help her husband but to help others as well.

Emily kept her promise to herself that she was going to study medicine, she applied for the Toronto University School of Medicine. Emily was quite disappointed to have been rejected. So, she decided to speak with the dean about why this had occurred. She felt unsteady and insecure about what she was going to do, but she was determined to study medicine and wasn’t going to let her fear of losing dignity stand in her way.

She wrapped her arms around her jacket and exhaled, sighing. Emily watched as the air from her mouth formed into a cloud and dissolved into the sky. She knew that it would be difficult, but she was going to stay strong no matter what.

The brick walls of the school made it look new and well built. Emily quickly entered the school doors to the stares of many students and faculty members. They were all men, not a single woman was in sight. She walked down the hall quietly not willing to greet anyone until she got to the doors of the office. She pushed the doors open and walked inside briskly.



“Wait right there, you can’t go in without permission.” The secretary called to Emily as she rushed in.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I am an applicant and I would like to speak with the dean please.” she replied respectfully.

“Have you scheduled a meeting with him?” The secretary asked. Emily glanced at the plaque on her desk, it read ‘Barbara Wilson, Secretary’.

“No, unfortunately I didn’t Barbara” she replied, looking straight into Barbara’s eyes. Emily wasn’t going to waste any more time.

“Could I please see the associate dean?” Emily asked.

“Well of course you could meet with him soon as he is on his lunch break in his office.” Barbara replied kindly.

20 minutes later Emily was seated on the chair in the associate dean’s office.

“Hello, my name is Emily Howard Stowe, how do you do Sir?” Emily asked politely.

“I’m well, thank you.” He replied, barely looking up.

“I would like to know why you denied my admission” she asked, then added “All the documents were provided, and I understand that it is your decision for who enrolls at this school, but I would like to know what was wrong with my application.”

“First of all, you are a woman and you have no medical background.”

“What does it change in this application that I am a woman?” Emily asked, looking at the cup of tea on the table.

“I think you should be heading home now Emily.” he said, avoiding the question and gesturing for her to leave his office.

Emily stood up, brushed her dress, and as she left the office, she asked the associate dean again, holding the door open “Please answer my question.”

He sighed, he looked very annoyed at Emily, but he gave in and answered her question with exasperation in his voice.

“The doors of the University are not open to women and I trust they never will be.” Then he shut the door in Emily’s face.

Emily walked home disappointed by how the associate dean had spoken to her but was not defeated.

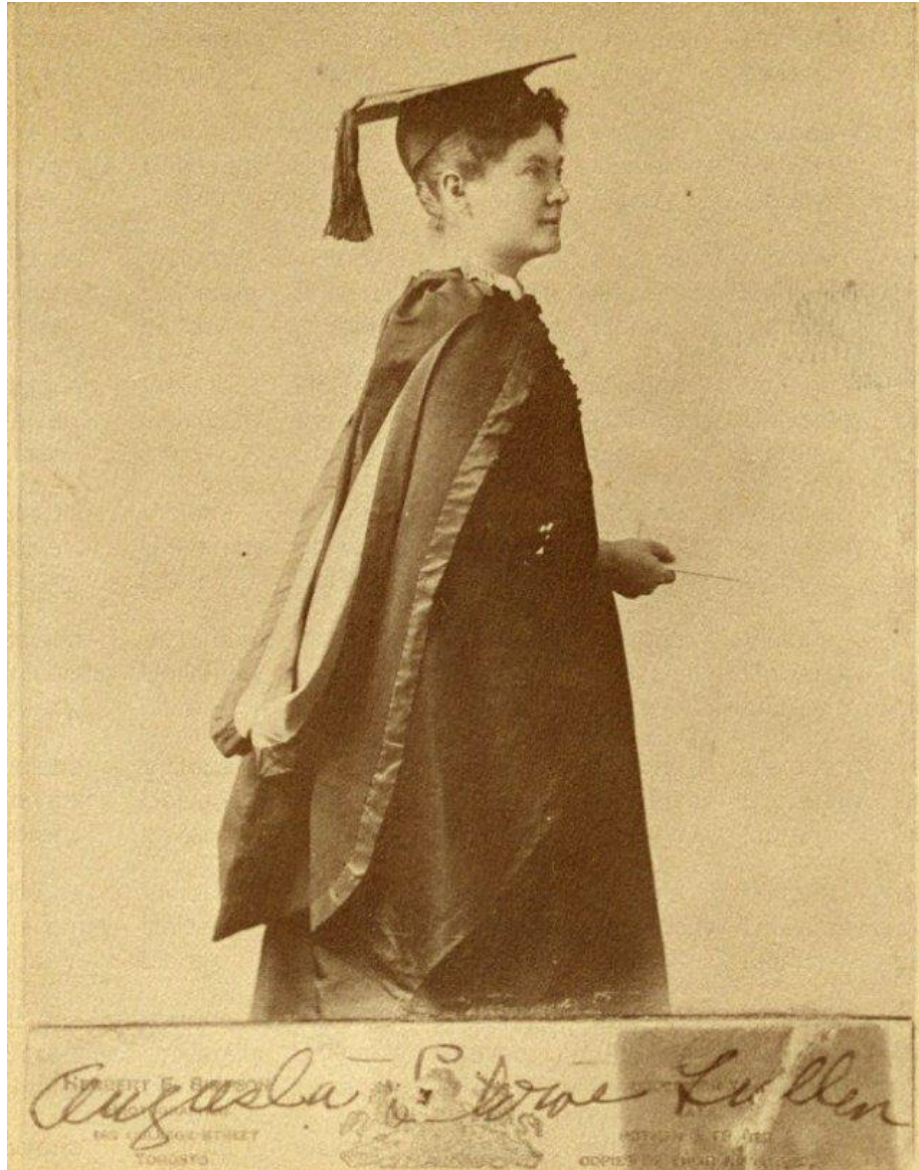
I’m going to find another university that will accept me! She thought to herself, determined.

The next day Emily started the application process for the New York Medical College for Women. She wasn’t going to study medicine in Canada, but she was at least going to study medicine.



She was accepted and was overcome with joy. She told her family, Emily Howard Stowe was finally going to study medicine! She left her children at home and went off to pursue her dream. At the New York Medical College for Women she studied homeopathic medicine. Knowing that her children were safe with her sister Cornelia, she

focused all her time and energy on studying. Two years later she received her medical degree. It was such a wonderful day.



She moved back to Canada and started her own practice on Richmond Street in Toronto, where she dedicated her practice to curing diseases for women and children.

A few years later, Emily had to apply for a license. But the Toronto School of Medicine denied her application again, so she continued to be a physician until two years later when she was admitted to the Toronto School of Medicine. She got her license and continued on as a doctor. She didn't let anything, or anyone get in her way of becoming the first female physician in Canada. She continued to inspire and change the world, as a suffragist and as a doctor.

Mrs. E. H. Stowe, M. D..
Physician and Accoucheur,
RESPECTFULLY announces to her patients, and
ladies in general, that she is now permanently
located at
**No. 39 Alma Terrace, Richmond
Street.**
OFFICE HOURS.
FROM 9^A A. M. TILL 3 P. M.,
Nov 8 tt-nwf