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THE GOING OF THE PRINCESS.

The Princess Sophie Bamba Dhuleep Singh, granddaughter of the Maharajah of Lahore—who, according to the *London Express*, is a sort of masculine Mrs. Harris—is going to quit studying medicine here because some of the male medical students threw snowballs at her. She has decided to complete her course of studies in Toronto, where she hopes her rank will entitle her to greater respect than she has received in Chicago.

A plague upon the varlets
Who have brought us thus to shame!
Must we lose the only royal
Thing to which we had a claim?
Must the word go forth to nations
Far across the troubled seas
That we scorn blue-blooded people,
Nor before them crook our knees?
Beshrew those catiff wretches—
Oh they did a grievous thing
When their snowballs hit the Princess
Bamba
Dhuleep
Singh.

She declares that she will leave us
In our wretched savage state,
Since our manners do not teach us
How to koto to the great—
We have lost her—we have lost her—
Oh the shame and oh the woe!
In the highest royal dudgeon
She is packing up to go
Where they still have awe for titles,
And where rank's a sacred thing—
Where they'll not snowball the Princess
Bamba

Dhuleep
Singh.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

CANADA A FIELD FOR THE COLLEGE MAN.

(The speech which won the Oratory Medal.)

I have no doubt that the subject of my address, Canada a field for the college man, has had more or less attention from every undergraduate of our University. It is a matter of some importance to Canada and of great importance to the undergraduate. It should be, and I believe is, of interest to everyone here. Much is involved in it, and to everyone will it present a different aspect. To the man who is to enter the legal profession one out-

look is suggested, to his ministerial classmate another, and to the future journalist a third.

To all young men this question of outlook at one time or another presents itself. How many of our young men have had to balance the prospects of their native land against those of our more wealthy and populous neighbor to the south. It is to be regretted that there was a time when Canada was a heavy loser in this regard—and not the less so, that her sons have given a good account of themselves and occupy positions of honor and trust in the land of their adoption.

But fortunately those evil days have passed. The young men of our country no longer turn their faces to a foreign land, and our prodigal sons in ever increasing numbers are returning from the gates of the stranger.

For, Sir, a great awakening has taken place. Nothing in the latter years of the nineteenth century has been more remarkable than the rapid progress which Canada has made and is making in the consciousness of self, in the councils of the Empire and in the eyes of the world.

A few years ago we were to the world but a barren spot in the north of America, to the Empire but one of the colonies, and to ourselves an unknown quantity. To what degree the credit for securing us our rightful position in the eyes of the world should be given to our distinguished representative at the Diamond Jubilee, the Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, I am not prepared to say, but I will say that from that time our star has been in the ascendant. Since then a friendly fate has ordained a succession of events that has swept us on toward a sense of nationhood, and at the same time aroused in our English brother a tardy recognition of our true position. I refer to the enactment of the preferential tariff, to the denunciation of the German-Belgian treaties, and finally to the sending of the Canadian contingents to assist the Mother Land in her dark hour and to proclaim to the world that "they must count with us ere they count her loss."

Side by side with this national awakening there has been a commercial development beyond our fondest expectations. Within the last six years our imports have increased from \$118,000,000 to \$190,000,000 annually, and our exports from \$121,000,000 to \$192,000,000 annually. Our manufacturing industries are prosperous as never before. Our mineral resources in Cape Breton, in New Ontario, in British Columbia and in the Klondyke are being turned to practical account. Our railroad system is being strengthened by a second trans-continental line; and the fertile prairies of our boundless West have just yielded a greater harvest than has been. The tide of immigration, of capital, of prosperity, has turned our way and this, Sir, is the "tide which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

What a field for the capitalist, for the manufacturer, for the captain of industry, yes, and for the college man! Time was when the college graduate, as a matter of