

Dawn of Tomorrow

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Editorial

TO AFRICA—WHY NOT?

One of our most prominent white citizens said to us a few days ago: "I have often wondered why all the colored people do not go to Africa. To me there seems to be several advantages to the race in such a project. In the first place, the Negroes from North America could go to Africa with their experience and learning and could enlighten the four hundred million natives. In a decade or so the black race would be the most powerful race upon the earth, and Africa would become one of the richest and most highly respected countries.

We admitted to him that there was good logic in his argument, that it would be a splendid thing for Negroes in great numbers to go to Africa to carry enlightenment to the natives, to make Africa a mighty power among the peoples of the earth and so forth. But—going to Africa is a personal question which appeals to some of us very strongly and to others not so strongly. Some of us feel more strongly the ties which bind us to America. America has been the home of our foreparents for more than three hundred years. It is the country for which they and we have labored and fought. They and we helped to transform it from a vast jungle into the most wealthy spot in the world. As great as our patriotism is for Africa some of us feel as if we want to remain here and enjoy the fruits of the sacrifices and of the labors of our ancestors. We want to enjoy the fruits of our own efforts. It is as natural with us to think thus as it is for the English, the Scotch, the Irish or any other race.

And again, suppose we were willing to go to Africa in great numbers—suppose every Negro in North America would go to Africa—where and in what part would we be welcomed? Africa, the best parts of it, has been portioned off, divided between England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and heaven knows who else. Laws are being made to keep Negroes and other dark races out of Africa. The darker races in Africa are being segregated, driven into the jungles, and in other ways proscribed against. It seems, then, that the only part of Africa where we would receive a cordial welcome would be the jungles and the desert.

Some Negroes, many Negroes like ourselves, would gladly go to Africa and give the best there is in us to

NOTICE

Owing to a recent decision of the Executive Board the "Dawn of Tomorrow" will be published every two weeks until further notice.—Editor.

enlighten the natives. We know the African native is capable of becoming an intelligent human being—capable of adding much good to the world's citizenship. Although unlettered and unlearned, we know he is not inherently inferior nor unteachable. We also know that Africa is one of the richest countries of the world in natural resources. We know this as well as England, France and Germany know it. We would gladly go there and help to make Africa, as it should be, a land of the blacks in which black men and black women would be highly respected. Whether or not Marcus Garvey was right in his method in entering Africa with shiploads of American Negroes, much can be said in praise of his idea of making Africa a land of the blacks. And perhaps some day there will arise among us a leader, a Moses, with a clearer vision, a better scheme than Garvey had, and then, may be, many Negroes will go to Africa to improve Africa for Africa's sake. Who can tell?

In loving memory of Wilfred Lloyd Drake, who departed this life nine years ago. April 27th.

We know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,

Then why should our souls be so sad.
We know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourners look up and are glad.

Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers.

ON THRIFT, TEMPERANCE AND WOMEN

You will have wondered, friend, at my silence these some weeks, but, truth to tell, the good wife hath been most diligent to keep my hands in useful employ of domestic character, women being distressfully prone in the springtime to much useless labor, such as cleaning, carpet-beating, window-washing, etc.

My latest venture being to repair the ceiling plaster in the kitchen of our domicile, at the which I became much daubed, as also did the floor and various utensils, though to be sure I was able to clean up much of it before it was observed.

In the midst of all this activity, our neighbor, Whitford, did appear and pressing requested me to accompany him and others to Toronto to interview Mr. Ferguson in regard to certain temperance measures of much interest to our community. Immediately seeing the importance of this as contrasted with my trivial domestic employment, I with the reluctant consent of my help-mate made haste to comply. In the due fulfillment of this patriotic duty to the commonwealth, a singular incident occurred, of the which I will now enlighten you.

Having leisure during the day in our capitol, I visited a park where were confined certain specimens of our wild animals, notable among which was a very fat and lazy beaver.

Now, I had been familiar with the outlines of this creature from observing it on our national flag, but was somewhat shocked to discover that fine emblem of our industry and thrift

to be a sluggish beast of piggish appearance rolling about in a dirty pool. "Can this indeed," I observed, "be that animal of industrious habit, help up to our youth as a pattern of living?"

With a mighty slap of his tail on the muddy water, which did somewhat discolor my Sunday blacks, the beast snorted loudly and said: "It is a fair sample of man's work that the pattern of thrift, as you call me, should be cooped up here, useless, and unemployed, to be stared at by ignorant observers."

"Man," I began in my best manner, as I saw the importance of the occasion. "Man is the highest type of life, a noble work, of highest attainment in art, science, literature and philanthropy, sober, industrious and temperate of habit, as my presence here proves, being delegated to interview our premier on that very subject."

"Much better stay at home in the interest of temperance," sneered the beaver.

"Foolish one," I exclaimed, "my house is strictly temperate."

"You and yours, like your kind in general, are the most intemperate of all beasts," he said. "All wild animals are most temperate in all things. What wild beast will overeat, as will the horse let loose in the oats, or a cow or a pig that have degenerated in man's company? Man is piggish in eating and drinking, intemperate in speech, and his females the most intemperate of all."

"How now, sirrah?" I exclaimed. "Have a care."

"'Tis truth," he said, "as you will see. Doth not woman spend more in dress than man did in drink? Is she not more a slave to style than was ever the greatest sot? Doth it not make her arrogant, garrulous, full of pride? What will not some of them do for stylish clothes? Temperate! Forsooth 'twould shame a peacock."

Now, being much annoyed by such disrespect for our consorts, I had much ado to control my temper, and indeed did make shift to give the animal a sharp poke with my cane, a fine Irish thorn given me by admiring friends, upon which the saucy beast seized it in its mouth and before I could rescue it had peeled off half the bark and sadly scratched the gold band off it.

Now, seeing the uselessness of further contending with this self-opinionated beast with any hope of reforming his erroneous beliefs, I made my way to our interview with the legislators, whom I have reason to expect are of a more pliable mind.

HAMILTON NEWS

On Tuesday evening the young ladies of the Rosemary Pastime Club entertained their gentlemen friends at the home of Miss Fern Harrison. A dainty luncheon was served and after a joyous evening of games and dancing the happy crowd departed during the wee small hours.

The concert given Monday evening at the church under the auspices of the Mothers' Club of Dundurn St. Church was a successful event. A goodly number were present and all heartily enjoyed the musical numbers, also the play, "The Old Maids' Club".

On Thursday evening Mrs. W. Robinson-Townsend and Mrs. H. Hicks-Berry entertained the employees of the Proctor-Gamble Co. at their annual dinner which was held at the

Stafford House. Their musical numbers were greatly appreciated and heartily enjoyed by all.

On Wednesday, April 14, the death of Carson Roy, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Smith, occurred in the General Hospital. Deep sympathy is extended the family in their bereavement.

Mr. Ernest Barnes, also Mr. Harold Johnson, of Cayuga, were visitors in town during the week.

Sunday was quarterly meeting day at St. Paul's. P. E. Carpenter was in the city and conducted the services during the afternoon and evening.

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Lewis that they are grandparents once more. A nine-pound baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Lewis, Buffalo, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Burke, Canfield, Ont., were visitors in town on Sunday.

The death of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Biggs occurred in this city a week ago. We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the sorrowing family.

Mrs. Gertrude Bell left the city this week to take up her residence in New York City.

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