

## Dawn of Tomorrow

Published weekly in the interests of and for the Advancement of the colored people of Canada.

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### HONORING THE DEAD.

How many readers of the Dawn of Tomorrow know that in the far western Canadian city of Vancouver there is a memorial erected by public subscription to honor a Negro. In clear view of the humble abode and domain where for thirty-six years "English Bay Joe" Fortes reigned supreme in the hearts of adult and juvenile Vancouver as a life-guard there stands today a beautiful drinking fountain erected by citizens and the Kiwanis Club.

Joe Fortes died at Vancouver on February 4th, 1922. A native of Trinidad, West Indies, at the age of 11 he went to sea and in a windjammer sailed to Liverpool. In England his proficiency as a swimmer won him many championships. Again, he sailed away, this time to Vancouver aboard the "Robert Kerr." His fame as a swimmer was soon spread abroad and he established himself in a little shack on English Bay, near Vancouver, the self-appointed guardian of all the children who frequented the beach.

Later he was appointed a life guard by the Vancouver Parks Board and still later a special beach constable. His vigilance and gallantry averted more than a score of certain drownings, while the number of children and others whom he taught to be at home in the water was countless. In his life he showed love, loyalty, devotion and honor in such measure that at his death a whole city took notice and determined that he should not be forgotten. The name of Joe Fortes should not be unknown to the colored people of Canada.

Another Negro name that deserves to be long remembered for services in quite another sphere is that of Rev. Josiah Henson whose grave near Dresden, while not unmarked, has not received that honor and care which it merits. An officer of the province of Ontario drew public attention last year to the neglect of the grave of this renowned figure of the middle of last century. Very different is the care which has been given of late to the preservation of the grave of Anthony Burns, the hero of the Boston slave riots, who is buried at St. Catharines. When attention was drawn a few years ago to the fact that this grave was neglected prompt measures were taken to see that the headstone was preserved and that the grave was properly looked after. The Dawn would commend to the colored people of Canada that they make some effort to see that the distinguished members of their race who

lie buried here and there in Canada should be honored in these days by at least a decent care of their graves.

### THE DAWN GREET'S YOU ON ITS 10th ANNIVERSARY.

Once more the Dawn of Tomorrow greets the public with a smile it is its 10th anniversary. How pleased we are to be able to keep going and looking forward to a brighter future, after each dawn.

Although we have many hardships to contend with and many a heartache we continue to go looking and hoping that a ray of sunlight, through our columns, will brighten and lighten those who come in contact with us.

The Dawn of Tomorrow was founded in 1921 by the late Editor J. F. Jenkins, Mr. Pinckney, and the wife of the editor. Entering the post office as 2nd class mail with a subscription list of 100 readers to-day it boasts a list of 5,000. It is published in the interest of the darker races and for the advancement of the colored people of Canada.

We trust that the Dawn of Tomorrow will hold high the standard set by our late Editor, founder, and father J. F. Jenkins. And when another anniversary rolls around, if it pleases our heavenly Father, help us make it just as much a success as it has been in the past.

C. E. JENKINS.

### TO LIVE.

To live is not to merely breathe, exist,  
To tread the path that leads from here to yon,  
To laugh or sulk behind a veil or mist,  
Retire at twilight, rise again at dawn  
To live, the soul must feel emotions rise,  
Desire to smile away a brother's tears,  
Behold the beauty that in friendship lies,  
Let love and meekness guide it thru' the years,  
To thankfully receive and freely give.  
That is to live.

### IN MEMORY OF EDITOR J. F. JENKINS

I knew him but a moment to the rest,  
That moment told my soul  
He was a man who loved his brothers best, and sought a righteous goal,  
I read to him my verse, he smiled thru' pain, then as he clasped my hand,  
The warmth of his spirit was so plain. He knew a better land,  
"Good-bye, good-luck, God bless you all," he said, my comrades felt his power.  
The man has gone, but left us in his stead, an ever-blooming flower.

LEO M. DORSEY.

## L. Dorsey Gains Wide Recognition

(from Niagara Falls, N.Y. Gazette)  
Leo. M. Dorsey, Toronto, Ont. a former resident of this city, who is rapidly gaining recognition as one of the most outstanding of contemporary Negro poets, was a visitor in Niagara Falls over the week-end, a guest of his sister, Mrs. Lena Morgan, Angelo Court. Mr. Dorsey who is still a young man, has written more than 500 poems and 60 lyrics, many of which have been widely published and much praised by critics of modern poetry.

Mr. Dorsey's first poem was published in the Gazette a few years ago. It was widely read and was later published in many papers and magazines. The poem was acclaimed on all sides and the young poet received many requests to write others like it. Since that time he has been turning out poems at the rate of four or five a week. His writings have been praised by other writers and lovers of poetry all over the continent.

Mr. Dorsey was born in St. Catharines, Ont., and for many years lived in this city. Three years ago he moved to Toronto, where he is now associated with Miss Lotti Rimmer, an internationally known playwright and expert of voice culture. He and Miss Rimmer are collaborating on an operetta entitled "Pink Pearls" which will be produced soon. Mr. Dorsey is writing the lyrics for the operetta.

The youthful poet thinks nothing of dashing off a poem in a few minutes. He was on his way back to Toronto this morning when he decided that he would write a poem about Niagara Falls before he went. The task was not a big one for him. He stuffed two sheets of paper in his pocket, strolled down to Prospect Park, sat down on a big stone and began. A few minutes later he got up and came away, his poem finished.

That his writings do not suffer because of the haste with which they are written is best evidenced by the poem which he wrote in such a short time. It reads:

Poets have dreamed of beauty, yet  
And pictured nature's loveliness.  
But at Niagara they have failed  
Each train of thought has been derailed.

Above the Falls they've gazed with awe  
But could not sing of what they saw,  
Her music was too rich and sweet,  
Her scenes too perfectly complete.

Those bards have truly been inspired  
And gained the views they have desired,  
Have tuned their lyres to sing her praise  
But failed and they shall fail always.

I, too, was blinded by her grace,  
With knowledge of her endless race,  
Like other unsuccessful men  
I stood there helpless with my pen.

Niagara in her gay relief  
Conversant with mute tales of grief,  
A witness to undying love,  
The masterpiece of God above.

Niagara Falls, accept my song,  
The words are poor, the music wrong  
But I must join the hapless host  
Who claim they have admired thee most.

I worship neither gold nor fame  
And would be happy just to frame  
A picture of you as you are  
But never shall advance that far.

Mr. Dorsey's fame is not local. Among letters from admirers he cherishes several from Julius Rosenwald, famous friend of the Negroes; Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Oscar DePriest, Negro Congressman; Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, Governor Roosevelt, Judge Irving T. Roberts, John J. Raskop, Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York and former Premier W. L. Mackenzie King of Canada. His writings are much sought after by newspapers and periodicals throughout the country.

Mr. Dorsey's wife, Mrs. Gertrude Dorsey, who is well known in Niagara Falls, is a violinist of note. She takes much pleasure out of composing and playing music for her talented husband's lyrics.

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