

Dawn of Tomorrow

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

Subscription Rates	
One year	\$2.00
Six months	1.25
Three months75
Single copy05

J. F. JENKINS—Editor
95 Glenwood Ave., London
Phone 6783 W

F. O. Stewart, Business Manager,
424 Gray St., Phone 2822 M

E. C. Jenkins, Advertising Manager.
Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter.

The Dawn of Tomorrow Publishing Co.
London, Ont.

Editorial

THE OLD TIME NEGRO SONGS

Now that all the world is extolling the virtues of the Old Time Spirituals perhaps we ourselves may get a hearing. We have striven for many years to convince our own people and other peoples that the Old Time Negro Songs are one of the greatest heritages ever left to America. We have chosen this as a subject on which to before large white audiences and before gatherings of our own folk. These Old Time Songs have ever been near and dear to our hearts, because they tell the story of an epoch in the lives of our forefathers, when all around them was sorrow and darkness, and because from this valley of turbulent waters their voices went ringing upward to heaven through these songs, telling of their sufferings and sorrows, and the music went echoing throughout the world, telling of their yearning for human sympathy and love. We love to sing them, because, although crudely expressed and many times weird in sound, they tell of a peculiar kind of genius, a genuine poetic nature and a natural musical talent possessed by our ancestors. They tell of sorrow but they also ring with hope. They tell of oppression but they also breathe the spirit of forgiving patience and long suffering. Both spirit and music are beautiful. That is why the world will never forget them but will more and more, as the years go by, honor and reverence them. They have found their place among the best music of the world.

We remember approaching a certain young man with the view of having him assist in a chorus of Old Time Songs. "Not for me," said he, "I want to forget them and all about them. They remind me too much of the days of slavery." "You poor fool," we answered back to him. And we still have that answer for any member of our race or of any race who would scorn those divine Old Time Negro Songs.

On the Moral Turpitude of a Fox

You will no doubt think it extraordinary that I alone, of all men should be favored with conversation with so-called dumb animals, but after thought I have satisfied myself that mother nature, mindful of the good of her children, desired that the humb-

ler creatures should know more completely of the enlightening knowledge of men through my humble assistance.

I trust this responsibility may engender in me a becoming humbleness of mien.

Led by this resolve, I on Monday past duly fortified in the flesh with a liberal helping of pancakes and syrup, preceeded by a first helping with butter alone, early in the morning, (this being wash day and not being desirous of impeding this employ) somewhat hostilely armed myself with an ancient, but trusty gun of one bore, and crossing our yard made my way toward the meadow. Attaining some distance, I paused listening to make sure I would not be wanted for the morning, and hearing no outcry, I skirted the creek, idly speculating on the fate of sundry minnows known to me under kindlier circumstances, now gripped in icy confines. Now remembering certain rabbit tracks seen on that day of wood gathering, I bethought me of the useful employ of supplementing the meagre fare of the morning with a delectable rabbit pie. And most fortunately soon after I espied one of these creatures seemingly exhausted, whereupon I let off the gun full at him, upon which he expired. Intent upon pouching this prize I was surprised to hear this remark in a thin penetrating voice: "It would seem that the little people are right to say thy kind are robbers of our race." On looking up, being somewhat astonished, I perceived a very handsome red fox sitting nearby where but an instant before had been nothing. "Twould be wiser," said he, did you let the blood freeze before you put the rabbit in your bag, else you soil your pouch." This seemed so sensible a remark, that I paused to give effect to this design, "And yau," said I, not to be outdone in courtesy, "appear to merit the name of being the most knowing of all beasts." "Our kind," he said, "have some small reputation of wisdom, but would gladly learn of the wiser ways of mankind." This agreed so well with my spirit, I made haste to somewhat enlighten him in man's doings in the field of reason, observation, and resource. These remarks so far commended themselves to him as to arouse a lively interest, which pleased me much. "This," said he, "is most instructive, alas that my mate is not here to share this wisdom. If a short journey would not incommode you, it would be well did she hear from your own lips these illuminating remarks."

Now being nothing loath I picked up my gun and rabbit and made ready to follow him. "And it please you," he said, somewhat diffidently, "I fear if my good mate see yon rabbit in your hands instead of my mouth it might cause some embarrassing moments. You might leave it here till we return." Now understanding this almost human wish to look well before his own household, I readily complied, and followed on some rods toward the wood, when suddenly the fox wheeled about and fetching a compass to the right bounded back to the rabbit which he seized and made off with. In haste I ran also to my gun prepared to avenge this dastardly trick, but the lock snapped fruitless, not having been reloaded, which fact no doubt had been observ-

ed by the fox. "You see" he paused to say, "your lesson on 'reason, observation and resource,' is already fruitful of results, I thank you for your instruction, and also for this excellent rabbit." So saying he bounded away.

—By A.

LONDON

Mrs. Louise Washington has been confined to her bed for the past few days.

Mrs. Washington of Sackville Street mother of Mrs. Fred. Fountain, has been indisposed for the past few weeks. Her condition at present is somewhat improved.

The condition of Miss Alice Drake has shown a more substantial gain during the past few days than any period during her illness.

The Choir of the Hill Street Baptist Church rendered several selections at the B.Y.P.U. of Maitland St. Baptist Church last Monday evening. Their rendition of the old time spirituals were received with great enthusiasm.

The Membership Committee of the Canadian League invites you to their meeting to be held in the B.M.E. Church, Thursday, March 25. A splendid program is promised. Refreshments will be served free.

Notice—The educational class will hold its next meeting next Monday evening at the Public Library. All members are urged upon to be present. Visitors are entirely welcome.

The Shamrock Hunt and Social under the auspices of the Dramatic Club of the Baptist Church last Tuesday evening, was a decided success.

Mrs. Fred. Fountain won the prize offered for the person who would find the most shamrocks.

Communion Services were observed at the B.M.E. Church last Sunday evening, it being Quarterly meeting. The presence of the holy spirit was felt throughout the day. Rev. Woodcock delivered a very touching sermon at the evening services.

The Sunshine Band of the Maitland Street Baptist Church rendered a most delightful program at the Hill St. Baptist Church last Wednesday evening. The program consisted of solos, duets, choruses and a beautiful playlet. All who took part in the programme were real artists. At the conclusion Mr. William Myers, in a fitting manner thanked the Sunshine band for such a splendid program. The ladies of the church served the participants with a dainty lunch.

Volunteer Band.

The members of the Volunteer Band of the Adelaide St. Baptist Church visited Hill St. Baptist Church last Wednesday evening, March 3rd and presented a delightful program which included solos by Miss Violet Tucker and Mrs. Rowley; reading, Miss Gladys March. A pleasing sketch was presented entitled "Mrs. Glyn's Conversation." At the conclusion of the play the ladies of the church entertained the artists and served refreshments. Mr. Myers was chairman of the evening. He thanked the band for their kindness in helping the church. The proceeds of the evening amounted to \$12.65, which was turned into the church treasury.

PARNEL'S Bread

The Best of Ingredients
Used in its Manufacture

Try a Loaf

Our Wagon will Call
at your Door

Diamonds and Watches

On Credit

Johnston Bros.

214 DUNDAS ST. LONDON

PHONE

SIMCOE Cleaners, Pressers
Repairers and Dyers

Cor. University Ave. & Adelaide St.
W. H. Beecher, Prop. TORONTO

THE Wolverine Barber Shop

Agency for

"Chicago Defender" and all other
Colored Papers
H. GLASGOW and DOUG LEWIS
205 Queen St. W. 171 Simcoe St.
Toronto, Ontario.

The Yale Tonsorial

AND BEAUTY PARLOR

Marcel Waving Our Specialty.
Agent for The Dawn of Tomorrow
and all other Negro papers. We will
deliver at your door.

Phone Adelaide 7934.
467 Queen St. W. Toronto

G. L. FERGUSON

UNDERTAKER

546 King St., Cor. William St.
Mrs. Ferguson, Lady Assistant

Phone 8441, Night or Day

London

Ontario