

Dawn of Tomorrow

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Editorial

QUEER ANTICS OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

A report has reached this office from good authority, telling of the ill treatment which a certain Executive Board (colored) of a Welfare Association in the city of Toronto meted out to the "paid" secretary herself, a colored woman. The report, if true, brings to light one of the most sordid cases of class prejudice, narrow-mindedness and cowardice which has come under our observation for many moons.

To begin, as the report shows, the very application of the title "paid" secretary, rather than the usual title for persons doing such work was meant to humiliate the lady social worker or investigator. But this is not all. On several occasions people were encouraged to make complaints to the Executive, charging the investigator with neglect. One such complainant had been turned down by every charitable organization in the city after they had repeatedly made attempts to straighten her out but to no avail. The social worker, through the co-operation of these various bodies, was able to prove that she had done all she could for the complainant. On another occasion the stage was all set to so embarrass the worker at a certain meeting that she would finally lose her self-control and perhaps resign. On being informed of the little farce which was to be enacted the worker simply asked one of the white members of the General Executive to be present. What happened? Not one of our colored executors had the back-bone to open his mouth regarding any charge whatever.

But the "Executive" was determined to "get" the social worker, although they had come off second best in each skirmish. They decided to change their manoeuvres, however. They now proceeded to their white over-lord with the statement that in view of the fact that expenses were heavy, something must be "cut" and when asked where cutting should be done they suggested cutting the worker's salary. This is what they were told: "Mrs. —'s salary is NOT to be cut. She has been slated by us for a raise, and most certainly her salary is not to

be cut. If you must cut something cut the salary of her assistant." But this did not suit the pans of the Executive since the assistant was a native of Toronto and the head worker nothing more than a former citizen of the States; and herein lies the crux of the whole situation. The social worker was well educated, refined and specially prepared to do social work but the Executive thought that, added to these accomplishments, she should have known enough to be born in Toronto.

But why should they seek to have anyone's salary cut? They themselves, nor their local organization, nor yet even the colored citizens of Toronto were responsible for the raising of the money. The money comes from the general funds raised by the city for charitable purposes and we would hazard the opinion that the colored people as a whole do not contribute one tenth of one per cent. of the money which goes to maintain their local branch.

That the fight against the social worker was not the result of inefficiency was proven by that fact that every charge which was made against her fell through. Again if more proof is desired it is here recalled that this lady has been called to a larger field where her work is more congenial and her salary more than doubled.

We shall be glad to see the colored people of Canada forget that there ever was a West Indian, or an "American" or a Canadian and remember only the essential fact that negroes are negroes the world over and that there should be a common bond of union and sympathy running from breast to breast. Our lot is hard enough at best. Why should we, through lack of vision, make it harder—one for hte other?

A NEW BEGINNING.

Contributed by Rev. F. O. Stewart,
Toronto

January is the month of beginning—the month of the open door, with fascination all its own. The most hardened surely can not cross the threshold without some sense of wonder and hope. The crossing has never failed to sow stirrings in the human heart. The festival of the New Year is one of the most ancient and universal customs. It is often no slight relief to know that the Old Year has gone—that its failures, its sorrows, its disappointments have been gathered into the past. The mere fact that they belong to 1927, and we now belong to 1928, sets a gulf between them and us! The hour strikes, and we feel a sense of emancipation. "Hope that springs immortal" rises in us, and by the grace of God we go forward to nobler doings and brighter days. Yet, we can not do well in the new unless we remember the old. The past and its experiences should be our teacher, and there are ample inspirations and encouragements to be found in retrospect. To look back is as high a wisdom as to look forward. Men sometimes advocate the one and forget the other. That was a wise word the prophet of old gave to the people: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee."

In looking back for the old, we

often discover the new; new light shines, new understandings are given. Time shows that some experiences were not the unmitigated disasters they appeared. We thought all was lost, and lo, the best remains. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, the robbers also attacked us, but to our surprise they only got the small change, they never found the "jewels" we carried.

Possibly there have been perilous ways and much darkness. Yet there were lights in darkness: and when we could not see, we were led by a way we knew not.

And how great a mercy—to be still found in life, not yet bereft of life's sweet things! Seedtime and harvest, dew and rain have not ceased. The birds have sung, the flowers have bloomed. So much may be learned, and so much may be done, if throughout the year we take care of the golden moments. We may in the past have made a mistake there, but there is great hope for us, if we are careful not to make the same mistake twice. Possibly also there has been failure because we had no insight into the opportunity of small service. There were little things we might have done, but they scarcely seemed worth while. Yet hearts have been healed and lives saved by a word. The most beautiful of all ministries have surely been the casual ones of the wayside. Is not that the lesson of the Good Samaritan?

And great and noble emotion may shine through the humblest gift. Is not that the lesson of the widow's two mites and the cup of cold water? What Aristotle said of political revolutions is equally true of the development of character—it is the outcome of "great causes and small occasions."

The New Year will hold in its hands countless small occasions; let us be vigilant and buy up each opportunity as it comes. And whatever 1928 may bring, let us remember we can be more than conquerors in Him that loved us.

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The old church bells are ringing,
And the world seems bright and gay;
As we hear glad voices singing
"Christ, our Saviour, was born today."

They tell of that night long years ago,
When a star in the eastern sky
Led three Wisemen to a manger,
Where they heard a babe's low cry.

They found Him with Mary His mother,
Wrapped in swaddling clothes He lay;
And gave gifts of rare spices and gold,
To the Babe fast asleep in the hay.
Now the world is rejoicing, and praising
The Babe who Salvation did bring;
That was born in a lowly manger
And crowned our Saviour and King.
Verita Smith,
St. Catharines, Dec. 13, '27

We are sorry this beautiful poem did not reach us in time to appear in the Xmas issue.—Editor.

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