

**Dawn of Tomorrow**

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

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**Editorial**

**THE FUTURE OF THE CANADIAN NEGRO**

At the close of the Civil War in the United States there were about forty thousand Colored people in Canada. However, each census since that time has shown an appalling decrease in their population. During the first few years after the war the decrease can be accounted for by the fact that a good percentage of the colored people were men and women beyond middle age who had escaped from slavery and had found refuge in Canada. As soon as slavery was at an end the ties that bound them to the land of their nativity and the attraction of the mild climate of their Southern homes caused them to return in great numbers.

But the children of the second and third generation continue to migrate and the same causes which led their forefathers to leave this country are not responsible for the migration of their children. Other elements have entered the cause. At the present time there are less than 18,000 colored people in the whole of Canada. Here in Ontario there are less than 6000. Nova Scotia has less than 6000. However, since the impetuous given the ambition of the colored people through the Canadian League for the Advancement of Colored People, by encouraging and assisting them in receiving higher training the youths are beginning to prepare themselves for higher things, skilled mechanics, artisans, teachers, law and medicine. Being so disproportionately in the minority wherever they find themselves in this country they cannot hope to succeed through the patronage of their race alone. If, in competing with the other races we were confronted with only one issue—that of merit, we would have no apprehension as to the destiny of the race. But aside from the handicap which all minority groups must meet there is also the extra handicap of color with which we must contend, and there is no greater handicap upon the North American continent.

Some of the best talent which the United States now possesses are Canadian born Negroes whose talent has been lost to Canada because of lack of opportunity in their native land. Many of the leading colored churchmen, business men, musicians, stars both on the stage and screen, many of whom (are internationally known)

who are now residing in other countries, are Canadian born.

As to the future of the colored people one of two things must come about. Either this superficial, artificial prejudice against the colored people must be abandoned, whereby the ambitious colored youths will be encouraged to remain here and devote their talents to Canada, or else within the next 25 years almost the entire colored population will have migrated to the United States and to other countries which at least will give the Negro an opportunity to earn a living.

If we could increase our numbers from without another alternative would be offered us, for always in numbers there is strength. But there is scant hope for this since the immigration authorities look upon colored people as undesirable citizens. "We are not encouraging the colored races to come to Canada."

But fate is in the habit of playing such peculiar and wierd tricks upon us weak humans that it is impossible to predict the future with any certainty. Who knows but that ultimately the Canadian colored people will come into their own? Who can say that Ethiopia will not soon stretch forth her hands unto God?

**I'D LIKE TO BE CHILDLIKE**

I've watched at the dawning, the light gently breaking  
Away in the eastward, ere Phoebus is seen;  
And I, in my childhood, conceived the idea  
That he, in the darkness, sound sleeping had been;  
That off at the westland he donned his pyjamas  
Or slumbered without them, as doth the wild beast;  
But ne'er could I fancy however he managed  
A-bed to go yonder and rise in the east.

The years of our childhood are not all unthinking—  
New wonders arrest us by night and by day;  
Our musing starts early, though oft 'tis unheeded  
By those who've been longer on life's busy way.  
How oft in the bosom, though years may be tender,  
Are longings and yearnings not quickly beguiled;  
And high as the heavens and deep as the ocean  
Are thoughts that are surging the mind of a child.

A sin of the ages has been—Ah, the pity!—  
That olders too often were dense to the truth,  
That hands they ne'er visioned had kinly implanted  
The seeds of true wisdom in minds of the youth.  
The lad in the temple had knowledge surpassing  
The ken of the doctors, who wondered and smiled,  
Yet, ne'er comprehended, save in a faint measure,

**NO NEGRO IS SAFE**

(From the Christian Century)  
A Methodist bishop left his home in Kansas City on a recent afternoon to motor 28 miles to the town of Excelsior Springs to attend to certain church affairs. With him in the car were a Methodist presiding elder, the pastor of a Chicago Methodist church and a professor in a Methodist college. En route, the party was set upon by a road gang, cursed and abused. When an attempt was made by the motorists to discover the license number of the state highway department road truck which was being used by the road gang, the bishop's car was surrounded and many threats uttered. (The license number incidentally, was found to be "Missouri Official 460.") The bishop and his guests finally managed to free themselves and drove on to Excelsior Springs, cared for their business there, and started home. In the meantime, the road gang had gone into the town of liberty, near which ironically named community a colored man was lynched a few years ago—and had collected a mob. On the return of the bishop's car, pursuit set in, more than a hundred men and boys, many of them armed, chasing the car for more than a mile, and finally catching and surrounding it. All those in the car were ordered to alight. They were searched for weapons. When no weapons could be found on them, they accused them of having hidden or thrown away their guns. A woman came running up, shrieking, "Take them because they almost frightened me to death." Tragedy seemed imminent when the bishop discovered the sheriff in the crowd and appealed for protection. The sheriff gave protection of a sort. That is to say, he took the three ministers and the professor as prisoners to Liberty, where they were charged with disturbing the peace, and held on bonds that were first fixed at \$2,000 each, then reduced to \$1,000, and finally to \$500. At this point Judge Martin E. Lawson, a prominent layman in the Southern Methodist Church, learned what was going on, went to the jail, had the charges dismissed and the prisoners freed, and they returned to Kansas City in safety. Our readers will scarcely need to be told that the men who underwent this harrowing experience were all members of the Colored Methodist church. The bishop was Dr. J. Arthur Hamlett.

The Spirit of Wisdom which dwelt in that child.  
'Tis true that we often are seemingly groping  
For truths which have challenged a heart-stirring quest;  
But let us be grateful that wisdom unerring  
Hath deeply implanted the yearn in our breast,  
I'd like to be childlike in seeking true wisdom;  
I'd foster these longings which throb in my breast,  
Until I've reached safely, on life's busy pathway,  
Where sunsets are golden, away in the west. —MACK

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