

## Dawn of Tomorrow

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## Editorial

### THE COLOR-BAR BILL PASSES

With uch regret we learn that Premier Hertzog's "Color-Bar Bill" which was rejected by the Senate last May has finally been passed by the House of Assembly. The bill places unjust restrictions upon the rights of the natives and asiatics—the "darker races." There is to be territorial segregation, political curtailment and limitations of industrial opportunities. The avowed reason for this course is, not that the natives and Asiatics are unfit in any capacity, but it is necessary in order to perpetuate white control of the South African Union.

Since the natives are practically and substantially debarred from countries which are begging for immigrants, since the Asiatics are becoming so numerous that it is imperative that the find an outlet for their surplus population, since Africa must become a "white man's country," according to the mandate of Premier Hertzog and his Assembly, what shall we do with these darker millions, these peoples who constitute more than two-thirds of the earth's population? Shall we segregate them as we did the American Indian and in that manner cause them to die off as the Indian did? No, that is impossible. For both the natives and the Asiatics have proven, when it comes to the "survival of the fittest" that they thrive and propagate rapidly. Shall we keep the Asiatics at home then and exploit the fruits of their country and their labour? And shall we keep the native African at home but deny him the right to become a man and compel him to do our drudgery work for which we shall pay him starvation wages? Hardly. For enlightenment and intelligence is becoming too widely diffused to imagine that they will for long submit to such an arrangement.

Let us ask ourselves again, what was Livingston's and Stanley's mission to Africa? What has been the mission of hundreds of other real Christian missionaries who endured the tropical climate and its miseries who marched in the very face of death? Was it to prepare these simple and unlettered natives for the coming of this evil day—for the advent of the Color-Bar Bill? What of the principles of Christianity which our missionaries taught them? Were the natives taught to maintain their own supremacy by suppressing others? The action of the South African

Parliament has been extremely unfair and entirely unBritish. Such actions have cast aspersions upon the entire family of British peoples. We can but bow our heads in shame that any part of our beloved Empire has strayed far afield from British justice. The action of the South African Parliament was apen and flagrant. No attempt was made to cover their intentions. No charges were made that the natives were unfit for skilled labor or unfit to use the franchise or that Asiatics would lower the standard of living. But the only reason given for passing the bill was to maintain white supremacy in Black Africa. But South Africa will learn that no permanent good can come to any nation by taking from other people their God-given rights.

### THE MAN AND THE CROW

Hear then an adventure which befell me on a winter morning as I trod the glades of a distant wood land: an adventure which gave rise to some misgivings of of mind at the happening, and later to much sober reflection. The snow lay thick in the copice and all the thickets hung heavily. The wind blown heaps of beech and hazel leaves were stilled beneath that fair bosom of snow. No sound, save from afar the clear call of some watching bird on sentinel duty. Now, as I walked, sober of mind, m ythought on many things, my meditation chanced upon a matter which had of late caused no small stir among men, and thinking thus, I said, "Tis strange forsooth, of all the denizens of air and land, now hidden deep in snug retreat beneath the roots of trees, in clustered shrub, or heaped brush, both bird and beast should beshod be indeed well ordered of habit and of excellent reputation. Save only one, the varlet crow. He, of nature most mischeivous, given to evil pursuits, Satan-led, doth lend himself to villainous ways, outside the pale of the law."

Now it would appear that in the heat of the moment, as is a habit of those of deep reflection, I had spoken my hought aloud, for on a sudden I was startled by hearing an apt reply to this remark. "Law, Law, Caw, Caw," came in hoarse tones from some nearby thicket. "Haw Haw, one would think, thou ass of the pavements, that thy kind were the paragon of all the virtues, and all else, but villains."

Now on casting my eye about I perceived at length, perched on a nearby bough a member of that naughty tribe of crows which had been the subject of my meditation.

"Villain indeed," said I in great indignation, "despoiler of nests, corn-stealer, murderer, vagabond, have at thee," and I looked me about for a stone to cast at the bird of evil omen, "Haw, Haw," laughed he in derision, "thou frier of eggs, and digger of worms, knowest thou not from thy books, stones grow not in snow? Look in yonder bush, perchance some rabbit hath left a gun there." So, jeering, he dropped to a lower limb, cawing loudly "Look you wingless climber of fences," he went on, "thy tribe was ever our foe, slaying us for tithing the corn, while thou and thine robbed whole fields, stealing from babes and women. Thou has slain thy brother, burning his roof-tree, and ripping his cattle. The stink of thy hatred hath sickened all living things,

and talkest thou of blood. Go to, we do but learn, thou are the teacher," and he hopped up and down in unseemly glee.

Now, being justly incensed at such unreasoning abuse, I thought me to refute such improper and ignorant words, and said,

"These are foolish words, most foolish of birds. Know you now, we teach right-living, honorable conduct, justice, humanity and love to all, punishing wrong doing as even thou wilt be punished." "Yea, verily," quoth the crow, "truly you teach by the book while you rob with the hands, even thy leaders plunder the box, taxing he people for naught, and ye all, hungry for blood, slay beast and bird alike to deck out thy women in finery and teaching murder as a trade, tear each other apart in merry sport,—Haw Haw, and thou prate of justice? Even a crow slays not his fellows."

These words did much raise a choler in me and I cast about for some means to avenge me upon him, whereupon the crow cawed loudly and flew away, and shortly out from the bramble stepped a young man with a gun. "Haste thee", said I, "shoot me yon evil bird." But he, looking gloomily at the now distant flapping crow said, "Sir, many days have I tramped these woods on that very errand bent, but without avail, truly a villainous bird." "Thou sayest well," I replied, a most villainous bird.

—By A.

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(From the Dearborn Independent)

The sinew and heart of man seems to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, disponding, whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, afraid of each other. We are parlour Soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is won we shun. If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire, or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

### CHARACTER

By C. E. DeWeever

I have seen a million years go by;  
A million suns have flown,  
A million stars must surely die,  
While I go on alone—  
For my name is character.

I have watched the world in cradle days,  
I have watched her in her 'teens,  
I have watched her through a million ways,  
When lovely was her scenes—  
For my name is character.

I have watched the babe in peaceful sleep,  
'Till days of youth came on;  
Then warned him not to sigh and weep,  
When a truth was yet unknown—  
For my name is character.

Now my way I go rejoicing  
And to world I leave this tale,  
That wherever a heart is aching,  
My name shall never fail—  
For I am Character.

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