

Dawn of Tomorrow

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

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Editorial

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

We offer thanks to the Almighty as well as to a host of friends and supporters upon this our first anniversary. Chief among these friends is our printer, Mr. R. F. Fielding, who, aside from ourselves, has borne the greater part of the burden and who still carries the larger portion of the deficit. The Dawn is not at present a paying business proposition. There came a time in our existence when it looked utterly impossible to "carry on." At this juncture Mr. David Ross, Mayor Geo. A. Wenige and Mr. W. J. Wray came to us, not only with their moral support and with good advice, but with financial assistance also. "The Dawn must not cease its publication," is the way they expressed their sentiments. Needless it is for us to state that not only does The Dawn, but that 20,000 colored Canadians feel very grateful to these three Christian gentlemen.

One year ago The Dawn of Tomorrow greeted the day with an eight page publication. This size we maintained for more than six months. Lack of finance borne of a lack of proper appreciation forced us to reduce the size from eight to six pages.

One year ago in stating our reasons for coming into existence, we said in our initial editorial: "In planning for The Dawn of Tomorrow, two thoughts were uppermost in our minds. First we were convinced of the extreme necessity of a Race paper in the Dominion of Canada; an organ, through which we might express our views and through which the world might learn of the many good deeds we are doing and of the many fine thoughts we are thinking; a journal which will keep us informed of what the race is doing in other parts of the world."

Mr. Edwards said: "The policy of the Dawn will ever be sympathetic to any person or group of persons whose aims and ideas are for the betterment of themselves and the community in which they live." Whether or not we have carried out these policies, we leave it to the reading public to judge.

We have given our readers a clean journal, free from attacks and counter attacks. We have given the general public information concerning our group which was unavailable to any other Canadian paper. We have published historic facts concerning

the race which has enlightened both races.

A sad regret we have is that with the passing of the two extra pages went the opportunity to continue publishing these historic facts. We encouraged education among our young people. We have pleaded for equal opportunities for our group. We have defended the Race against unjust attacks. We have attempted to create and maintain a better understanding between the races. We have pleaded for co-operation and unity in every phase of race activity. We have encouraged business enterprises as a means of helping ourselves and by way of making places for our boys and girls. We have recommended thrift, industry and frugality as a means of lifting ourselves and bettering our conditions. Lastly, we are about to launch a society for the advancement of colored people, similar to the Urban League of the States.

In making this fight we have incurred a deficit which runs into hundreds of dollars. Whether or not we shall reach our second anniversary is left to our own people. Unless more substantial support is forthcoming from those in whose interest the Dawn is edited we cannot continue much longer.

Has the "Dawn" Served Its Purpose?

In answering the above question we must first of all set out to inform our many patrons of some reasons for the existence of our little paper.

One year ago in the early spring Mr. James F. Jenkins conceived the idea that we needed some tangible way in which to more fully express ourselves, and also let the world at large know that we folk in Canada are capable of doing big things. In the month of July the first edition was ushered before the public after much argument, pro and con, by many wise sages that claimed to know the mind of the twenty thousand people representing our race throughout this fair Dominion. Some claimed we were not ready for a paper. Others said it would not be given support. But Mr. Jenkins, having faith in his fellow men, began to negotiate with various influential men of the Anglo-Saxon race and received encouragement to go ahead. With undaunted courage he went forth and as a result, for twelve months The Dawn of Tomorrow has been filling a much needed want in the many homes in Canada.

There has been much commotion and unjust criticism about the size of the paper. Some going so far as to say that it ought to be much larger. We believe that very little earnest thought has been given the needs of printing a news paper by those who are offering such remarks. It is the desire of the Editor and staff to give the public a larger paper, but before this can be accomplished, we must be assured of at least three hundred cash subscribers. This number will enable us to give our patrons better service in every way. We have endeavoured during the first year of our paper to keep the reading public informed as to the doings of our folk all over the world.

We have made a special effort to publish all items of interest. Our aim has been to give to our readers

a clean journal that the school boy and girl could enjoy as well as father or mother.

We have tried to encourage our young people to contribute to the pages of our paper and it is hoped that our second year will create sufficient interest among them to induce them to reply to our request.

In proof to our many patrons that the paper has served its purpose, we quote a statement made by one of our interested friends: "The Dawn of Tomorrow is a very valuable paper and is doing a good work. It must continue to exist." Many others have made similar statements. What is your opinion, as one of the race?

F. O. STEWART, Business Mgr.

I KNOW

(By S. E. G. Allen)

All the way seemed dark before me
An I knew not where to go;
Till I heard a sweet voice saying
"Put your hand in mine, I know."

With that blessed sweet assurance
Doubt or darkness, weal or woe;
Seemed as nothing, what could matter?

"Put your hand in mine, I know."

Only from my Heavenly Father
Could such sweet words ever flow,
And to each and all they're spoken
"Put your hand in mine, I know."

And is this my Heavenly Father?
Is it He that loves me so?
Yes, it is my Father's voice says,
"Put your hand in mine, I know."

Speaking of Speed

Among Irvin Cobb's numerous stories is one that has an especial appeal to the electrical fraternity.

Cobb relates that one day in a Southern town he overheard two darkies disputing as to their respective ability as runners. Said the first:

"You claims you is fast! You says you's so fast folks calls you speedy! Jest how fast is you, nigger?"

"I'll tell you how fast I is," said the other. De room whar I sleep nights is got jest one 'lectric light in it which light is forty feet from the bed. When I gets undressed I kin walk over to dat light and turn it out and get back into bed and be all covered up befo the room gits dark".

His Master's Voice.

Mr. Stocks (slumming on the East Side)—Well, well, poor boy; so your father is dead. How did he die?

Urchin (who can't be bothered with no questions)—Aw, he strangled to death. He was sittin' in a lunch room eatin' some horse meat when some guy yells "whoa," and the stuff stopped in his throat.

"My God! You gave my wife arsenic instead of sleeping powder!"
"That's all right. You owe me fifteen cents more."

In Africa the banana is the staple article of food, and every tropical village has its banana fields, as common as the potato fields of temperate climates.

The eastern part of Syria, cut off from the sea winds by mountains, is completely dry.

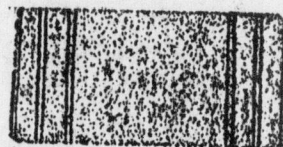
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