

# The Dawn of Tomorrow

THE NATIONAL NEGRO WEEKLY  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE DARKER RACES

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## TWO OLD WOMEN A-SHOPPING-GO

Without a doubt, Nell had Horace on her mind. There was no forgetting the way he had pleaded with her the night before. She had fallen asleep thinking of him, not as on other nights when imagery made vivid by love, brought his dear presence near in her last wakeful moments to drift pleasantly through her dreams. No, not that way, but an unhappy picture of him, nervous and moody, penetrated her sleep and leaped to aliveness with her first wakefulness.

She remembered every word he had said, unfair, cruel words; now they formed crookedly and apart like bits of a jig-saw puzzle as she dressed. His arguments repeated themselves: "Each day, we are growing older—"

Nell leaned nearer the mirror, and scanned her picquant face. Could it be, that she was aging and losing her charm, as surely as yesterday's flowers that drooped beside her in their squat, brown jar. A tiny line brought Nell's brows, silky, high-arched brows like the sweep of bird wings, together. She brushed her hair with brisk strokes, while thinking dejectedly:

"You will be old and gray."

Sudden panic seized her; she would not look for gray strands; no, not yet. She was not old, and she would not allow Horace to hurry her, frighten her into marrying him.

She put on her hat, a little round crocheted affair that she had made herself. She put on her coat and drew on her gloves, picked up her bag and went out, an altogether lovely colored girl.

Nell thought how many mornings had she gone out, thus. Five years and every morning except Sundays, she had taken this same way: three steps down the cobble-stoned walk to the green latticed gate; half a block to the corner, turn north; four blocks to the car line; a wait five or more minutes for the car; an hour's ride to work.

Last night, Horace had said, pleadingly . . .

"You'll be worn out, all fagged-to-death and, I—I—I don't want the girl I marry worked to death before I get her."

Nell tried to brush her troublesome thoughts aside and quickened her steps, then as quickly found herself agreeing with Horace. She was tired so tired. Unconsciously, the line that

## IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear husband and father, James F. Jenkins, who departed this life May 6th, 1931.

His pleasing way and smiling face,  
Are a pleasure to recall;  
He had a smiling word for each,  
And died, beloved by all.

Sadly missed by his wife, Christina, E. Jenkins, and children.

drew her lovely brows together deepened.

She heard voices, and looking up, she saw two old women come trundling towards her.

One was a very black and very stout old lady puttoned to the throat in a long black coat that fitted tightly about the waist and bulged loosely about the hips. She carried a basket on her arm.

One was a very stout and white old lady with near-white folk's hair straggling from beneath a brown bonnet. She was buttoned into a red knitted sweater. She wore a heavy worsted skirt, and over that, a white, starched apron that tied round her waist. She carried a black shopping bag in her hand.

Thought Nell; two old ladies out to do their shopping. Making a lark of it, too, she decided as their high cackling old voices came to her. Said one "No suh, they'll never come through what we done stood."

The other old woman tuned in quaveringly:

"Lord, chile, they couldn't begin to do't."

"Not wantin' 'im 'cause he ain't rich." Chimed in the first.

"Ain't none of us that, neither." Vouchsafed the other.

"The ideas and the whimsies of these 'ere young'uns do beat me." They broke into high cackling laughter. The black old woman changed the basket to her other arm. The old white woman shortened the strings of her bag.

Then they were abreast of Nell. They smiled broadly upon her. The old mulatto nodded her head until the brown feather atop her brown bonnet danced like a live thing. The black old woman called out: "Howdy!"

"None of them will ever stand what we done stood," floated to Nell, like the refrain of a song, as she waited

for the car.

Somehow the passing of those two old women changed Nell's day. For the first time, she noticed that the sky was very bright, the sky was blue and tiny knobs of green were putting out on a tree near by.

"They were so cheery, the dears!" She said of the two old women, and sought to dismiss them. She wanted to think of her own perplexities, but the old ladies insisted upon rising up before her . . . Their cackling words: "None of 'em will ever stand what we done stood," caused Nell to toss her head defiantly. How could they know those two . . . Old issues that they were! Why, she herself had had her share of trouble, and she was but one of a legion of "Young'uns" as they termed them.

Had she not toiled every day except Sundays for five years, denying herself everything save sheer necessities for a chance to enjoy at some future time the heritage of every human creature, love and home and children. Undoubtedly, she had saved a little, her dowry, she called it, but its amount was written in her brain and on her heart. Tolling off their joint income, dollar by dollar, penny by penny, she and Horace together, was a part of their Sunday's routine.

Sundays Nell often said were Horace-days. Horace had Sundays off also, and they spent their one free day together. For the most part they spent the day, planning, making schemes to make their dreams come true. While she had merely worked, Horace had slaved; he had scraped together a sum that matched her own savings and there was a little place up-stairs where he wished to make their home.

He wanted to marry at once, now that the little place was paid for, but when, Nell countered, when during the long years since they had known they

Continued on page 2

## HOLLINS STILL HELD ON TECHNICALITY

Sapula, Okla., May— Openly challenging the authority of the court to further hold Jess Hollins, charged with assault on a white woman, Judge E. P. Hill, attorney for Hollins retained by the N.A.A.C.P., branches in the state, presented a plea Monday before Judge Gaylord F. Wilcox in which he demanded the immediate release of the defendant. The motion was denied and Judge Hill gave notice of appeal to the criminal court of appeals.

The legal question upon which Judge Hill based his plea for the release of Hollins arises from the failure of Judge Mark L. Bozarth, Okmulgee, when he sustained a demurrer of Hollins' attorney, to instruct the county attorney to file a new information. Hollins' attorney had charged the original information was faulty and Judge Bozarth sustained him. But no new information was filed and on February 28 the case was dismissed.

Judge Hill now claims before Judge Wilcox that Oklahoma law provides that his client shall go free when the Judge sustaining a demurrer to an information fails to direct that a new information be filed.

Judge Wilcox objected vigorously to this interpretation of the law. He asked Hollins how he would plead and when Hollins' lawyer said he had instructed his client not to plead because he defense did not recognize that Judge Wilcox had any jurisdiction, Judge Wilcox himself pleaded Hollins not guilty and set May 16 as the date for trial. It is expected that the appeal from Judge Wilcox's ruling will operate to prevent the trial on May 16. Hollins' attorney is confident of a reversal of Judge Wilcox's ruling and cites the plain language of the Oklahoma statutes and court decisions on this particular point.

Hollins was arrested first in Sapulpa in December, 1931 and was tried and sentenced to death in a courtroom set up at night in the basement of the jail where he had no lawyer, no friends or advisers. He was about to be hanged on August 18, 1932, when the N.A.A.C.P., was called in on August 15 and his case was appealed to the Oklahoma Supreme Court, which instantly reversed the verdict of death and ordered a new trial.

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**THE NEW SPIRIT**

...ever before in the history of mankind has the call been so urgent for true devotion, for unselfish service, for singleness of purpose, for united action on the part of all men of all nations and races than is that call today.

It was but yesterday that all the channels of human energy, all of the brains science and all the wealth of the world was focussed upon the creation of engines of destruction of human life. The British tank, the French Jack Johnson, the German Zeppelin, the 75 mile range gun, poison gas, liquid fire, are the creation of the world's most advanced science and the outpour of immeasurable energy. Let us suppose, if we may, that this vast reservoir of energy, wealth and brains had been spent in another direction, and then let us infer what the result would have been.

Suppose even a small portion of the cost of the war had been expended in educating the world's children, in teaching them of the oneness of the human family, in teaching them to discern the beauty in the golden rule (do unto others), in teaching them of the beauty and blessedness of all nature round about us, of the sacredness and truth of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

And suppose another part, merely a small portion had been spent to alleviate the sufferings and sorrows of the world in dispelling ignorance and in removing the cause of the crimes and the evils of the world.

And now let us suppose that still another small portion had been expended to help the whole human family realize the one thing for which the world is suffering to-day—the one thing, the lack of which is the cause of all the social, industrial, national and international unrest, the one thing for which the whole world is longing and yearning to-day—that one thing is THE NEW SPIRIT. For the unrest so manifest in the world to-day is not material, nor will material things change it, but rather it is a blind groping and an unconscious search after the new spirit.

If the wealth of the world had been spent along these lines which we have mentioned would the peace conference following such a crusade have ended as did the peace conference at Versailles? The horrors of the world war are manifold and terrible, but as bad as was the poison gas and liquid fire the bankruptcy of nations, 10 millions of dead and as many maimed and crippled, the blight upon the minds of our children, during the agencies of this war, the millions of widows and orphan children, the cheap-

ness of the value placed upon human life, the great tidal wave of crimes now sweeping over the whole world,—as bad as these may seem to us, the worst aspect of the war is revealed in the fact that after all of these untold sufferings the world has not yet come into that new spirit the spirit of brotherly love. The spirit of selfishness is still supreme and man still arrays himself against his brother. We see still the greed of capitalism driving labour further into materialism which manifests itself in our constantly recurring strikes. We hear the cunning capitalist say, not in spirit—but in words—"let us be brothers and reason together." We hear the restless laborer retort: "Speak not to me of brotherhood when I am seeking only a living wage, when I have not enough to pay the rent for the little humble dwelling I call home." We see nations still bearing the sword against nations. We see the spirit of caste and discrimination, we see how the world is still practicing and cherishing many artificial and unjust lines of distinctions. We see the schools and institutions of the world so conducted and so modelled as not to bring out the spiritual best in our children but to secure the greatest amount of work from the individual in order that the capitalist shall receive the greater profit. We see still the good of this world, the resources of the earth which was meant for all distributed not proportionately nor yet according to merit but he who holds the scepter say is the incarnate of that doctrine that might is right. We see still the nightmare of that spirit which was intended to make the weak weaker and makes the strong stronger.

We have referred to this spirit of brotherhood as the new spirit and yet it is as old as is the beginning of the ages. It was proclaimed by him who said, "So God created man in His own image and hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth."

And again when it was written: "God hath shown me I should not call any man common or unclean." And again when it was said: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." Again when it was written: "In Christ there is neither Greek nor Jew, bond or free, but Christ is all and in all."

**Two Old Women  
A-Shopping-Go**

Continued from page 1  
belonged to each other, had he not wanted to do so?

As though some of the glow from the steady flame of his adoration reached out to her, Nell felt her cheeks grow hot.

Suddenly she knew that it was hard on Horace, harder than upon herself. Black men really had tougher sledding than black women, she thought, tenderly. She loved him so, she communed in her heart. That's why she wanted things; demanded them, those things that later, would ensure their peace and contentment in their nest of a home. That's why . . . She checked herself, smiling whimsically at finding herself beginning to use all the arguments that she was wont to use upon Horace over and over to convince him that they must work in and wait a little longer.

Then for no reason at all, two old figures lumbered through her consciousness, glimmeringly like moving shadows on a wall.

One very black and stout old lady, one very stout and white old lady said: "No suh, they'll never come through what we done come through." "Lord, shile, they couldn't begin to do 't."

Nell tossed back her head and laughed . . . The darling funny old dears!

Aroused from her day-dreams, her slender brown fingers played for a time, on the keys of her typewriter, but thoughts of Horace would not down. As the moments sped, her thoughts became laden with foreboding; she decided to call him. It was against the rules, but just this once.

—Employees must not use telephone during working-hours except emergencies.—

A placard advised her as she dialed. It was emergency she concluded grimly. Never before had such warning intuition driven her. Never before had a desire to call to Horace through space tormented her as it did now; never before had longing, intense as pain made her want to stretch out her arms and encircle him close, close to her heart. . . .

"Horace Caaning has quit the company," an ironic voice informed her over the wire.

"Horace—quite—his—job?" Nell gasped the words foolishly and was restored to sanity only by the sound of a faint click striking into her ear.

She alighted from the car four blocks from home. She had not found Horace, though she had verified the information received by telephone. Horace had given up his job, though, that no longer mattered; she had lost her's too. She had given it up to look for Horace.

She could not avoid seeing the knot of people gathered on the corner. A cursory glance revealed it to be several boys in their teens and younger mingling with the usual motley street crowd that is attracted willy-nilly to anything that happens. Intent with her own concern she was hastening on when some horrid cataclysm rushed out to meet her, paralyzing her until sight and sound and feeling swirled and clashed into one agonizing tempest of emotion that sent her running, screaming heading into the crowd. Horace was in the midst of it, a disheveled funny-looking Horace, out her Horace!

Magically, they made way for her to pass . . . Save for a few taunts—a prolonged "Boo," "sic 'em, Sic 'em, "Atta Girl," "Geese"—nothing was done to hinder her. Presently, she was beside Horace, placing trembling hands upon his shoulder. At her touch, he turned, looked at her a moment, unknowingly, and announced thickly:—

"I need-sh my girl, hic, but she-sh won't-sh have me!"

Nell's grasp on his shoulder tightened; she shook him furiously . . . "Horace, oh Horace, how could you? How could you?"

The crowd dwindled away. As for that, Nell had forgotten that there ever was a crowd. She looked for a taxi. Horace lurched heavily against her, and asked in ludicrous bewilderment:

"Is-sh you, hic, Nellie by-sh any chanc-sh?"

"Tut, tut . . ." said someone close

beside her, with a voice whose high old cackle dropped through Nell's dismay like a ray of sunlight into a dark crevice.

"He be your'n honey, your man?" queried the voice. Nell knew it belonged to the old black woman of the morning.

"Take im, chile don't you dast to leave 'im when he needs yo'." chimed in another quavering old voice. "Just you take 'im home. A cup of right hot coffee'll fix 'im or a speck of tomatoes 'will be better."

Without more ado, they were walking together. The trundling gait of the two old women matching nicely with Horace's unsteady steps.

"'Tis a trouble men folks be," offered one.

"But a sweet trouble 'tis," proffered the other.

"Trouble ain't never harmed nary one of us. What's more, us wimems can make men folks what us choose to."

"Deed so! Us 'tis what makes em or breaks ems."

Then they performed a tempered replica of their high cackling laughter of the morning. Soon afterwards, they left her, turning off down their street.

The next day, while Nell sat waiting proudly high-headed, looking straight ahead she was not so certain that these two old ladies had really joined her. Yet without effort, she could vision the black old woman in her sueer black coat and the old white woman in her brown bonnet and red-knitted sweater. Oddly enough, their high cackling old voices still rang in her ears;

"Trouble ain't never harmed nary one of us," made a tune like a Spiritual. . . .

"The idees and the whimsies of these 'ere young 'uns do beat me," was an epitome of the wisdom of old age.

"No suh, they'll never come through what we done come through."

"Lord, chile, they couldn't begin to do 't," was like a skit of Negro comedy, and Nell tossed back her head and laughed.

The intangibility of those two old women enthralled her. Life, too, was like that, Nell mused, made up of intangible veils that became real only as you lifted them one by one, always, to find others and yet others, on and on. Love was one of the veils so gossamer and fine, so fragile and easily broken. Love was one of life's veils that could never be brushed aside to grasp another. If you dared, once having it, to let it go, it was lost forever. You had to take it when you came to it, but once you caught and held it, it became for all time a magic carpet.

Horace was coming towards her; tickets were in his hand. The porter was calling their train. Above all the ensuing bustle of departure, she caught the sound of a high, old cackle:

"Deed so! . . . 'tis us what makes 'em or breaks 'em." All aboard!

At last, Horace and she were settled in their seats, on their way to the little place up-state, still short thousands of dollars of what they intended having. Gut she was glad, oh so glad.

"Happy?" asked Horace suddenly, his arm going around her.

"Happy!" breathed Nell with a great content.

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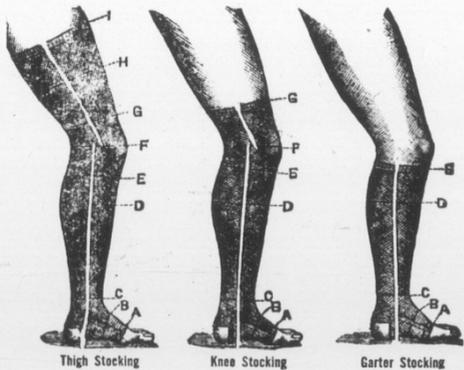
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## Thanks N.A.A.C.P. For Fighting Case

Boston, Mass. May 12.—With lawyers busy preparing his case for hearing in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, on May 23, George Crawford, wanted by Virginia for murder, extended his warm thanks to J. Weston Allen and Butler Wilson, N.A.A.C.P., attorneys, who thus far have kept him out of Virginia.

"I did not have a friend in this town," Crawford said, "and when that lawyer from Virginia came to the jail he put words in my mouth and said I confessed. I did not confess, but if it had not been for the N.A.A.C.P., I guess I would have been back in Virginia and may be sentenced to death by now. I didn't kill Mrs. Hsley. I was here in Boston when it happened. I don't know about all these law points brought up in the court by Mr. Allen and Mr. Wilson, but I know I am innocent. I sure thank the N.A.A.C.P., and Mr. Allen and Mr. Wilson.

Crawford leaped into the nation's spotlight on April 24 when Judge J. A. Lowell, federal district judge, granted a writ of habeas corpus, freeing Crawford, whose extradition already had been ordered to Virginia by Governor Ely of Massachusetts. Judge Lowell held that a statement in evidence by a Virginia Judge, lawyer and sheriff that Negroes were excluded from jury service made the indictment and all subsequent legal action unconstitutional. His action was based upon U. S. Supreme court decisions which have held convictions void where Negroes are excluded from jury service. The state appealed the decision to the circuit court of appeals and Crawford was held in \$25,000 bond.

Judge Lowell's decision aroused nationwide comment and caused southern congressmen to move for his impeachment in the house of representatives and to appropriate \$5,000 to investigate him.

### TIES WORLD DASH MARK

The Fleet-footed Jimmy Johnston Flashes On 100-yard Dash in 9.4 Seconds.

Normal, Ill., May—With Jimmy Johnson's equalling the world's record as a high light, State Normal's track and field team overwhelmed the Illinois College thinsies by a 84 1-3 to 46-2-3 margin on McCormick field last Wednesday.

### Johnson Ties Mark

In spite of a slow track and frigid weather conditions, Captain Johnson further proved his right to rank with the world's outstanding sprinters by breezing the 100 yard dash in :09:4 seconds to tie the recognized world mark. Three watches caught the Springfield flash at this mark and what wind there was was a cross wind and did not aid the runners materially so the mark will undoubtedly stand as both an All-time Normal record as well as a field record.

In addition the Birdie captain coped the 220 yard event in :22 bat and ran a fast quarter on the winning relay team to share scoring honors with Lyle Hutton who won the half and mile and also ran on the relay team.



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### NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Every people has its group expression in its folk-songs. Those of the Negro are known as Spirituals or sorrow songs.

These songs are made whereby the group expresses its joys and its sorrows, its laughter, its hate and its tears.

One peculiar feature, however, of the Negro Spirituals is that they are singularly devoid of any expression of hate.

The Negro folk-song, the rhythmic cry of the slave, stands today not simply as the sole American music but also as the most beautiful expression of human experience born this side of the seas.

It has been neglected, it has been, and is halfdespised, and above all, it has been persistently mistaken and misunderstood; but notwithstanding it still remains as the singular Spiritual heritage of the Negro people.

What are these songs? And what do they mean? They are the music of an unhappy people, of the children of disappointment; they tell of death, suffering and unvoiced longing toward a truer world of misty wanderings and hidden ways.

Through all the sorrow of the sorrow songs there breathes a hope, a faith in the ultimate justice of things.

The minor cadences of despair change often to triumph and calm confidence; and sometimes it is faith in life, sometimes faith in death; sometimes assurance of boundless justice in some fair world beyond. But which ever it is, the meaning is always clear; that sometime, somewhere, men will judge men by their souls and not by their skins.

What is the secret of the wide variety and perennially fresh appeal of the Spirituals? How is it that an audience can listen to them for two hours without interlude and without boredom or satiety? The Negro took as his basic material just his native African Rhythms and the King James version of the Bible and out of them created the Spirituals; how then was he able to produce a body of 5 or 500 religious songs with so little monotony of treatment and effect? One explanation is the fact that, although

the Spirituals in a general classification fall under the heading "religious songs," all of them are by no means religious in a narrow or special sense.

All of them are by no means songs of worship, although having a religious origin and usage. In the Spirituals, the Negro did express his religious hopes and fears, his faith and his doubts. In them he also expressed his theological and ethical views, and sounded his exhortations and warnings.

Songs of this character, constitute the bulk of the Spirituals; but in a large proportion of the songs the Negro passed over the strict limits of religions and covered nearly the whole range of group experience—the notable omission being sex.

(To be continued)

#### ATTAIN 'NOTE' IN BROADCASTS

"The Southernaires" gifted male quartet, heard every Sunday over an NBC-WEAF network at 10:00 a.m. Eastern Standard time, have made an enviable reputation in their rendition of Spirituals and Negro Melodies, many of them old tunes which have been almost forgotten. "The Southernaires" have become one of National Broadcasting Company's most popular features. In addition to their singing on the Southland Sketches Program on Sunday morning, they are also heard in "Careless Love," a series of dramatizations of Southern Life broadcast over the NBC network on Sunday afternoons.

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**STRATFORD NOTES**  
Mr. Lewis Groat, brother Bill and mother, Mrs. Groat, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Harris were the guests of his wife, Mrs. Grace Groat on Sunday for a few hours.

Mrs. Harrison and daughter paid a visit to Mrs. Kelly, in London to an afternoon tea.

A concert was given by the B.M.E. Church of London in the City Hall. It was a great success both spiritually and financially.

**CHATHAM NOTES**  
Miss G. Lynn became the bride of Mr. Thomas Timbers a few days ago. They will make their home in Windsor.

The BaseBall Boys entertained the London BaseBall Team and friends to a social evening and dance.

The service in the A.M.E. Church on Mother's Day were well attended during the day were well attended during the day.

Mrs. Poindexter was the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Poindexter for a few days.

Mr. Lewis Groat paid a short visit to the city visiting old friends and relatives.

**LONDON NOTES**  
On April 24th Miss Freida Anderson became the wife of Mr. Edward Wiffen. The service was performed by Rev. L. W. Reid of Grace Church. The bride and groom spent their honeymoon in Toronto with the bride's sister, Mrs. John Hunt. They will make their home in the city.

Miss Dorothy Moxey, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCurdy spent their holidays in Emherstburg, returning home a few days ago expressing a very pleasant trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell and daughter, Miss Vivian Knox, spent a pleasant Sunday visiting Miss Saxonia Harris and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Hollisworth will be the guest of their mother, Mrs. Henderson in Ingersoll, on Mother's Day.

The newly organized Jubilee troop of the B.M.E. Church is giving their first public recital at the Stratford City Hall on Thursday evening, May 18th, we wish them success.

The Sunday School is assisting the Maitland St. Baptist Church with a programme on Sunday May 21st at 3 p.m.

The Dunbar Social Guide will meet with the Young People's Club of the Wellington St. Church on Monday evening May 22nd in the Auditorium of their Church for a special programme.

Rev. and Mrs. Jackson motored to Chatham, Buxton and Windsor, on a business trip in the interests of the general work of the Church.

The Bell Hop Band of Hotel Lon-

don played three engagements for the unemployed association of the district, playing at St. George's and Langemarcn Hall.

Mrs. Florence Crane, formerly Miss Florence Lightburn of London, is residing at 655 East Garfield St. Detroit, Mich.

Miss Dorothy Moxley of Phillip St. was a gracious hostess to the girls of the Dunbar Social Guide on Thurs. afternoon, May 11th, from 4 to 6 p.m.

Mr. William Taylor is still seriously ill at Victoria Hospital. Mrs. Grayson of Toronto, daughter of Mr. Taylor also Mrs. White of Evanston, Ill. and Mrs. Brown of Detroit, sisters, are visitors in the City.

Mother's Day Services were well attended all day, special music was hung by the Choir. Rev. Jackson preached an eloquent sermon on Mothers.

**CORRESPONDENCE**  
A young widower (farmer) would like to correspond with a young single lady. Write to the Corresponding Club, Care of the Dawn of Tomorrow, for information.

**PATRICIA**

TWO FEATURES

*Vampire Bat*

AND

*Love on the Spot*

Showing, SAT—MON—TUES.

THE HIGHEST GRADE OF

**MEATS**

AT REASONABLE PRICES

**Lew Thompson**

Cash Bargain Meat Market

I SELL

**WATCHES, DIAMONDS**

SILVERWARE. LAMPS,  
CLOCKS.

Terms as Low as 25c Per Week

PHONE MET. 3760

**Wm. Magnen**

505 TALBOT STREET

# City of London Ontario



## Spend for Employment !

### *Good Business for You and Good for Business*

There is no increase in assessment for:

1. **PAINTING, PAPERING AND DECORATING.** Beautify and brighten your home. Painting pays.
2. **PLASTERING,** Repair walls and ceilings.
3. **CARPENTERING,** Repair creaking stairways, doors and windows that stick, window screens, sagging verandahs.
4. **HARDWARE,** Replace or repair locks, hinges, window fasteners, etc.
5. **WEATHERSTRIP,** Keeps cold out in winter, dust out in summer.
6. **INSULATION,** Keeps house warmer in winter, cooler in summer.
7. **CEMENT AND BRICK WORK,** Repair brickwork, sidewalks, etc. Have cellars and chimneys cleaned and repaired.
8. **TINSMITHING,** Have eavestroughs, gutters, rain pipes, etc. Furnace and pipes cleaned and repaired.
9. **PLUMBING,** Repair or replace leaky taps, save water bills. Replace worn out and obsolete bathroom fixtures.
10. **ROOFING,** Repair leaky roofs and replace old ones.
11. **ELECTRICAL,** Take no chances with fixtures or wiring that are not correct. Have extra outlets installed at convenient places.
12. **GENERAL REPAIRS,** Lay new linoleum, repair and paint furniture, etc. Beautify your home with shrubs and flowers. Clean up back yards as well as the front.

All or any of these items will pay dividends in health, comfort and convenience and retain the value of your property and give work to your fellow citizens, tradesmen, laborers and stimulate business.

Every dollar you spend will change hands at least 20 times this year. Keep dollars in circulation, benefit yourself and create employment. Labor is plentiful, material is cheap right now.

No increase in assessment for anything in above list. Items mentioned are just ordinary upkeep.

The Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London desire to encourage and request ratepayers to undertake work of this nature to give employment to those who are out of work.

Do necessary work. Help provide employment. Save on your tax bill for relief by creating employment. Do it now.

The City assessor will give citizens documents, if they so desire, as evidence of the fact that assessment on properties, on which repairs are made as suggested above, will not be increased.

H. BENNETT  
Assessor.

F. B. KILBOURNE  
Mayor.

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