

page of the 12 people in it, and porters yell and snatch until two of our fellow passengers, the chief customs inspector and the chief of railway police in the territory from Awash to the border, make order out of chaos and we file behind a safari of 17 porters, carrying trunks and grips on their heads, toward the hotel where Bollolakes runs. I am not quite sure yet whether there are five Bollolakes or whether Bollolakes has five hotels, but if you go into any Abyssinian town, the keyword for lodging seems to be Bollolakes.

VISITOR

We get a room, finally, and the porters are paid and shoved off the porch. Then I try to sleep. At four I am to be awakened by the hotel boy, but at three thirty I am awakened by a bedbug that starts at my right shoulder and crisscrossing down to my left hip before departing. The welts, like silver dollars across my back, go quickly and I sleep again.

Then the nightmare of getting porters again and re-entering the train. Our customs and police inspectors do wonders, with courtly courtesy to us and howls of Amharic to the porters, inspectors and train guards. We are off again. At the start the square wattle huts of the lower regions have changed to almost clean round tukuls of the plateau that are thatched with dura corn. Then comes another strip from Dante's notebook—a lava plain that no tank could ever pass, no foot soldiers cross without previous engineering provisions and full consolidation of each camp into a supply system. Over this lava bed of black rock knife-edges and mountain chasms, we reach the Awash bridge.

It is a thin steel span over a chasm in the black rock beneath which the Awash river runs toward the Danakil desert—losing itself in the hot sands of the country where the natives mutilate their enemies in a way that cannot be mentioned.

Italy could bomb this bridge, easily. It would cut off Abyssinia's train connection with the outside world. But what matter to Abyssinia at war for its hearths? The world has turned its back on Abyssinia for centuries and Abyssinia can lose its railroad without worry if the nations have already stopped trade with her.

Then the lava gives away and again is the mimosa and the thorn tree, with grasses rising thicker and thicker and occasionally a baobab with the weaver birds working at their nests. We pass the down-bound train, and this letter heads back to Djibouti while I enter the farm lands of the domains of His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie First, by the Grace of God King of Kings of Ethiopia, Lion of Judah—and his capital, Addis Ababa, where hotel clerks and goat herders are drilling ready for war.

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Throng Listens To Liberal Chief

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does it in the name of unemployment relief." The "peace, order and good government," legislation, he added, also gives Mr. Bennett full power to dictate what Canada shall do or not even in matters of so grave a nature as war.

TOWARDS DICTATORSHIP.

These were only indications of the direction in which the country was tending under Conservative rule. The country was heading towards dictatorship in which all the affairs of the people would come beneath the control of a single individual.

The time had come, said Mr. King, when Canadians must decide what the course of the next few years should be. The Liberal party, he said, was not a "one-man party"; nor was it a "one-ism" party, not standing "only for social credit or only for reconstruction." The Liberal party did not move in the direction of dictatorship; it moved rather in the direction of a greater freedom for the mass of mankind. Even as Liberalism in the past had fought for civil liberty, for political freedom, for religious liberty, so today it was fighting for "economic liberty."

In this struggle for economic liberty, said the Liberal Leader, the party had behind it all the finest traditions of militant Liberalism. It was a party with experience, like a great river nearing the sea. Its rich store of experience enabled it to deal with the present situation with those measures best suited to the hour. He felt confident, he said, that with this background and with

the vitality and enthusiasm which the younger generation of workers were bringing to the Liberal party, he could rely upon a measure of popular support which would ensure that a Liberal victory in the coming elections would mean better and more prosperous days ahead.

WELL KNOWN LIBERALS THERE

Among the large group of well known Liberals who occupied seats on the platform at last night's meeting were the following:

Miss Marjorie Dunsworth, president, 20th Century Liberal Club; Mrs. R. K. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. George Farquhar, Mr. and Mrs. Goffrey Stevens, Dartmouth; Hon. L. C. Gardner, Yarmouth; A. T. Logan, Pictou; Mr. J. Murray Logan, Hon. Michael Dwyer, Hon. A. S. and Mrs. MacMillan, Dr. M. E. McGarry, Inverness; Don. F. Fraser, M. L. A., New Glasgow; John Murphy, Halifax; William C. Wickwire, Halifax; Hon. C. W. Comeau, Comeauville; J. S. Smiley, K. C., Amherst; George E. Hagen, M. L. A., Halifax; H. B. McColough, Pictou; J. D. Collins, Amherst; Robert E. Finn, K. C., Halifax; Gordon B. Isnor, M. L. A., Halifax; J. D. McKenzie, M. L. A., Middleton; J. J. Kinley, Lunenburg; J. L. Hsley, M. P. Kentville; Hon. and Mrs. J. H. MacQuarrie, Halifax; Senator Hance Logan, Miss Annie Stuart, president of Nova Scotia Women's Liberal Association; W. E. Donovan, president Halifax City and County Liberal Association; Premier and Mrs. Angus L. Macdonald, Donald MacLennan, K. C., Inverness; William Duff, M. P., Lunenburg; Dr. D. J. Hartigan, New Waterford; Kenneth J. Cochrane, Cumberland.

The band of the Princess Louise Fusiliers, under the direction of Russell Ward, provided the meeting with some excellent musical selections during intervals.



The recipe for refreshment whenever you're thirsty or tired—is a long, cool, stimulating drink of Sussex Ginger Ale, the buoyant beverage. Cooling and energizing, it lifts you up when you feel down and starts you off again invigorated. Buy it by the case—in this 28 oz. economy-size bottle . . . Your dealer has it.