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Remarkable Cloth that Won't Wear Out!

Now readers, would you like a suit or pair of pants absolutely free! A most astounding offer is being made by a well-known English firm! They have discovered a remarkable Holeproof Cloth. You can't tear it! Yet it looks just the same as \$20 suiting. You can't wear it out no matter how hard you wear it; for if during six months of solid, hard grinding work every day of the week (not just Sundays), you wear the smallest hole, another garment will be given free! The firm will send a written guarantee in every parcel. Think readers just \$6.50 for a man's suit, and only \$2.25 for a pair of pants sent to you all charges and postage paid and guaranteed for six months' solid, grinding wear. Now, don't think because you are miles away you cannot test these remarkable cloths, for you simply send a 2-cent post card to The Holeproof Clothing Co., 56 Theobalds Road, London, W. C., Eng., for large range of patterns, easy self-measure chart and fashions. These are absolutely free, and post paid. Send 2-cent post card at once! Mention "The Advocate."—Adv.

Our Serial Story

The Road of Living Men.

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.
Author of "Down Among Men," "Fate Knocks at the Door," "Red Fleece," "Routledge Rides Alone," "Midstream," "Child and Country," etc.
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III.

A man's life is less where his body moves than where his thoughts are. I hungered for letters from Mary Romany

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The Cheapest Separator in the Long Run

The First Magnet is Still Running Perfectly

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So perfect is the design of the Magnet skimmer that it will skim milk hot or cold. No wobbling—the balance and weight of the Magnet allows proper skimming even when the machine is not level. And the double support of the bowl—running at top and bottom on bronze cushion bearings—ensures every drop of cream being taken cleanly and quickly.



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EASY TO RUN

LASTS 50 YEARS

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No awkward discs in the Magnet Skimmer. It's different in design and better for skimming, right down to the last drop. Open, and so never choked up. Impossible to get clogged with dirt.

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WRITE TODAY

as for the fulness of life; and this, of course, was the key to all my conjecturing, as to whether Libertad was absolutely cut off from the valley. All the crinkle was gone from the tough thin sheets that had waited for me in Guayaquil—two letters, one from Covent and one from New York, written within a week after my departure. I had hoped that her father would have the third for me. As I lay under the mosquito netting that first night and the hours passed, I seemed farther and farther from resigning myself to a state of calm for any lengthy period—with letters piling up in Libertad, and only a few soldiers of this Orion person, to prevent their delivery. . . . It was close to daylight when a voice challenged the watchman at the door of Headquarters. The old Master couldn't have been asleep, for he was on his feet and striking a match, before the challenger was admitted.

"Hello, there," I heard him say, as he lit a cheroot. His face was gaunt and gray in the flare of the match, but there was a flash of power in his eyes that was far from sleep. Then the lantern flamed and I saw Santell—red mouth, black wavy hair, a light rippling laugh with its shock of emptiness, and a blood-curdling oath for no particular reason. . . . I did not hear the news he brought, but the smoke of a cigarette floated to me, and I heard him dive, fully dressed, into a cot. Romany stood by the lantern for many minutes. . . . The episode must have disordered my old wakeful trends of mind, for there is a blank between the last glimpse of the figure in the lantern-light, and the crack of the dredge which roused me. The canvas above was leaking dawn. As I sat up, two letters fell from my chest to the blanket—transcripts from the mind and the heart of the Lovely Lady.

The sun was rising through the impassable gorge at the far end of the valley—a spectacle of such magnificence that a man must awake with good reigning in his soul from the vista, if not from the blessedness of incomparable correspondence. All the reds of morning blent their inner flames and intensified. That gorge which men could not enter, was a portal of the Gods. And down among the last shadows of the night on the river, the men of Romany were already toiling. I heard a step and he was beside me.

"This being alive gets rather deep at times," he said questioning, as he pointed to the multiple glory.

I was startled at the way he had picked up my thought and given it to me. Then I said I would stay, if he cared to arrange a regular dawn-delivery of letters.

"It will be some time before I can," he laughed. "There'll be a fight at the Headland first, but we'll do our best after that, Mr. Ryerson."

We watched the river activity in silence for a moment, and then he spoke of the men who had rushed in from the nearer towns when the magic word had gone out from Tropicana.

"They're worth knowing," he said. "I often think they're like migratory birds, that beat themselves to death in a cage, if held from their southern flights. Certain men must get off in the open somewhere. Back home they don't belong to the scheme of civilization at all. They've already enlisted for a fresh war before any mass-meetings are called in the town-hall. They're legging it frontier-ward, picking up equipment on the way—by the time the more stable citizens are weighing chances of eventualities. . . . And good riddance to most any community. Yet such are at the base of civilization. They clear the reek from far lands. When they pass on lawlessness dies out with them. . . . A particular type of the man I mean—is your friend Huntton, I take it—"

He had dawn a trifle closer, and I imagine there was an unusual intensity in his glance.

"There are two Hunttons," said I. "I like them both, but one very much. I'm waiting for him to come back."

He understood. "Such men aren't worth much down on the dredge, but out on the line with old Viringhy—Huntton is the sort, it seems to me, who would be there, when it came to action—"

"He's proven that to my satisfaction," I said. "Isn't Santell—that kind?"

"Poor lad, he's only happy when he