

### Miracle Furnace

By F. H. MacArthur

Twenty years from now we may be heating our homes with the new-type miracle furnace which engineers have been working on for some time.

In everyday lingo, the new machine is called a "heat pump" and its function is to extract heat from below the surface of the earth and transfer it to the home. One such miracle furnace may be seen in the city of Toronto and there are others in operation in the United States.

Engineers have now learned how to harness the earth's heat so that it can be made to heat homes, cook meals and warm water to a desired temperature. Below a certain level the earth never freezes, and as we go down deeper into the ground the earth's heat increases. In frigid zones (say at 10 feet below the surface) the temperature is around 32 degrees. In warmer latitudes it would be higher. For each additional foot of depth, one additional degree of heat is picked up. Going down to a depth of some 200 feet, the pump can heat a modern home to 70 degrees.

The pump itself is small enough to be installed in any attic or cellar, and, roughly speaking, here's how it works: Attached to the pump is a looped "U" pipe into which has been placed a solution called "refrigerant." Now, when this refrigerant is forced down the pipe (the liquid is at first cold) it begins to pick up heat. The further down it is forced the more heat it picks up. On the return trip this heat is retained because the pipe is well insulated. Once inside the well insulated pump, the refrigerant is compressed. This results in temperature being stepped up. The hot refrigerant is now forced by the pump into other coils, which in turn warm the air passing over them. It is this warm air which heats the home. When the refrigerant begins to cool, the pump again forces it down through the pipe, and the process is repeated all over again.

But here's another surprising thing, namely, in hot weather the water can pull a switch and, presto! the direction of the liquid is reversed, causing the refrigerant to pick the heat from the house and transfer it to the earth.

**NEW PAKISTAN INDUSTRY**

KARACHI, Pakistan — (CP) — Pakistan's first wool factory opened at Gujranwala, in West Punjab province, in November. The factory will produce 30,000 yards of yarn per month.

### KITTEN GIFT TOWELS

DESIGN NO. E-518

The three little kittens are colorful embroidery on kitchen towels. For iron transfer pattern No. E-518 contains 9 motifs about 3 by 7 inches with complete instructions.

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### Lonely Parade

By Fannie Hurst

"I do. Since it had to be this way, I'm glad it's over and done with. I wish them well, no grudge. I wouldn't have them any other way than happy. They will be, over in Europe, with what they have to live on."

"You must put them out of your mind now, as if they had never been."

"Yes, what is done is done. No brooding. I valued what I had when I had it. Lost it. I'm a taker-of-life-as-it-comes." The words had a finality. They seemed to crumble any hope. "It's the decree coming today—does something to the very heart of a man, Kitty."

"My dear friend!"

"You three gals have missed a lot, but your kind is spared a lot, even if you miss a lot."

"There are things, John, a woman doesn't want to be spared."

He sighed and turned his face toward the window out of which the prairie dog stared into the West. "I never owned her," he said irrelevantly, "so I guess you can't be said to lose what he never had. The half a loaf she gave me should have been galled from the start. In a way it was, but I kept hoping." He struck the table a loud bang, as if his thoughts hurt him. "It's better this way. The only thing to do was to let it go on happening—"

"My poor, poor John," she said, and patted his hand until all of a sudden he jumped back from it, as if her cigarette end had touched him.

"I liked her! I liked her so much that I stooped to make myself satisfied with what was left. And so we went on cheating each other. I could have gone on stooping to take what was left, but the sickness in her blood for the squirt got to be too much for her. She was a sweet woman."

"You're the one to be concerned about in this situation, John, because you matter most."

"A man at the end of a road doesn't matter. Since it happened the days just pass, and me with them. Getting toward the end, I guess."

**Chapter XXXIII**

Kitty had her hand on his again, pressing it down against the table. "Don't say that, John. Life is too good to be thrown aside as if it were an old rag—you're too good."

"Mine is—an old rag. I've had my day. It's been a good day. But love for life is running out of me like sand, I've had my share, though. More up than down. Mamma in her beginnings. What a woman! Children that have turned out well. A daughter in Sierra that doesn't happen to many men. Tragedies have crushed me down, but I won't leave life feeling cheated. And, except for Sierra, I won't leave it feeling regretful."

"Don't say that, John."

"When all is said and done, allowing for three fortunes, losing two, and fearing God as much as the run of them, my country and Sierra are as much as I've got to show for my life's work. And that's a very great deal. America gave me life and I would give mine back for her. There's millions like Florence, but women like Sierra don't happen along every day, any more than saints do. Her mother, thank God, lived long enough to know that."

"You're right, John. Not even you, her father, know what I know about her. There are hundreds who would rise up and call her blessed, if they only knew her name or address. She works like that."

"Don't fool yourself, I know. She thinks she's done with her inheritance, the way her sister Florence is. But there's another million I have cached away for her."

"That's grand of you, John. She'll spend it the way one of the saints would have spent it, if you could imagine a saint having a cool million to spend."

"I wish she wasn't quite so lonesome seeming. Even with friends like you—it sticks out all over her."

"You don't mean lonesome, John. If anything, there are too many people around Sierra. You mean lonely. That starts in the heart and has not to do with lonesomeness."

"Call it what you will, Sierra's that."

"When it comes to that, you can't tell any of us in Twenty-one East anything about that state of being known as loneliness. Has it ever occurred to you, John, that it's a man like you and a woman like me, both a bit dusty from the long road, might find themselves a bit lonesome for each other, without quite realizing it?"

"Can't say it has, Kitty, but it's something to think about."

"You see, I've figured it out. You're the newly divorced husband of the woman who didn't sufficiently value the qualities I respect and value."

"I—"

"On top of all this, you happen to be the father of a woman who means more to me than almost anything in the world. John, there's still time! Let me make the remainder of life over for you. For us both. I'm a good maker-over. I'm not a Sierra, who apparently was sent to brood over the woes of the world and do something about them. I'm just a smart girl from Kerry Patch. I'll do with your life what I can do with a room. Brighten it. Cretonne it. Flood it with light. Let me refurbish and refurbish your spirit. I'm ambitious, John. You know that. I know that. But your happiness will come first, and if my ambitions become a nuisance, they won't. I'm smart like that, John. And one of my ambitions will be never to clutter up your life with what you don't want. I want to be all things, John, to you—the father of my Sierra. It's what gave me the courage and the impudence—to come here tonight and take this chance of being thrown out of the house of the father of the woman I love best in the world, John!"

To be continued

### York Highlights

Mrs. Vernon Hughes and Mrs. C. Phillips of Harrington were visitors to York last week.

The many friends of Mr. Frank Watts who is a patient in the Prince Edward Island Hospital, wish him a speedy recovery and hope to see him home again soon.

Mrs. John Jay of Pisquid who has been vacationing in York for the past two weeks, the guests of her sister, Mrs. Harry Swan and Mr. Swan, motored to Stanhope and is now the guest of Mrs. James MacLaughlin.

A school meeting of York trustees and ratepayers met in Vasey's store on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock for the purpose of deciding on plans for a new school.

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE**

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### Dorothy Dix Says —

Continued from page 2

Yet I cannot bear to give him up and the worry over it is killing me. What shall I do?

X.

ANSWER: Marry the man and forget the past. Be a real mother to these poor little motherless children and rear them up into being fine women.

Don't be afraid of their heredity. Environment works wonders, and, if you bring these little girls up in a clean home that is full of love and happiness and instill ideals of purity and honor in their minds, there will be no danger of their following in their mother's footsteps.

And think what a great missionary work you will be doing. What greater good could you do in the world than to take this poor distraught man, with his helpless little children, and give them a wife's and a mother's love and care and comfort? And I am sure you will get your reward in having your old romance come true at last after so many trials and tribulations.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a young girl working in a department store and love pretty things. One of my many admirers wants to give me a coat. My mother objects. We are not engaged. I want

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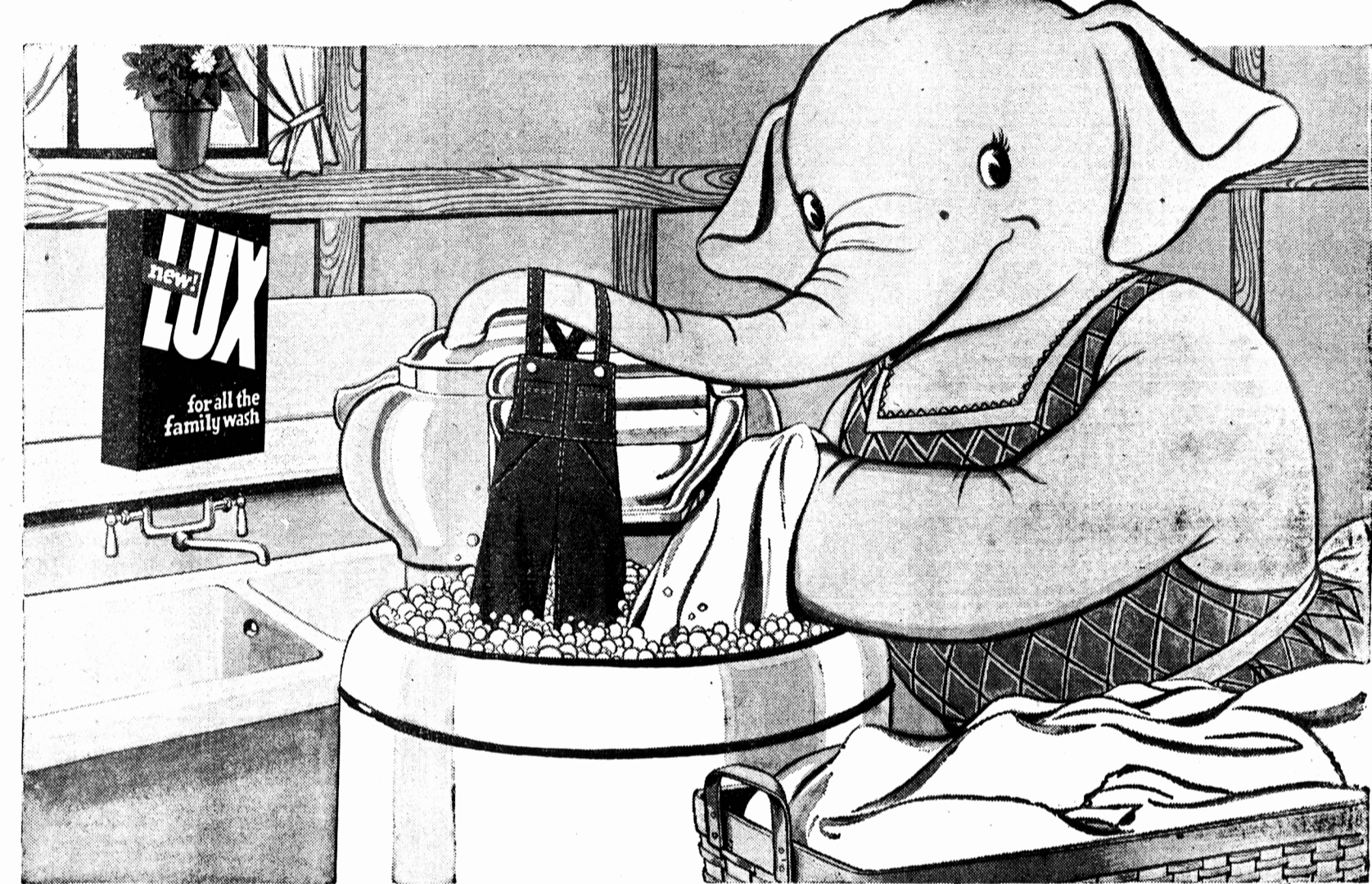
this coat very badly. Should I accept it?

FRANZ

ANSWER: Certainly not. Girls should not take expensive gifts from men to whom they are not engaged. One good reason for this is that the man always expects to be paid for his gift.

DOROTHY DIX never replies personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

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