

## The Action Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1924

### MY TASK

To have someone more dearly every day,  
To help a wandering child to find his home,  
To ponder over a noble thought, and pray,  
And smile when evening falls,  
This is my task.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,  
To do my best from dawn of day till night,  
To see my heart fit for His holy sight  
And answer when He calls.  
This is my task.

And then My Saviour by and by to me,  
With both hands made her task on earth complete,  
And lay my burden at my Master's feet,  
Within the flower walls,  
This crowns my task.  
—Henry VanDyke.

### MUSHROOMS

We sometimes hear the complaint that by neglecting to use the mushrooms that grow wild in the woods and the fields Americans are wasting an important food. This would be economical, but it is not so. Distinguish the edible from the poisonous varieties, and urge us not to despise this food supply, which, like the mushrooms of old, overnight, and make only a few places their home. They sometimes attempt to show that in nutritive value a pound of mushrooms is equal to a pound of beef, and this is an exaggeration that the chemist will disprove.

As a matter of fact mushrooms contain no more nourishment than any other of the thin green vegetables, and do not contain any more indigestible material. Protein, which is the muscle-building and waste-reducing element of food, contains nitrogen; and much analysis formerly assumed that this was the source of the protein content of any food by the amount of nitrogen it contained. That is how the mistake came about. Mushrooms contain, it is true, considerable proportion of nitrogen, but so do crab shells.

Some of the nitrogenous constituents of mushrooms, furthermore, are substances related to protein, but readily convert through putrefactive changes into or without the loss of nitrogen into active poisons. The amount of actual utilizable protein is perhaps as much as is contained in cabbage or in other green vegetables.

A good mushroom, when cooked, is a very juicy morsel and as such is a welcome addition to the dietary. You are absolutely sure that the vegetable you are growing in your lawn or in the neighboring field is the edible kind, by all means cook it and eat it. It will do you good and start the action of the gastric juice by reason of its palatability. But if you have the least doubt of the edibility of the growth—and many poisonously kinds look attractively innocent—better leave it alone; the risk is too great and the possible gain in nutriment is too slight.

### THE PROPAGANDA OF "THE TRADE"

The propaganda is accumulating that the citizens of Ontario will soon be asked to express their opinion on the Ontario Temperance Act, and possibly give their endorsement to the wisdom of introducing some form of government control and sale of intoxicating liquors. If one is to judge by the activities of the friends of the "trade" during the Referendum in Western Canada last year, Ontario faces a contest viewed from the standpoint of astuteness, tact, and general organization, abilities hitherto unknown in the struggle with the liquor interests of this Province. The plan being followed seems to be that each province shall be approached as it is prepared by a cessation procedure. Manitoba and Alberta have fallen. It appears tolerably certain that Ontario will be the next province in which the issue will be decided.

The apparent aim of the propaganda is to modify the Ontario Temperance Act and legalize the sale of wine and beer. The policy adopted by the Moderates League appears to be to recruit the opposition after the election of mind has been created through which the people are led to believe that prohibition is wrong and that it is impossible in practice; that there are no缺点 under the present O. T. A., and before prohibition came in; that bootlegging is a violation of prohibition and that disregard of the prohibition law is responsible for the general condition of lawlessness.

The friends of the "traffic" ignore, belittle, and deny certain facts: (1), that the consumption of beer fell from 9 pints per head in 1912, to 5 pints per head in 1922; (2), that domestic beer fell from 78.3 per 10,000 of the population in 1912 (or 7.2 in 1922); (3), that in Quebec domestic beer have steadily gone up, while in Ontario they have steadily gone down.

### USEFUL GRAPHITE

Fifty "cents' worth" of graphite used about the farm can be made to pay a high percentage of interest. Plated graphite is especially useful when it is rust preventive and will cure most of those squeaks on a truck or touring car. A little graphite applied to demountable rim studs will change a squeak and will make settling up the nuts easier and also act as a rust preventive. Applying the film while the nuts are seated will make settling up the nuts easier and also act as a rust preventive. Applying the film it defeats rust. However, this is not usually advisable, as it makes black smoke when it touches, especially the hands of the man who must remove and replace the tire. Before the plug is replaced a little graphite powder should be spread on the threads. This allows the wire to grip in to their limit without danger of breakage and at the same time helps to prevent leakage of compression, especially in carburetors on trucks and other heavy-duty engines. These plugs will also be easier of removal heat them.

Housed on either side of an engine-head mask of copper or like type it forms a binder and stick-out, and out that does not break down under heat and which does not cause sticking. It is serviceable to plain cups, brooms for spring holes, holding binding connections and the like, having the further advantage that even after it has been used up there will be enough graphite remaining in the parts to lubricate them for some time.

It is superior to white lead for gas-pipe joints and other joints that may be subject to heat or where future

removal is an important feature.

### BISHOP NOT WELL INFORMED

At the moment the voice of the Bishop had been preaching very eloquently upon the beauties of married life. Coming out of church two Irish women were heard commenting upon his address.

"Is a fine sermon his reverence was after giving us," said one.

"It is, indeed," replied the other with a smile. "I wish I knew as little about the master as he does."



### Sweetest Whistle Ever Blew

A day when April willows fringed the stream with gold,  
Or fifty years ago with freshening gold,  
Myself came trudging from the country school,  
Beside my grandpa, of the ways of old;

His joyful jack-knife trimmed, a ravish shoot,  
Nicked the green and hollowed To fashion for the child a willow flute,

His age exulting in the shrill delight,

"For 'tis," he said, "my grandpa made The sweetest whistle ever blew,

When I and he were you and me, And all the world we new."

To be in mine a grandfather's tulip,

Eagerly thrills as toward the pool We go,

We could not then never say and Wotted of wonders more than grandpa knew;

They and all seas, explore all giant waves,

Play wolves and bears, and pan-

thers where by far,

Are such as complacently as Indian braves,

And little boys their favored com-

By grandpa fore, well learned of yore, I hold the grandpa I most esteem,

Of dad and sis in Billy's eyes,

And boast the pompe supreme.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out the pith, and shape the flint,

Exact as long as will,

In April weather sweet as this,

My grandpa did when he would A whistler for a kiss.

Now, blade unclipped, I skirt the thorn,

One with-in from-all-the-willow's greenning strong,

The willow branches tacitly refuse,

To clip at last the willow without a prong;

It is mean, the smoothest reach to find,

Cut true around the tender back a bough,

Bevel the end, and artful tip she rind,

Draw out