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going in and the men coming out, going to the headquarters of brigades, divisions, and corps for exact information as to the progress of the battle from the generals and officers directing the operations, and getting into touch as soon as possible with the battalions actually engaged. All this is not as easy as it sounds. It is not done without fatigue, and mental as well as physical strain. It takes one into unpleasant places from which one is glad and lucky to get back. But we have full facilities for seeing and knowing the truth of things, and see more and know more of the whole battle-line than is possible even to divisional generals and other officers in high command; for we have a pass enabling us to go to any part of the front at any time and get the facts and points of view from every class and rank, from the trenches to G.H.Q. Because the correspondents sometimes tell the same stories it is because we tell them to each other, not believing in professional rivalry in a war of this greatness. Our only limitations in truth-telling are those of our own vision, skill and conscience under the discipline of the military censorship. I have no personal quarrel with that censorship—though all censorship is hateful. After many alterations in method and principle, it was exercised throughout the battles of the Somme (and for months before that, when there was no conspiracy of silence, but only the lack of great events to chronicle) with a really broad-minded policy of allowing the British people to know the facts about their fighting men, save those which would give the enemy a chance of spoiling our plans or hurting us. If there had been no censorship at all, it would be impossible for an honorable correspondent to tell some things within his knowledge our exact losses in a certain action, failures at this or that point of the line, tactical blunders which might have been made here or there, the disposition or movement of troops, the positions of batteries and observation-posts. These are things which the enemy must not know. So I do not think that during the whole of the Somme fighting there was more than a line or two taken out of one or the other of my despatches, and with the exception of those words they are printed as they were written.

The Beaver Circle

Little Bits of Fun.

"I guess my father must have been a pretty bad boy," said the youngster.

'Why?'' inquired the other. "Because he knows exactly what questions to ask when he wants to know what I have been doing."—Washington

certain Sunday school class in Philadelphia consists for the most part of youngsters who live in the poorer dis-

tricts of the city. One Sunday the teacher told the class about Cain and Abel, and the following week she turned to Jimmie, a diminutive lad, who, however, had not been present the previous session.

"Jimmie," she said, "I want you to tell me who killed Abel." "Ain't no use askin' me, teacher," replied Jimmie; "I didn't even know he was dead."-Harper's Weekly.

Katharine and her little friend Margaret found themselves seated next to one another at a party, and immediately became confidential.

"Molly told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her," said

"Oh, isn't she a mean thing?" gasped Katharine. "Why I teld her not to tell

"Well," returned Margaret; "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't you tell her I did!'

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

The Autobiography of a Horse.

I'm a very pretty horse of a beautiful ebony color, only four years old, and so far my life has been very pleasant. My master called me Black Aster, and I wish to give you a clear description of all my

When I was a young colt only six months old, I was put in a pasture field with my mother and a great many others. One day when I was frolicing about with my playmates, my attention was at-tracted towards a very pretty and interesting scene.

Away across the field I could see a road and a large battalion of soldiers parading. Most of the men were on foot, but ahead of them went four men on horseback and the horses were black like me, which made me happy. They were almost wild, and jumping around as if they felt very happy.

Just then my mother called to me and said, "This is a sight which you have never seen before. Perhaps some day you'll be going to the country of the same day." you'll be going to the same place as those

norses are.

I said, "Where are they going?"

My mother answered, "They are going to fight in a great battle."

I noticed that from one end of the battalion to the other it was almost three-

quarters of a mile. Not long after, when I was four years of age, I was sold as a war horse. Just then I thought of the others which I had seen that were so happy, so I thought that maybe I was going to fight in a battle, so I wondered what was in store

For many days other horses and drilled for the war. On July the twenty fourth, nineteen hundred and sixteen, was put on board a ship, and for about one week we travelled across the ocean. When the ship stopped I landed on French soil.

Shortly after that I reached the firing line. I shivered and shook with fright as the bullets whistled over my head, I even stopped and did not want to go on, but my master urged me, so dashed straight ahead and carried my master so bravely that he praised me There we had a terrible fight. master was shot and then I was lef without an owner, and it was a dreadful sight to look around me and see wounded dead and dying soldiers and horses. It almost made my heart ache.

I looked a little way across the field and there I saw a man without a horse he saw me and at once came to me, and again I had an owner, and I was glad We charged at the enemy with fierce madness, but I was forced back, because a bullet hit my leg and broke it. I lay on the battlefield almost a day, wel until that fight was over. Then farrier came and looked at me and said "that I might be brought back to Canad and be used as a cart-horse, as I was no fit for anything else. This was the only time of my life that I did not enjoy, but of course, you cannot live all your life in enjoyment.' EDITH SMIBERT.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I wrote once before, and though not seeing my letter in print I got courage enough to write again. I wrote another piece of poetry hoping to see it in print.

A Day in June.

DAWN.

The robin sings his song for breaking day, The apple blossoms fragrance scent the

The dandelions blossom by the way, No other morning e'er could be so fair.

The world is quiet now for it is noon, The bees have stopped their busy humming sound;

The robin has forgotten his sweet tune; So silence reigns in all the country round. EVENING.

The sun is sinking low in western skies, The frogs are chanting now a merry

And from a nearby swamp a night bird Sounding the close of a day in June.

Hoping the w.-p. b. has gone to the woods to pluck flowers.

EVA TAYLOR. Bobcaygeon, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my third letter to your interesting circle, and I saw both my letters in print. I tried my junior High School examinations on June the twentieth to the twenty-second, and think I was successful in everything but arithmetic and geography, which I thought were very hard.

We are going to move into our new school after summer holidays, which is

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