

# ON THE BRITISH FRONT *and* RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

## Among The Glaciers

**S**TAND with me on the summit of a Canadian Pacific Rocky Mountain. What a wondrous panorama is unfolded: not only of peaks and ranges, tier on tier, line on line, but of vast glittering fields of snow and ice, making a white world of the upper heights, a region of eternal winter in striking contrast of the flower-covered beds of the valleys a mile below us, or the green of the alpine meadows and the forest depths.

We are standing in a realm where rivers of ice flow, for it is one of the manifold wonders of nature that these huge snaky lines of ice are slowly but surely moving down the mountain slopes to their death in a terminal moraine. And while they thus travel down hill, they are at the same shrinking, so that with few exceptions they show a gradual recession which is marked in some glaciers by scientific study, huge boulders carrying the year when the toe of the glacier reached that spot, with later markings indicating the shrinking process. The Illecillewaet Glacier, for example, retreated up the valley, between 1890 and 1898, a distance of no less than 552 feet.

The Illecillewaet glacier, in the Selkirk, is one of the largest remaining glacial deposits in the Canadian ranges, a gigantic icy river of green and white-flowing valleyward with a magnificent sweep. Longfellow's description comes to mind as one gazes on the scene as "a glittering gauntlet which the frost king has thrown in defiance of the sun," and so it seems as it glitters back its radiance from its white bosom and its crystal architecture.

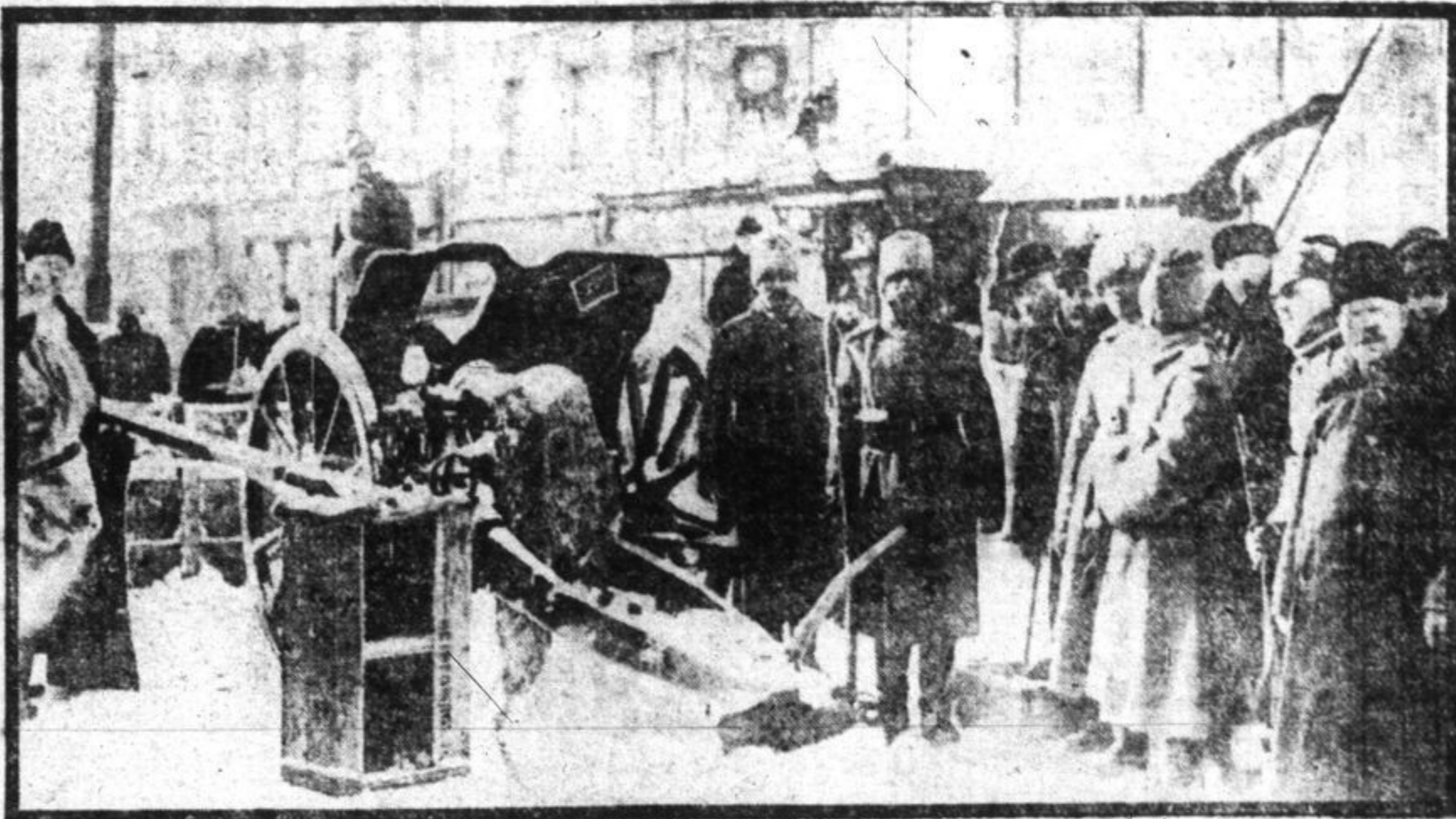
Or stand on Lefroy or Hungabee, or better still, on Temple, in the Lake Louise region, and again the eye is held in thrall with the colossal canvas and the icy glaciers on every peak. Who will forget that superb view of the Victoria Glacier from the Lake Louise Chateau, or the white masses on the lofty roofs of the Ten Peaks when a full moon floods them with silver light? The sheen of a hundred sparkling waterfalls makes a drapery, while at times the ear is bombarded with the sound of a mighty avalanche tumbling from inconceivable heights.

The wonder of the glacier is more fully realized when they are explored at close quarters, when their fantastic caverns and awesome fissures are entered or crossed, when the mountain climber picks his way over a mass of ice masses thrown up as if in mortal agony by the pressure of the upper deposits that cause the downward movement. Yonder is the snow field from which the glacier flows, here is a "bergschund" as the ugly-looking crevasse is called that separates the glacier from the mountain side. Seracs—curious ice towers—look like monuments of the gods, and the tongue of snow marks the end of the glacier from whence flow the melting waters that mark the birth of great rivers.

In this vast Canadian Garden of the Gods, of Rockies and Selkirks, in which scores of Switzerland could be put, nothing is more wonderful than the great glaciers ever journeying to their obliteration, ever sweeping toward the valley beds.

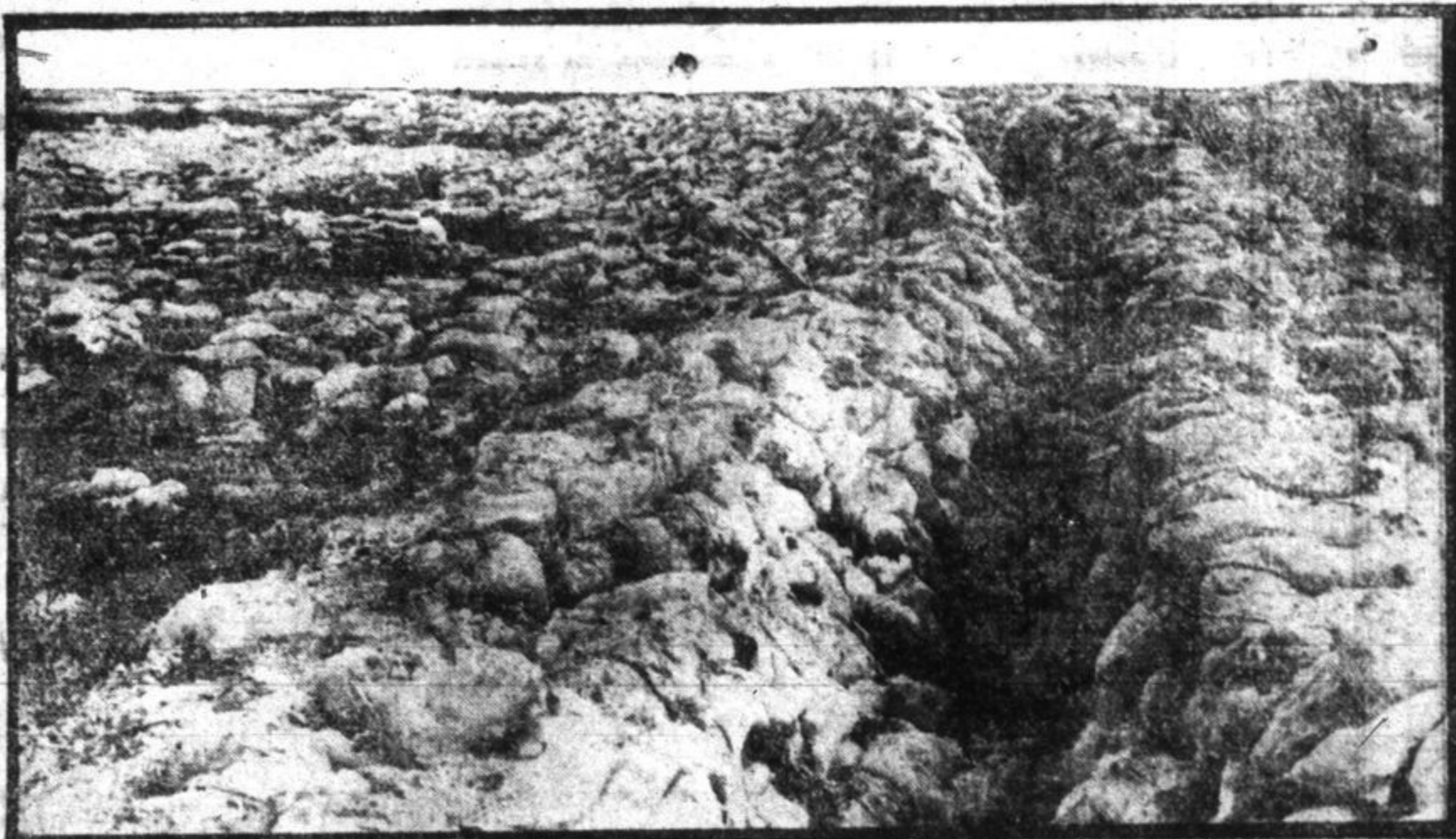


Ice pinnacles on the Crest Glacier of the Illecillewaet Glacier, B.C.



Field piece behind barricade on the Letania and protecting arsenal.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



British advance in the West—An old British trench near Fricourt, showing the number of sand bags used in construction.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



British Western Front—The fall of Peronne—on the track of the Hun—some of our troops entering the town of Peronne.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Revolutionary Soldiers—On the red flag in white letters is printed, "Down with monarchs and dynasty."

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



British Western Front—The inhabitants of a newly captured village interested in a British machine gunner.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Temporary office of staff of chief of militia.

—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.