SIXTEEN

THE COURIER, BRANTFORD, CANADA SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1917.

## ON THE BRITISH FRONT and RUSSIAN REVOLUTION Among

## The Glaciers

S TAND with me on the summit of a Canadian Pacific Rocky Momitain. 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-novered beds of the valleys a mile below us, or the green of the alpine meadows and the forest depths.

dows 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 shrink-ing, 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 indi-teating the shrinking process. The fillecillewast Glacier, for example, re-treated up the valley, between 1890 and 1898, a distance of no less than M52 feet. 1452 feet. The Illecillewaet glacier, in the Sel-

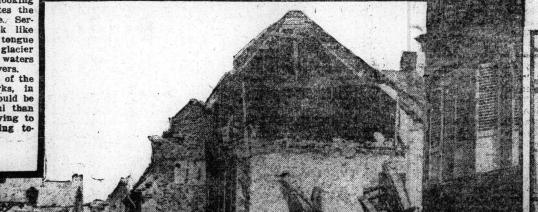
The lifectile wat glacier, in the Ser-fkirks, is one of the largest remaining glacial deposits in the Canadian ranges, a gigantic icy river of green and white-flowing valleyward with a and white-howing valleyward with a magnificent sweep. Longfellow's de-scription comes to mind as one gazes on the scene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

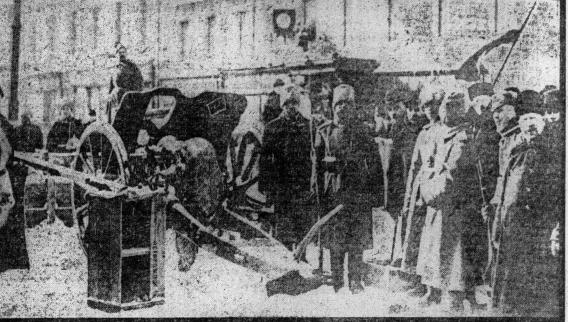
tecture. Or stand on Lefroy or Hungabee, fr better still, on Temple, in the Lake Louise region, and again the eye is Louise region, and again the eye is held in thrall with the colossal canvas and the icy glaciers on every peak. Who will forget that superb view of the Victoria Glacier from the Lake Louise Chalet, or the white masses on the lofty roofs of the Ten Peaks, when a full moon floods them with silver Nebt? The shear of a bundred energy light? The sheen of a hundred spark-ling 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 en-tered 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 vement. Yonder is the snow field from which the glacier flows, here is a "bergschrund" as the ugly-looking crevasse is called that separates the glacier from the mountain side. Ser-acs — curious ice towers — look like monuments of the gods, and the tongue or shout marks the end of the glacier that mark the birth of great rivers. scores of Switzerlands could be

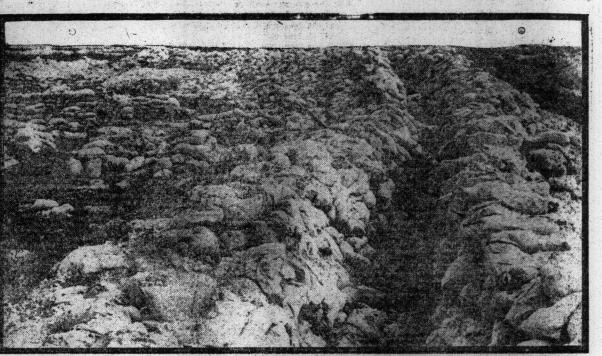


Tee pinnacles on the Great Clacier of the Illicillewaet Glacier, B.C.





Field piece behind barricade on the Letania and protecting arsenal. -Photo by courtesy of C. P. E.



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.





German in British Un Caught by a Sharp E Officer

CHAPLAIN TAKEN Spy Had Pockets F Maps When Discrepa Was Detected

Russell Gore writes in Russen Gore writes in troit News: The Padre met t strolling back of the lines. Padre's routine takes him where—into the trenches, t ets where men rest and back of the the the the smoke after doing their "bit firing line-the hospitals dying are calling for the co of the church, the streets villages where men pause a even while occasional shells even while occasional shells ing over their heads. It was on the street the chaplain met him. He had bl a fair skin, and wore the un the British army. The cycs them the suggestion of a sn they looked straight at yo dently. The uniform was the tion khaki in which all the et the front seems to be dr tion khaki in which an in at the front seems to be dr was a detail of this unifo caught the chaplain's attent three black buttons, denotin tain's rank, that adorned th ettes on the officer's should been sided

been gilded. "Quite an idea," agreed th pausing to chat with the and commenting on his bri tons

tons. The two stopped to exchan gossip about London. The knew London as well as th He was full of the up-to-da mation about the best the He was full of the up-to-da mation about the best the which to while away an and the best places in whice a meal not too much curtaile dietary regulations. He spo lish perfectly. "One of Us, I See."

Another British officer s by. He was one of the Pad quaintances, and the chapla

him. "See how our friend here bished up our sober shou tons," he said by way of in the man with the honest bl But he noticed that the foer dismissed the gilded buttons with a glance, and fixed his eyes on two butt small and inconspicuous bu the sleeve of the stranger's "You're one of us, I see." cordially, and extended h The Padre noticed idly sleeve also had two button edge. Curiously he glance own uniform—supposed to ly like that of every other H cer except for the black of that identified him as a For the first lime he not "there were no buttons on of his sleeve. And there wer tons on the sleeves of any of dozens of officers who wer and repassing the group. "Yes — sure—Ye S him. "See how our friend here "Yes — sure ye s course," answered the blue ficer to the newcomer in t "The" Regiment. Then the officer the Pa

called over began to ask about the regiment. They w just as though the other m about what regiment he w ing. The Padre wondered because there had been ne

who was pacing back

British Western Front-The inhabitants of a newly-captured village interested in a British machine gunner. -Photo by courtesy of C. P. R. 

-Photo by courtesy

Street scene in Triest Each day brings Gen. Cado