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aptain G.C. Apfeld,





Ted his Crew into the Mordiand

M ship than on a velvet carpet, Grain Apfeld blushed and shifted + Vote during his visit to the

"LI, broad-chested, bewhiskered,
"LI round cheeks that would have
s.one red enough without the blushes,
he was a curious contrast to the

President and the young author who c.t at luncheon with him.

In deference to Captain Apfeld's modesty, little was said on this occasion of his heroic deeds. Never, indeed, has he enjoyed talking of them.

Even after he had saved the 300 people on board his ship, the Wassland, when it sank after a collision off Holyhead four years ago, and he sacrified his fortune of \$10,000 to Neptune rather than lose a passenger's life, he has refused to speak for himself, leaving the tale of his hero-



example, and even physical force when necessary, he directed the fill-ing of the lifeboats and hurried on the

the wreck, who was especially impressed, was a wealthy New York merchant. He was so concerned over the loss of the Captain's fortune that he stated that if the story were true he would be glad to give the hero the \$10,000, or to buy him a

home in this country so that he could carry out his hopes.

Since then, however, Captain Apfeld's wife has died at Antwerp, and his hope of establishing for her a home on this side the Atlantic has

Captain Apfeld's "broken flower," his Flora, did not bemoan the loss of their money, but remained the same patient, saintly wife that she had on March 6, 1902.

on March 6, 1902.

The cold fact, developed by official inquiry, is that Captain Apfeld restrained the frightened crowd, had all boats safely launched and saved all on board—excepting a man who iumped overboard and broke his head, and a child who was pushed from a boat in the rush. In the incredibly short time of twenty-eight minutes all on the Waesland were saved

The deed was rewarded by King Leopold of Belgium with the knight-hood of the Order of Leopold. Later, the Captain was awarded a gold medal by the Royal Life Saving Docicty of Belgium.

it was on April 14, 1905, that the American Line steamship Friesland, Captain Apfeld in command, caught fire a thousand miles from the Delameter of the Lines of ware Capes, in voyage from Liver-pool with 114 cabin and 638 steerage passengers for Philadelphia. with the cry, "Come on, men, there's work to be done!" he seized a hose and swung himself into the fiery furnace, fed by bales of cotton and barrels of rosin, paraffine and wax. In an hour the fire was conguered

Not a life was lost, although Cap-tain Apfeld and the brave men who followed him had their faces and hands and limbs blistered, and the



"Two months before the great followed him had their faces and olympic games I arrived in Greece, hands and limbs blistered, and the captain's luxurious hair and beard in mastering the world's facetest unimastering the world's facetest unim

captain's inxurious hair and beard were singed close. Resolutions of thanks were signed by the passengers and this perfunctory honor was followed by the diploma of the Royal Humane Society of England, awarded personally by King Edward MI.

Many men become heroes in the face of sudden emergency, and affame with inspiration, do things from which, in cooler moments, perhaps, they would shink.

Not such a hero is Apfeld, but one of the sustaining kind—a man of iron will, a constitution of steel and a sense of duty nothing short of adamantine.

Sald MI. Sherring, telling de man let the mattering the world's floetest "Inners."

"I had no manager, no trainer, no assistant. but trained myself, living dutying the visiting the world's floetest "Inners."

"I had no manager, no trainer, no assistant. but trained myself, living the diplomassistant. but trained myself, living that time on goal's meet and lamb.

"On most of the days the thermometer stood about 80 degrees, and on the day of the race it felt to me like 90. Steadily I kept at my training, tollowing simple rules that appealed to my judgment and watching the other fellows onjoying the advantages of trainers, packets."

"It was the toughest race I was mantine."

will a constitution of steet and a sense of duty nothing short of adamantine.

Such a type of heroism did he evince on the Friesland in November, 1903, when with a big cargo, a crew of 148 men and 280 passengers, she was bound from Liverpool to Philadelphia.

Overwhelmed by a fog that defied the keenest eyes, Captain Apfeld stuck to the bridge of his big ship for 107 hours—five days and four nights—without a wink of sleep.

"I'll stay here till it's over," he said to the executive officer, mounting the bridge. And he did.

Two days passed, and still the fog. Two days passed, and still the fog. Sleep fought with duty. "It must lift soon," consoled the captain to thimself. But it didn't. On Thursday the officers begged the captain to smatch a wink of sleep.

"The roads were pretty even for the first few miles, but we ran in a seorching sun, with them." The roads were pretty even for the first few miles, but we ran in a seorching sun, with the dust six inches deep and a strong wind blowing in our faces.

"I jogged along, going easy and keeping my strength for the difficult hills I knew we would encounter toward the end. When we had covered the miles, Blake, who seemed the most dangerous, was half a mile ahead of me. Then he showed signs of distress, and I knew I had him beaten.

"Dally, the Australian, was going behind him; Cormack, the Irishman,"

W. P. Sherring

Sherring Winning the Marathon Race.