













## STEADY WORK

Patient perseverance, intelligently directed, seldom fails in missing its mark. The truth of this adequately shown in the sale of the Queen mine at Salmo to Wisconsin capitalists by William E. Walde, who has realized, after five years of work, a comfortable fortune through the disposal of his property. Yesterday the Queen mine was sold by the owner, W. Walde, to Wisconsin men for \$175,000, \$50,000 being paid down and the remainder to be paid at the end of 30 months. In the meantime the purchasers will pay 15 per cent of the mine and smelter returns to the vendors, the amount thus accruing to be instalments upon the purchase price.

But Mr. Walde has not forgotten his men who have been working under him for so many years past. The deal falls through and the property reverts if the payments fall in arrears or if the mine is closed down for a period of 30 days.

The deal was signed yesterday, on behalf of a syndicate of Wisconsin people, by A. D. Westby, who has negotiated the deal, E. V. Buckley, of Alma, Wis., G. J. Corcoran, of Madison, Wis., G. O. Linder, of Osseo, Wis., and J. Cannon, of Meridian, in the same state. The purchasers will go to work at once.

Just now the property is being opened up by a force of 38 men and a mill of 10 stamps is in constant operation. On the railway siding, awaiting the opening of the roads, are 10 more stamps, which will bring up the capacity of the mill from 185 to close to 400 tons a week.

It is 12 years since the mine was located. It has not, however, been worked continuously from that date. There have been many vicissitudes. Six years ago it was leased and 12 months later W. Walde took hold of the property and has worked it continuously ever since.

Mr. Walde is originally a lumber man and five years ago knew nothing of mining. He has learned and has spent many years in learning but the outcome has been good. He will now, however, go back to his old love and is taking up lumbering again. He is interested in the Sunset Mill, Ltd., a new company which has just acquired land in Vancouver island. In this he will be joined by another Nelson man, Fred Wolverson. Mr. Walde, however, proposes to make his home for the future in this city.

## QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS

STIRRING APPEAL MADE TO ALL CANADIANS

ALL HAVE THEIR PART IN THIS HISTORIC REVIEW

"O fortress City, bathed by streams  
Majestic as thy memories' great."

These significant lines addressed by the duke of Argyll to our famous Canadian citadel, as a fitting introduction to the appeal to the Canadian and other peoples of the empire in behalf of a Quebec memorial.

Containing, as they do, the fundamental idea of Quebec's greatness and national importance, they answer positively the question: Why should the Canadian people and all citizens throughout the Empire participate in the dedication of the Imperial Heights to the memory of those great souls French and British, who as discoverers, missionaries, statesmen, pioneers and soldiers were, in the true sense, founders of Canada?

When his excellency Lord Grey bowed forward his splendid project for the preservation of our famous battlefields, he inaugurated a movement which will endure his memory to all our people. And when Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific and all children of the empire throughout the world understand the true significance of the work undertaken by the battlefields association, they will not only heartily endorse the scheme outlined, but they will men and women, old and young alike, desire to give their time and money to the fund which is being raised for this patriotic object.

It is for the purpose of laying before our people in Canada and those in the motherland, the sister colonies and those of our blood to the south, the importance of this undertaking, that this appeal is made.

In July next it is expected that a check will be presented on behalf of the Canadian people and other patriotic citizens throughout the empire to his royal highness the prince of Wales, who will in turn present the memorial to the commission to be spent by them in the noble work of devoting this famous theatre of early Canadian history to the sacred memory of those eventful scenes which were enacted thereon and to those heroic spirits who are associated with its ancient walls. And it is to be hoped that every citizen of Canada, every school boy and school girl will offer some small mite to swell that national fund and will be proud to have a part in this heart offering of present day Canada to her heroic past.

In our Canada are a young and busy people over-engrossed in the material struggle of the hour and the moment. But if we stop to think and examine into our past we will discover that the ancient city of Quebec is the foundation pivot on which all our history turns, and so it is the starting point from which have gone out nearly all, if not all our great dreams of conquest, ideal and material; and that it is back to that that all our young communities, must, inevitably, in gratitude and sense of origin return.

From the remote days of Champlain, La Salle and Brebeuf to the modern present, all roads lead back to her, the citadel of our national dreams. What a province, what community, what portion of our people is not linked to Quebec by some bond, some tie of the near or remote past? Is she not from the very beginning secretly associated with the greatest events in our national and imperial history? Do not all these subtle, silent threads which bind the Dominion together, the ties of the common source in the grim old rock which fronts the famed river of Cartier and Champlain, of Wolfe, of Dorchester, Murray and Montcalm?

Is not this sufficient reason why we

should venerate this old city basked above her mighty tides sweeping forever seaward, as man's longings ever return to the past? Is not this the only place of our national origin, or beginnings, of our country's great natal day of preparation for all which was destined to follow.

It is for this, and not for the Quebec stands; and is for this reason alone that the coming tercentenary of the founding of Canada by Champlain and the institution of the Battlefields Memorial should be of deepest significance to every Canadian.

Throughout the empire and all over the world there is spreading a keen interest in this great and important gathering. Britain, France the United States and the sister colonies, all will take part in and be associated with the approaching celebration.

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It is in this spirit, of a common patriotism, that a scheme has been adopted by which we use the fund to be raised in a wise and patriotic manner so as not only to secure to the Canadian people forever the grounds on the Heights sacred to our common heritage, but also to erect and maintain a national museum as an instructive and otherwise worthy memorial of our heroic past.

This museum, it is intended, will be dedicated to the object of commemorating the development of our country and people from the earliest days. In it each province will have its place and hold its part in its architecture, decoration and contents. Canadian history and art will vie with each other in repeating, in painting, sculpture, parchment and relic the story of Canada, and its navel, the great gulf, the straits, that famed Norman and Breton gateway to the present and future dreams and achievements of this New France and this new Britain of the western world.

It is true that we have in Canada other places replete with sacred memories of our storied past, places especially dear to the children of our different provinces and communities of people. Quebec Heights in Upper Canada, is one of these, a spot next to Quebec, dearest to all Canadians. But none of these are quite in the same sense what Quebec has meant, means now and will mean evermore (as time goes on) to the whole Dominion. All of these places have their niche in the walls of the temple of our national heart's memory. But chief of all looms the grand old gateway of the St. Lawrence.

All races and creeds which go to make up our people have some reason to remember the old citadel, French, Scottish, English, U. E. Loyalists, all have participated in its story. In some way in the destiny of the rock fort of Stadacona. To this place in the future will come travellers from either hemisphere and seeing our memorial erected to our past they will read in its history and present ideal of a people worthy to be called great, by reason of their veneration of their mighty dead; and every Canadian from Cape Breton to Vancouver will be rendered illustrious in the rich evidences of heroism and fortitude which our national patriotism will collect within the temple which it is proposed to ultimately rear on the Heights of Abraham.

Then a word as to the battlefields themselves. They represent victory and honor for the French, the British, the U. E. Loyalist and the American. No one spot in the world is so linked to associations in which so many peoples may feel pride. Beyond all there is the call to every French and British heart to this sacred ground. The causes of strife are long since dead and passed away. But the great memories alone remain. The common memory of a common heroism which binds, binds, and does and will bind, our two peoples more and more as Canadians. Here now and forever stands the field and the work undertaken by the battlefields association, they will not only heartily endorse the scheme outlined, but they will men and women, old and young alike, desire to give their time and money to the fund which is being raised for this patriotic object.

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came in on the tape, as they do now in the brokers' offices.

An superintendent of the C. P. R., at Montreal, March 19, 1890, till March, 1893, he enhanced his experience and became superintendent of the lines east of Montreal, where he remained till May, 1891. The next step was as superintendent of the Ontario & Quebec division till December, 1893. He was presented with an address soon, leaving his position to become superintendent of the western division, with headquarters at Winnipeg. He thus became conversant with every department of railway service, and as superintendent of construction of the Toronto Sudbury line he proved the practical character of his knowledge once more. Then followed his appointment as assistant general manager of the C. P. R. lines east of Montreal, with headquarters at Montreal.

Someone asked him once if he were ambitious. He nodded.

"I would you had telling me what your ambition absolutely is."

"It is to do the thing entrusted to me as it ought to be done, that's all," was the illuminating reply.

Mr. Leonard has always been popular among his associates. An earlier presentation than that mentioned was made to him when he left the Victoria railway, and only the rules of the service have prevented other tributes, spontaneous as good-fellowship could make them.

He was banqueted at the National club, Toronto, June 12, 1901, and presented with an album containing portraits of the staff, etc.

"Don" Shepherd, then of Saturday Night, wrote an appreciation of him some years ago which can scarcely be bettered:

"Perhaps there isn't another man in the world of his age who is so well known by his subordinates as the engineer and railway officer who is known by his friends as Jim Leonard. As gentle as a woman in his manners, as firm as the ever-lasting rock in his character, and as unflinching as a young man has grown to be regarded as one of the coming men, if not the coming man, in railroad circles. At no time has he ever sought or received any notoriety; he has simply been an operative and administrative railroad man. I possibly might make one exception to this statement, and that would be in the nature of despatching that at one time, if his wife had not watched him very carefully, he would have been the worst dressed man in America. All adornments of speech, or raiment, or of face features, are apparently objectionable to him. He has nothing to say, does not wear good clothes, and has one vice—that is chewing tobacco."

It is strange now to find a man with such big interests who retains a nervous system that cannot be jarred. Every sectionman and engine driver and fireman on some 2000 miles of track these three years have known him in construction or reconstruction he is noted as the swiftest thing that ever came along a pike, yet when he goes up against the heavy code or legislation he is the quietest, most unassuming man who never says anything, and waits till he has an opportunity to act."

Mr. Leonard was born in 1858, and has his home in the city of Montreal. He will probably make the most of another half and wind up with a title and the respect of 30,000,000 Canadians.

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