

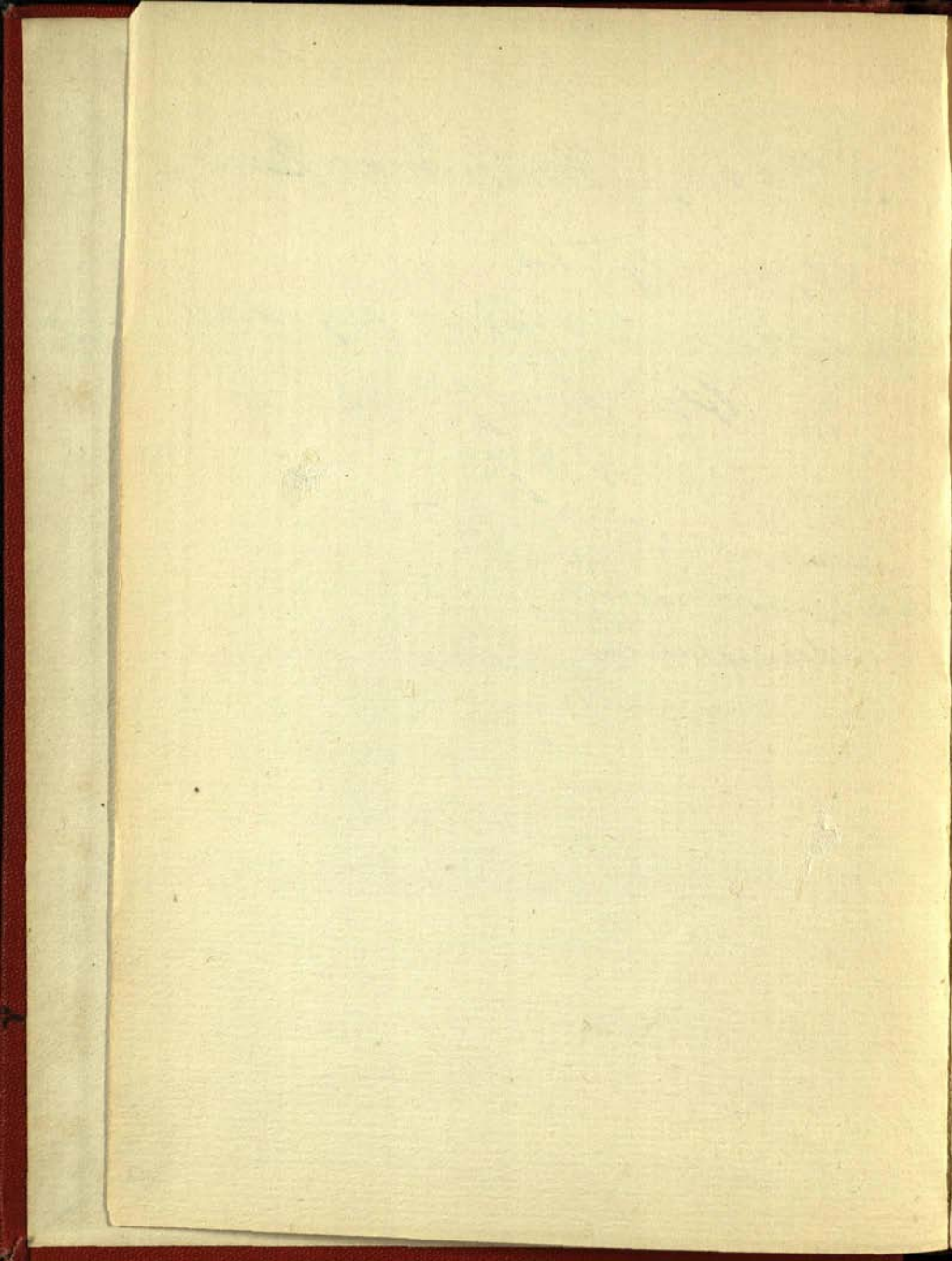
Triton---
Fish and Game Club

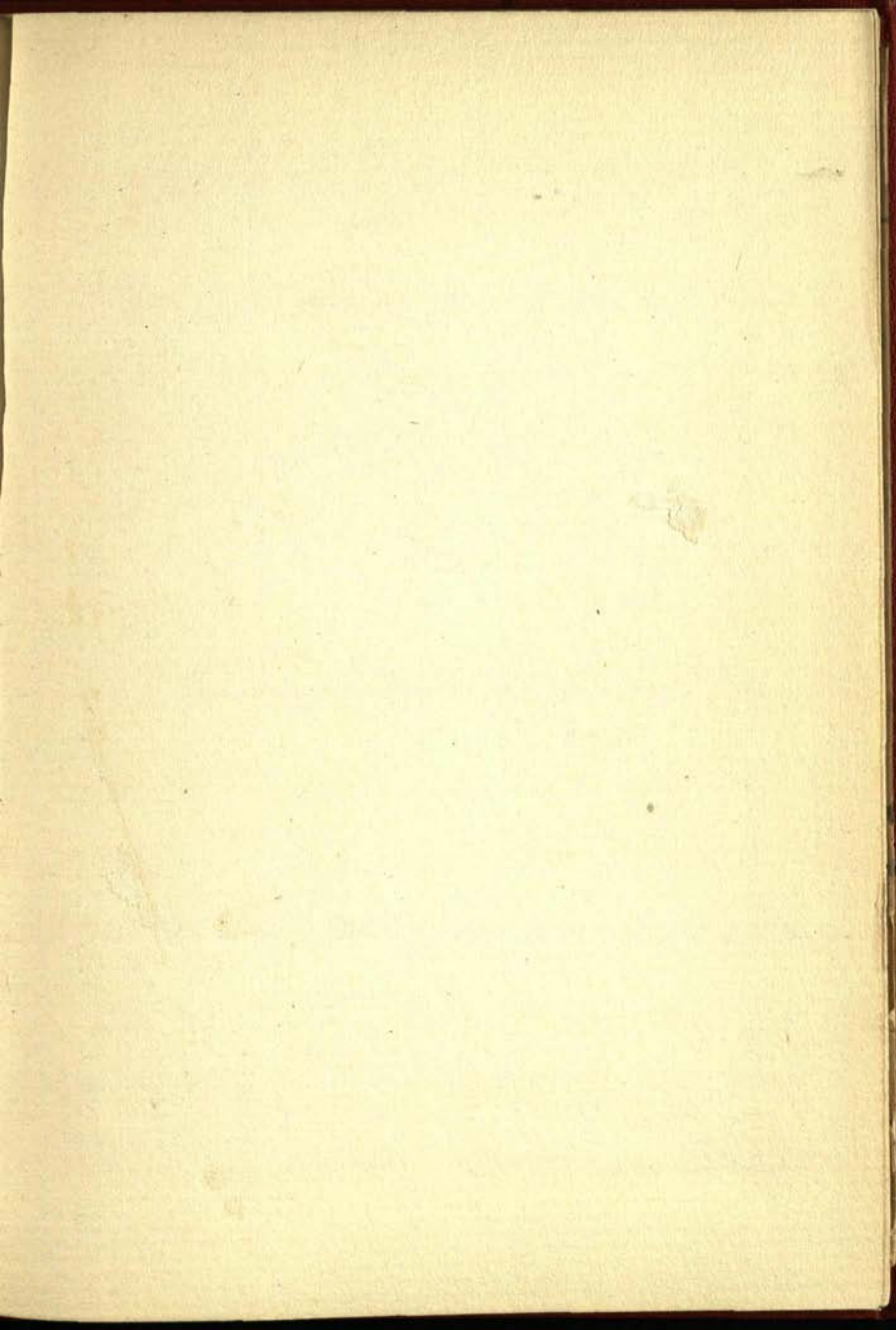


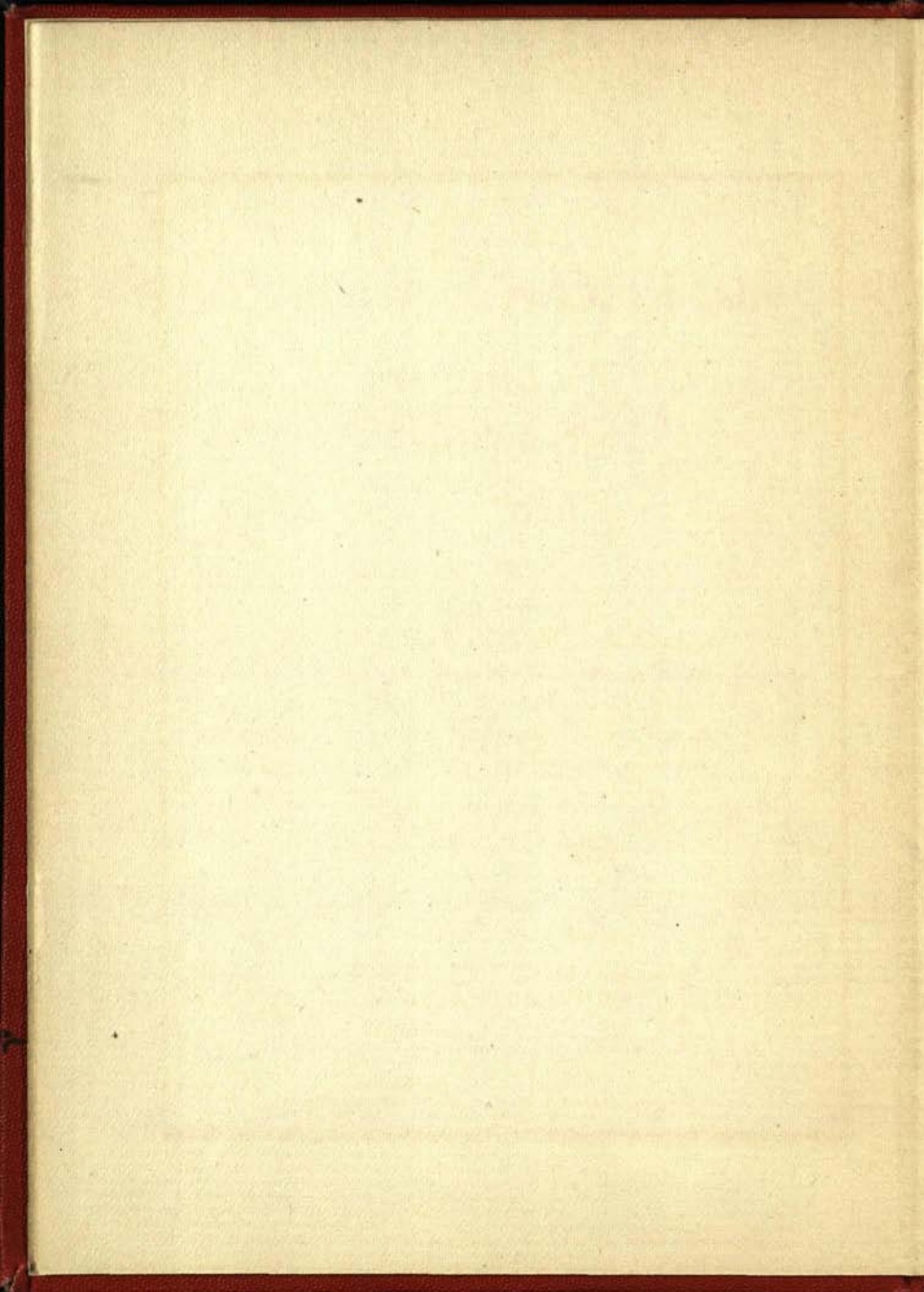
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E. J. D. Chambers Esq^r
with A. S. Light^r —————
Compliments & kind regards
Quebec 1st March
1893

See mind loc of }
Honorary Members }
in the "Constitution" }







The Triton

Fishing and Shooting Club.

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JAMES B. TOWNSEND, New York City, U. S.
E. A. PANET, St. Raymond, Province of Quebec.
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1893

PROSPECTUS.

The Triton

FISHING AND
SHOOTING..
CLUB.....

WASHINGTON, D. C.
MCGILL & WALLACE, Printers and Publishers.
1893.



THE TRITON FISHING AND SHOOTING CLUB.

CANADA.

Few people in the United States have any idea of the vast territory which comprises Canada. To many it is an unknown region of the far north, a veritable *terra incognita*.

Canada is an immense country with a superficial area greater than the United States, and equals all Europe with Russian Siberia included.

This great region is but thinly inhabited, indeed, except in the vicinity of the towns ; in lower Canada it is practically tenantless. Here in this wild solitude is the breeding place of the water-fowl, which in the early autumn migrate in great numbers to the Atlantic coast. Here also is found in profusion the fur-bearing animals which have roamed comparatively undisturbed in these primeval wilds. Here is the natural home of the lordly moose, the wary caribou, the black bear, the beaver, the otter, and the Canada mink ; and here in the rivers, lakes, and streams is found the finest fishing in the world.

The great Laurentian Mountains, varying from four to five thousand feet in height, is the great watershed which supplies the numberless rivers which wind their way in every direction through the broad expanse of this wonderful country. All the waters fairly teem with that gamest of fish, the *salmo fontinalis*, or red trout. To say that Canada affords the finest sport to the sportsman which can be found on this planet, is no exaggeration ; yet the difficulty of reaching this almost inaccessible country, the lofty mountains to be scaled, the wide rushing rivers to be crossed, the dangerous rapids to be shot, the expense of hiring the Indian trappers, who alone know how to traverse the pathless solitudes, all combining to discourage sportsmen, has kept Canada as unknown a solitude as the heart of Africa.

Even close to Quebec the civilization ceases. Saint Raymond, a little village about forty miles from Quebec, is the last vestige of settlement.

But at last science has opened the way, and the scream of the iron horse is heard along the erstwhile pathless wilderness. No more marvelous feat of engineering was ever performed than that of constructing a railroad from Quebec to Lake St. John, a distance of over two hundred miles. It follows streams and rivers, then cutting loose from this sinuous path, it pierces lofty hills, curves around the bases of huge

mountains, and crosses rushing streams, spanned by trellised iron bridges which look from a distance like spider webs spun in iron and steel. This road has opened a veritable paradise to the fisherman and sportsman, and the liberal policy adopted by the Government towards sporting clubs, which lease large tracts of land and water, is fast filling the route along the railway with sporting associations which find game in abundance, and such fishing as they never dreamed of. Add to this the perfect climate, with its untainted atmosphere odorous with the balsamic fir and pine, and its pure water which makes an outing not only pleasant to the devotee of the rod and gun, but a place which is of incalculable benefit to those afflicted with pulmonary troubles or catarrhal affections,—it is safe to say that a couple of weeks spent in this high altitude will do an invalid more good than a season at a fashionable watering place though aided by all the drugs a physician can prescribe.

The scenery is indescribably grand and the woods and waters must be seen to be appreciated. Every breath one takes is one of delight. The mountains in some places are so stupendous as to awe the most thoughtless into silence. The lakes and rivers are marvels of loveliness, and the fine sport in the woods is enthralling to the sportsman, while the fisherman with but little exertion can enjoy unequalled sport.

GAME CLUBS ENCOURAGEMENT.

The Commissioners of Crown Land of Canada are empowered to grant a corporate existence to sporting clubs. Article 5494 says :

“The aim and end of such clubs shall be to aid in the enforcement of the laws and regulations for the protection of fish and game in the Province.”

Article 5495 states :

“The members of any such club may adopt such by-laws, rules, and regulations for the management of their affairs as they may see fit.”



THE TRITON FISH AND GAME CLUB.

For many years this Triton tract has been the property of Mr. A. L. Light, of Quebec, who generously allowed his friends to shoot and fish over it. Every man who enjoyed the privilege was stirred to enthusiasm by the fine sport, and Mr. Light was urged again and again to allow the tract to be used for club purposes. During the last two years applications from sportsmen to enter the tract have been so numerous that Mr. Light has decided to form a club and throw open to a limited number the attractions of this splendid preserve.

There are in the Triton tract about one hundred and sixty square miles of virgin wilderness, or upwards of 100,000 acres of green, unburned land, with no roads, thoroughfares, or trails except the portages from lake to lake.

There is no tract of land in Canada which possesses the advantages which this one affords for sporting purposes.

It is true that there have been formed several clubs since the construction of the St. John railroad along its route, but they are either directly on the line of the road, where the streams are contaminated by saw-mills and the game driven away, or so far back in the interior that they can only be reached by traveling a score of

miles or more over bush roads. This is tedious as well as toilsome, and involves a two days' journey from Quebec and the same to return, a period of time which but few business men can spare.

The Triton preserves are more advantageously situated than any other, having railway facilities and a terminus which can be reached in four hours' ride from Quebec and twenty-four (24) hours from New York City, traveling comfortably over good railways, and in his own Pullman all the way, if the traveler makes the necessary arrangements. Excellent sport can be had at very short distances from either of the club receiving houses, the point of arrival. A short portage takes a visitor to the lakes and the same afternoon he can reach the main club house by canoe and the old Indian trail, making but four (4) portages, averaging about one-half mile each on the way (see map), or he can drive over the cart road if preferred.



THE RECEIVING HOUSE.

A word about these receiving houses. On several occasions when the guests of Mr. Light disembarked on the railroad track near the first portage, a sudden storm arose and they were compelled to pitch their tent and pass a damp and dreary time until it cleared. To obviate this discomfort two receiving houses of eight rooms will be erected at the terminus of the journey. Here the members will not only find shelter, well-cooked meals, and good wines and spirits at *very* moderate prices, but also a secure place to leave their heavy baggage, civilized attire and reserve traps, ammunition, etc., before plunging in light marching order into the wilderness.



THE MAIN CLUB HOUSE.

Every arrangement which thoughtful care can devise will be carried out for the comfort of members. The main club house, which will soon be erected, will be charmingly situated at the northern end of Lac Trois Caribou. The site is central and elevated, with a southern exposure, and from its porches will be seen a magnificent view of the mountain ranges, green forests, wide lakes, and lovely islands, which render this landscape peculiarly attractive. This building will contain as far as possible all the conveniences of a sporting club house. A cart road five (5) miles long has been located from the upper receiving house to the main club house. This road will be immediately constructed and can afterwards be improved into a driving road when the ladies patronize the club.



THE WAY BARRACKS.

A most important innovation for the benefit of the clubmen has also been accomplished, which will be found not only a great convenience but, more especially, will give to every member a feeling of perfect security when starting on a distant fishing trip or exploring jaunt. This plan, which as far as is known has been adopted by no other club in Canada, provides for the building of way barracks on the large lakes. On the smaller ones, hunters' camps will be erected, of the form shown on the map, at remote points indicated. They will be 12 feet wide and as long as may be required, none less than 12 x 12 feet, built entirely of hewed logs, but dry and warm, being furnished with the requisite stove for heating and cooking. They will have a rough verandah in front and a lean-to cook-house and woodshed in rear (the latter being filled with wood the previous season), so that when the belated hunters arrive, they will only have to unpack their supplies and make themselves at home, as they will find bunks, blankets, hard-tack, etc., provided. There is also a book in which he enters his arrival and departure, with place, number, and weight of his catch, and incidents of the trip. The sites of these barracks and camp are marked by a lofty flag-pole, flying the club's ensign.

The advantages of this provision are manifold. Should a sudden storm arise or darkness unexpectedly come, or should game be found in any one locality which was to be hunted on the morrow, and make a "camping out" a necessity, the cabin presents comfortable and dry quarters. Every sportsman will appreciate this plan to its fullest extent.

Again, another advantage is, that by this system no clubman can get lost. It often happens that a couple of congenial associates like to take a little tour unaccompanied by a guide. This can be done with but small risk, for with the map of the Triton tract and a compass he could thread his way unerringly. The map is divided into mile squares, the sides due north and south lettered and numbered like the streets of a city. The hunter can locate himself by simply examining the square of his chart, which numbers from the receiving house. The portages would also be marked, and a glance at the placard nailed to the flag-staff on which is written the name of the lake, would make the route as plain as a thoroughfare, even to the member who had never before been out of sight and sound of the church steeples and bells.

CANOES ON EVERY LAKE.

Another original plan will commend itself to the clubman. Hitherto in making the portages, the guides were compelled to carry on their backs the canoes; to obviate this there will be boats tied to a stake at each portage, so that in going from one lake to another, the journey can be made quickly and pleasantly.

The French and Indian guides assert that the trout that inhabit the Triton Lakes are the finest in the Province, and attribute this to the fact that these waters, from their altitude, are entirely free from mud. This accords exactly with what Frank Forrester affirmed, that mud, mire, and ooze in water invariably had the effect of discoloring the fish and dimming and blurring their radiant and silvery hue.

Trout fishing begins in the Triton tract early in May, when the fish crowd in the numerous rapids, which are open some time before the ice in the lakes break up. Trout fishing lasts five months, and in October gives place to hunting big game and trapping. Thus a member of the Triton Club can have his great choice of sport for a greater portion of the year.

THE ADVANTAGES OF AN OUTING IN CANADA.

No stranger, no matter how vivid his imagination, can conceive of the incomparable charms that this club preserve presents.

To the blasè man of the world a couple of weeks in close communion with nature will make him feel that life is indeed worth living.

To the fisherman, who indorses the quaint words of old Isaac Walton, "If I might be a judge, God never did make more calm, quiet, and innocent recreation than angling," we may say that he will find a never-ending delight in paddling about these beautiful lakes and fighting for the mastery with an eight-pounder, or wading and scrambling down the sides of the mountain streams, gathering in the brook trout as he goes, or shooting the rapids and catching the big fellows on the fly.

To the sportsman who cares to match his skill and trained senses against the instinct and cunning of the big game, he will find his opportunities with the bear and caribou, while the smaller game, such as mink, hares, grouse, and wild fowl, is in profusion.

But it is to the hustling, energetic business man that this club offers the greatest charms. In the summer

when he has but a few weeks to recuperate his wasted energies, the great question is where to go to gain renewed strength and vigor. How much more sensible for him to enjoy an Arcadian existence amid the grandest and loveliest scenery in Canada, free and untrammelled from the artificial restraints of society, and in company with jovial and genial companions, enjoying the pleasures of an *al fresco* simplicity, all for one dollar, than to go to a fashionable seaside resort, or a mountain watering place, to delude himself with the idea that he is having a good time by turning night into day.

Much stress is laid upon the fact that the Triton preserve is as virgin to-day as it was a thousand years ago. Neither the proprietor, Mr. Light, nor the guardian of the property, Martel, had the slightest idea of the location and position of many of the lakes within its borders, and it was not until a Montagnais Indian trapper carried Martel across the frozen region on snow shoes in January, 1893, that many of the lakes were surveyed and marked upon the map.

No mill, no mine, no road, no settler; not even the lumber camp (that *bête noir* of the Adirondacks), breaks the charm of its solitude, or disturbs the fish and noble game with which its lakes and forests abound.

The supply of fish is simply inexhaustible, as no netting or hauling of seine will be, under any circumstances, permitted, and the game under the protection laws will for years keep up the average.

THE LADIES.

Should the clubmen desire to bring their wives or relations with them, they can find accommodation at the receiving houses, and from there explore and fish in the surrounding waters.

There will be telephone communication between the Central Club House and the Northern Receiving Club at Cross Lake, and from thence to Skroeder's Mill or Lake Edourd stations, where the telegraph operator can wire the messages.

By this arrangement the club members can keep in communication with their friends at the receiving club houses and with the outside world.

THE TRITON CLUB.

It is intended to make the Triton Club the finest, best equipped, and highest grade club in the Province of Canada, and the shares will be strictly limited to one hundred members. This in a territory of one hundred and sixty (160) square miles will give each member about one and a half miles of lakes and forest for his own use.

An experience of ten years among the many Currituck, North Carolina, shooting clubs, proved to us that not over one-tenth of the members are at the club at one time; so even were the full number present in this wide expanse, with its many camps and barracks, where individual members would prefer to fish their favorite lakes, there would be no crowding, but enough for special company.

The Triton tract contains some fifty (50) lakes and their connecting tributaries. Its area is about 100,000 acres, giving 1,000 acres to each member, should all come at once—an unlikely occurrence. This is four times the number of lakes and five times the acreage, per member, of the famous "Union League Club" of the Adirondacks, which contains twelve (12) lakes and the same area of grounds; so that while there would be two members to each lake on the Triton, there

would be forty-one on the Union League. The capital stock of the latter club is \$500,000, in five hundred shares of \$1,000 each, and the managers confidently predict that these shares will be worth \$10,000 each within the next decade, and their prediction is doubtless true (see their prospectus). The Triton tract, although some 660 miles from New York city, is quite as accessible as the U. L. C. both in point of time and comfort in traveling.



WHAT THE JOURNALISTS SAY.

In the summer of 1892, Mr. Light, being desirous of seeing what the sporting writers of the United States would think of this property, invited several to visit it. His invitations included his wish that they should give a full, free, and frank expression of their views. Among them were men who had shot over and fished in the finest sporting properties within the United States. They were simply astonished at the great capabilities of the place.

The following are some of the extracts from the sporting journals.

A correspondent of the Boston "Shooting and Fishing," of date of October 13, 1892, says:

"After breakfast Townsend and myself took the head guide, Martel, and getting into the canoe went a few hundred yards to where the stream emptied into the pond. Leaving the boat we went a short distance up the mountain on foot and fished down. The stream was some thirty feet wide, and was a succession of cascades and short waterfalls and about as full of brook trout as it could hold. The latter, however, were capricious and would not rise readily to any of our flies. Finally I thought of that immutable law of enlightened humanity of "dog eating dog," so I extracted the eyes of some of the trout I had caught and baited the hook with them. It acted like a charm—the springy, sprightly fellows rose every time a cast was made."

* * * * *

Further on he says :

"It was nearly dark when we made camp ; and a beautiful spot it was, being situated upon an elevated island. The ground was high and dry. We found evidences of a bivouac here, made by some old campaigners—a substantial table and seats of rustic logs, wooden pegs driven into tree-trunks to hang clothes and utensils upon, and other little conveniences, which showed our predecessors knew how to make themselves comfortable. While we were not slow in availing ourselves of these contrivances, we inquired of Martel what these things meant, and he told us that in the summer of '91 two sportsmen, hearing of this grand region, had hired four guides, and without asking permission, had invaded this wilderness to have a royal time, and they had it. All unknown to them, however, they were closely watched, and as they were obliged to return the same way they came, he (Martel) was ready for them and they were arrested. They were tried by a magistrate, and as Canadian justice admits of no palliation of the crime of poaching, they were heavily fined, and they returned to their homes wiser but poorer men.

"Close by was a birch-bark hut of an Indian caribou hunter, who had the same year sneaked in the back way to this country and gotten in some fine work. During the month of September he had killed thirty-eight caribou before he was discovered by the guards. He also was fined and the ill-gotten pelts taken from him. So it may be concluded that it is a risky business to hunt or fish anywhere in Canada without an invitation."

The regular correspondent of "Shooting and Fishing" writes a long continued article in description of this tract. He says:

"But a few years ago Canada was an unknown land to the American sportsman. Once in a while some adventurous lover of the rod and gun would hire guides and push into the wilderness, and returning would narrate glowing tales of the splendid trout fishing and the abundance of game. But the hardships entailed, the great expense of hiring guides, and the severe physical strain upon the sportsman in forcing his way into these wilds, effectually prevented the mass of fishermen and huntsmen from taking the long and laborious trip.

"Of late, however, the eyes of eastern sportsmen have been turned longingly to Canada, and in a very short time the vast wilderness of this great region will be the favorite hunting ground of the northern lovers of sport.

"Two causes have brought about this change of affairs. First, the great Adirondack region, which for the past quarter of a century has been the favored resort of the knights of the rod and gun, has become too crowded by humanity for the existence of game. When wealth and fashion set toward this section, the knell of the sportsman was sounded. The deer which formerly swarmed in the forests have been gunned to death. Throngs of tourists, summer visitors, and gunners, led by guides, roamed through the woods and waters of the Adirondacks, shooting everything that went on four legs, in season and out. The second

cause is no doubt the *deadly* saw mills built along the streams to supply the demand for lumber necessary for the numerous summer hotels which sprang up as if by magic in every direction. The waters became poisoned by sawdust and the trout were killed and driven away.

"The many sporting clubs, once so exclusive and proud of their preserves, teeming with fin, fur, and feather, now bewail the absence of sports of all kinds. Said a club man to me the other day as we were passing Ticonderoga on the cars: 'The day of sporting in the Adirondacks is forever gone; the trail of the tin cans of the camper-out is all over this region, and with the exception of a very few streams, fishing does not pay. If we want game in the summer and early autumn we must seek elsewhere for it.'

"This was the complaint of every man I met in the Adirondacks. The question is, therefore, where must the sportsmen of New York and Boston go? The recent building of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway furnishes a prompt reply. Running from Quebec to Roberval, a distance of some 200 miles, it has opened to the hunter a territory which before was almost unapproachable by reason of its inaccessibility.

* * * * *

"At St. Raymond, the outermost settlement of Canada, we took on board our guides, and about sixty miles further on we disembarked at our objective point. There was no station; our traps were simply dropped upon the track in a singularly wild and desolate spot. It was now noon and we all took an *al fresco* meal before starting on our journey.

"In traveling in the interior, trunks, valises, and carpet-bags are tabooed. Everything—clothes, cooking

utensils, and provisions—are placed in bags about the size of the United States mail pouch. The reason for this is simple : in going from lake to lake the guides are obliged to carry everything upon their backs, their boats included, and long experience has taught them that they can carry more weight packed in bags than by any other method. The pack is borne on the back, a wide, leather band is passed around the forehead, the fingers of both hands are interlaced on the back of the head, and thus accoutred they travel easily for miles over the roughest mountain trail, with loads larger in each instance than a peddler's pack, under which an ordinary man would stagger on a level turnpike.

“We were soon afloat and the canoe skimmed the water like a bird.

“Come to think of it, what a wonderful tree is the birch. Without it the aboriginal Indians could never have lived in Canada. It was to them what the palm is to the Asiatic, the date to the Arab, the bread fruit to the South Sea Islander, and the yam to the African.

“Mother Nature is kind to her children, and she invariably gives to them that which is best adapted to their primitive needs and uncultured minds.

“The birch bark, while it is as soft and pliable as leather, is as tough and impenetrable as India-rubber. It makes the native's wigwam waterproof. It furnishes him with drinking vessels, it covers his canoe and makes him independent of the waters. Its wood gives an astringent smoke which keeps away the mosquitoes and black flies. The scanty soil which covers the rocky strata of the mountains alone brings this all useful tree to its full maturity, and though the tree itself may moulder and decay, it leaves its bark covering imper-

ishable and intact. Take it from its apparently starved and inadequate surroundings, plant in richer soil, and it will die. It flourishes on adversity. Longfellow has immortalized this tree in his 'Hiawatha.'"

* * * * *

The correspondent describes shooting the rapids. Listen to him :

"The voyage down was one of exciting interest. The rapids were numerous, and we shot many, while others were so steep as to require portage, which, with our heavy luggage, were tedious and difficult. But going over the lesser rapids was a new sensation ; it was a cross between a switch-back railway and a run-away team. It required nerve, skill, and experience to carry the frail craft between submerged rocks. One canoe-man knelt in the bow shoving, feeling the waters for hidden boulders, and guiding the canoe's course. Once in the seething whirlpool, there was no backing out. The paddlers, wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, would shout wildly as they kept the prow pointed downward, and all the time the canoe would be tossed and pitched in every direction by the powerful, boiling, swirling waters. Sometimes, caught on a rock, we were in imminent danger of being overturned ; but the instant we would be lifted, and again shoot downward with the velocity of the arrow from the bow.

"It is marvelous how the guides keep the boat from turning broadside and careening. As for the passengers, they could only hold their breath, grit their teeth, and shut their eyes.

"In the canoe with me was Martel's young son, a boy of fourteen, and he carried me through like a veteran. I could not keep from cheering him as we would make each descent in safety."

A journalist writing to the same paper, says :

"We met at the Union Club in Quebec several gentlemen who, through the courtesy of Mr. Light, had fished on the property a few weeks before our advent. One was the vestry clerk of the cathedral, Mr. J. O. Richardson. He stated that in company with Martel he actually took three dozen trout out of one pool, some weighing four pounds, and stopped fishing because he thought it was a sin to hook any more, as it was impossible for him to carry them home. Keeping on, he killed in the lakes trout weighing from eight to ten pounds.

"Mr. Richardson stated that he had experienced no annoyance from the flies which had bitten us so savagely. He had used a preparation of olive oil and carbolic acid, a proportion of six ounces of oil to one of the acid, and he did not have a bite during the whole trip."

The same writer adds :

"I was deeply impressed with the advantages offered sportsmen in this tract, and urged Mr. Light to allow clubs to be formed, and give the devotees of the rod a chance to indulge in such sport as has hitherto only visited them in dreams."

The staff correspondent of "Shooting and Fishing" concludes a long article in these words :

"Mr. Light showed me the report of Mons. P. H. Dumais, the Surveyor to the Commission of Crown Lands. It was dated February 15th, 1892, and gives in a business-like way such astounding accounts of the profusion of game that I would not dare write them lest my readers declare me drawing solely on my imagination. I will give, however, a few extracts from his letter. Mons. Dumais says :

"I have the honor to lay before you a report on your game preserve. The lakes and rivers are numerous and are teeming with red trout, many of which weigh ten and twelve pounds, but averaging from two to five pounds, and rise freely to the fly. We have seen personally, a few years ago, thirty-two of these splendid fish taken in a couple of hours by one line, the combined weight of the catch being three hundred pounds. To say that big game, such as the moose, caribou, and black bear, is abundant hardly conveys the proper idea, for it must be remembered that these high summits of the Laurentides range are the natural rendezvous of the antlered monarchs and the chosen stamping grounds of the bear. Black bear can be considered plentiful, the number varying from year to year, sometimes greater, sometimes less.

Last year and the year before they were very numerous. Beaver, otter, martin, red, silver, and black foxes and lynx abound. Among the water-fowl the black duck, mallard, and teal are the most numerous. The woods are full of hare and grouse."

A correspondent of the New York "Amateur Sportsman," in the number for November, 1892, writes :

"The first week in last September I received a letter from a friend, who is a well-known amateur sportsman and clubman of New York City, saying that an Englishman named Mr. A. L. Light, living in Canada, had given him a *carte blanche* to invite his friends to shoot and fish in his game preserve. Within twenty-four hours I was *en route*, accompanied by my friend, Mr. Remus Foster, of Washington City.

"We spent over a week in roaming from lake to lake, and the quantity of game and fish surpassed anything I had ever seen in the Southern States. Much of the immense tract of land was still an unexplored wilderness, and Mr. Light's estimate that it contained about two hundred rivers and lakes, I thought was much below the actual number. Caribou, beaver, otter, lynx, and martin were abundant, while the red trout, weighing from three to nine pounds, were as voracious as the pike of the southern waters.

"One morning Mr. Light and myself, taking with us Martel, the head guide, started on a voyage of discovery, leaving our comrades and the four guides to fish in Lake La Bisque. We took a small tent and enough provisions to last for three days. We had a charming trip. Mr. Light discovered five important lakes that he had never seen before, all of which had a series of smaller ones as their tributaries. Each of these new lakes were from one to two miles long and full of trout. One river Mr. Light had named "The River of the Black Beavers," because their dams were built thickly along the route, and the fallen trees and branches cut

down by these animals formed at times an impenetrable barricade which caused Martel to literally cut with his axe a passage through. We worked our way slowly up the stream, fishing as we went, and such sport as we had was enough to thrill the blood of an anchorite. Finally, coming to a very steep rapids, we determined to wade along the margin and explore the stream on foot. Martel protested against this step, saying we might slip on the rocks and get drowned. We kept on, ever and anon casting our line, and it was simply joy to our hearts to see the way those trout would leap at the flies. At last we called a halt; our wrists, arms, and shoulders ached and our clothes were wet with perspiration. Mr. Light directed Martel to start a fire and get our primitive dinner. After our meal, when reclining at length, enjoying our pipes, Martel took Mr. Light's rod and going up stream a few paces made a cast in a wide, deep pool; in a second two four-pounders seized the two of the three flies on the line, while a third—a six-pounder—was skirmishing around after the third fly. This was more than Martel bargained for, so he yelled for help, for we had left our landing net in camp. I rushed and seized the rod, but they were too much for me and I was glad to hand it to Mr. Light, and the way the veteran angler played those fighting, darting fish awoke my liveliest admiration. He simply tired them out by his masterly tactics, and at last Martel cleverly landed them by wading out and placing his fingers in their gills.

“This episode started our sporting instincts afresh and we went at it with a will, and in less than an hour we landed twenty-eight trout without moving from the spot where the first cast was made. We again cried

halt, though the deep pool was alive with them. This little incident will give some idea of the glorious sport that can be had in these lakes. Indeed, Martel declared that he knew scores of just such pools where he could fill his boat without stirring from the place. This catch of twenty-eight trout, by Mr. Light's estimate, weighed fully ninety pounds. They certainly were as lovely a string of trout as ever captivated the eyes of a fisherman. They were bright scarlet from the middle of the side to the bottom of the belly, with jet black fins edged with a delicate rim of china white.

"Retracing our steps we entered our canoe, and the ride down the river was an exhilarating one. We did not make a portage but shot the two rapids. At each one of them I made a cast as the canoe dashed down the swirling, eddying torrent, and every time the fly touched the waters it was seized by a huge trout, and fish and boat would keep together until calm water was reached, when I could play my fish at leisure. I know of no more exciting sport than holding on to a rod with fingers pressed closely on the reel to keep the line from running, the guide the meanwhile steering the craft with consummate skill, and the rocks threatening to split the boat with their jagged points, all this giving to the situation just enough danger to add a double zest to the fishing.

"We reached camp safely after sunset, pretty well tired out. We found Townsend and Foster wildly enthusiastic over their experience, they having all the sport their hearts could wish for. Some of the trout they caught tipped the scales at nine and a half pounds.

"I fell in love with exploring, so Mr. Light decided to remain in camp. I set off at the earliest dawn

of day alone, with Martel and Jean as my guides. I was anxious to visit one of the great lakes of which I had heard my host talk so much. On the way I passed several shallow lakes filled with wild ducks, but as I only had my Winchester rifle along I failed to bag any. On one of the portages through a mountain spur I knocked out two ruffed grouse. We had to make several portages before we reached our destination, one of which was three miles long. On the way I saw several caribou feeding in the lily pads. I shot one buck. These deer had evidently never seen a man, and being to the windward of us they allowed us to get close up. Reaching the lake we run the boat ashore, and took a long rest and a short shy at the fish.

"As brief as was my stay I saw enough to convince me that Canada is the future sporting ground of the American amateur sportsman. The vast realms of mountains, lakes, and forests are fit for nothing but game preserves, and these Canadian wilds are simply a paradise to the enthusiastic hunter."

A journalist writes to "Harper's Weekly" as follows:

"There will be an exodus of Northern fishermen to Canada next spring. The great profusion of trout in the untainted, untroubled waters, the encouragement which the Crown government extends to the formation of clubs, the opening of the hitherto impassable wilderness by the new railroad from Quebec to St. John, all combine to turn the American sportsman's steps northward.

“There will probably be fully one thousand knights of the gun and rod hurrying into Canada as soon as the winter breaks.”

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The correspondent of the “American Field,” under date of October 10, 1892, in an article entitled “How I Became a Fisherman,” writes :

“WASHINGTON, D. C.

“EDITOR AMERICAN FIELD: It is a rare thing for an enthusiastic devotee of the gun to change into a zealot of the rod, but a recent trip to the great lakes of Canada has effected, to a certain extent, that transformation and caused the scales to fall from my eyes. I have for years despised the rod as a means of sport, but I recant and avail myself of the beneficial results of an ‘honest confession,’ which is said to do so much for the soul.

“But about Canada. I accepted an invitation to join a party of two gentlemen who had obtained the privilege of hunting over Mr. A. L. Light’s property.

“We spent a week in fishing and hunting, and the profusion of game surpassed anything I ever dreamed of. The caribou were thick. I saw eight in an hour’s paddle on a lake, and shot one. The wild ducks, snipe, and ruffed grouse were abundant, and were I to tell of the quantity of speckled trout in the rivers and streams, and of the larger variety of the same fish in the lakes, it would stagger credulity itself. The great

gamey red trout,* weighing from five to eight pounds, were so eager and voracious that they would actually snap up the flies before they touched the water. I did not carry any rod or fishing tackle—only my rifle and shot gun. I first used a cedar pole, cut on the spot, and a home-made line, with a piece of fish as bait. I caught the lusty fellows as fast as I dropped the bait into the water.

“Afterward I secured a rod and reel which Mr. Light had despatched by a guide, and then a new existence opened to me. Oh, the ecstasy of hooking a three or four pounder as we shot the rapids with the canoe spinning in the foaming waters, and with even chances of the frail craft upsetting. Then when the still waters were reached, what pleasure to cast a fly in a dark pool, and play the water “game cock” for a quarter of an hour before lifting him into the boat. I no longer wondered at the fascination that *bona fide* fishing exer-

*The “lake trout,” generally called “tuladi,” so common in the lakes of Maine, does not rise to the fly. It is unknown in the waters of the Triton tract.

Regarding the difference between lake trout proper and the red trout, brook trout, or as sometimes called, the speckled trout, all of which are known to the naturalist as the *salmo fontinalis*.

The lake trout, generally called in Canada the tuladi, is unknown in the Triton region but plentiful in some of the large lakes west of the St. Maurice river. It is also common in all the large lakes of northern Maine, where they sometimes attain a weight of thirty pounds, and are known by the name of Lunge. It is a coarse fish, without red spots, has a very forked tail, pale yellow, insipid flesh, and never rises to the fly, but is taken by bottom fishing—altogether an inferior fish from the beautiful, square-tailed, red trout of the Triton tract.—A. L. L.

cises over the angler. This tract is simply a sportsman's paradise. A thousand fishermen can try their sport here annually in the many waters, and the number of fish would not be perceptibly diminished.

"The Canadian country is grand and beyond cavil. Its lofty, majestic mountains, pure air, superb fishing, and great quantities of game make it one of this earth's garden spots. The finishing of the railway from Quebec to St. John's Lake, a distance of two hundred miles, opens up a grand territory. Already several club houses have been erected and lands rented from the Crown. I believe the coming year will witness the advent of thousands of fishermen in the Canadian waters.

"I hope that Mr. A. L. Light, who resides in Quebec, will allow clubs to be formed to use his unequalled tract. He is proud of his preserves, and justly so. They are as fine as any monarch possesses, but it seems almost a crime for one man to keep such a fishing and hunting ground for his own exclusive use. Just as the Adirondacks have become the resort of fashion, so will Canada as certainly be the future land of Canaan for those who love to hear the whirr of their reels or the crack of their rifles."

A New York clubman, who was a guest of Mr. Light in June, 1892, thus writes of his experience to the New York "Forest and Stream," in its issue of August 4th, 1892 :

"While old Morasse pitched the tent and kindled the fire, I took my light rod and put on a cast, especially prepared for Light by our good friend, Wakeman Holberton, a yellow fly whose name I do not know, a

Parmachenee-belle and a silver doctor, and despite the rain, I stood on the bank of the river, which just below our camp flowed quietly by after a long rapid, and made a cast. My flies had no sooner touched the water than I had a fine strike, and brought in two half-pound trout, one on the silver doctor and one on the yellow fly. I fished the remainder of the afternoon right in the same spot, and rarely, if ever, failed to bring in one trout and more often two, at each cast. Toward the sunset hour, although it was still raining heavily, I had Jean Morasse paddle me in a canoe to the foot of the rapids above mentioned, where although I was wet to the skin in the almost tropical rain, I forgot it all in the excitement of the sport, as I killed ten or twelve large trout.

"Returning to the camp I found L. awaiting me with a steaming cup of tea, some good salt pork, and a few of the trout I had caught in the afternoon."

* * * * *

Further on he says :

"An hour's paddling brought us to the beautiful rapids where the Lake of the Three Caribou and the Lac du Biscuit discharged into Lac de la Croix. Here I left the canoe, and putting on a small piece of pork in the place of the silver doctor, but retaining the Parmachenee and yellow fly, I cast in the roughest part of the rapids. A three-quarter pounder rewarded my first cast, and for an hour I had superb sport. L., seated in his canoe on the opposite side of the rapids, looked on approvingly, every now and then reeling in a large fish himself, while Martel and Abelard handled

the landing net for me, and old Marasse and his companion for a new guide, Pierre Jeau, who had joined us, looked on with suppressed excitement. The lengthening shadows at last told us we must start for home, but we found we had over thirty magnificent fish, and this compensated us for the disappointments of the preceding day.

"The paddle home of fifteen miles was simply delightful. Long reaches of river and crystal lakes succeeded each other. We shot the two rapids that we had portaged over in going up, and reached Skroder's at 9 o'clock p. m., wearied in body but joyful in spirit.

"My experience and my trip showed me conclusively that these lakes and streams between Quebec and the head waters of the Saguenay at Lake St. John are the Adirondacks of the future. The soil of the country does not admit of successful cultivation, and all the section for hundreds of miles is now taken up by clubs who are obliged under their leases to properly protect their holdings from poachers. The tract belonging to L. which I fished, is, for instance, twenty-five miles long by thirty wide and is a virgin wilderness. As can be seen from my experience, its waters teem with large brook trout (*salmo fontinalis*) only, while in its pathless forests the moose and the caribou roam in goodly numbers.

"I can see no reason why the ouaniche or landlocked salmon of Lake St. John, only sixty miles north, can not be propagated in the rapid waters of this and other tracts surrounding it, and Mr. Greenough, of Boston, who has made a study of the question, tells me that it can."

"Chasseur's" article in the Chicago Christmas number of the "Sporting Times," says :

"I desire to call the attention of western sportsmen to Canada—that country so near that were it a part of the United States would have been ere this lined with sporting preserves. I spent a couple of weeks there last fall, and neither Isaac Walton or Frank Forrester in their visions ever saw a fairer, grander country, with woods so full of game and waters so lined with trout. It is a place where gunners and anglers would like to go when they die."

Caspar W. Whitney, the staff correspondent of Harper's, says in "Harper's Weekly" of December 31, 1892 :

"The question of where one may have good sport with rod or gun is yearly becoming so perplexing, especially for those not already members of clubs with a private preserve, that any new light on the subject must be hailed with pleasure. A letter from one of the most ardent sportsmen in my acquaintance, Alexander Hunter, of Washington, tells me that he, with two other Nimrods and six guides, recently made an exploration in the Triton tract, which is about one hundred miles north of Quebec. They penetrated to the interior, discovering over forty lakes not marked on the official map, all of them filled with red trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) varying from three to nine pounds in weight; and found the mountain streams simply alive with this most toothsome of all fish, and caribou, bear, and deer exceptionally plentiful.

"The recent construction of the St. Johns and Canadian R. R., from Quebec to Lake St. John, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, has opened a vast and hitherto inaccessible region of mountains and lakes that have been known to Indian trappers only. It looks as if Canada is destined to be the Mecca of American sportsmen, from the game resources of its extensive territory, and from the fact that the Canadian government encourages the formation of American clubs, because they keep out poachers and trappers and are a source of no inconsiderable revenue."

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Many more extracts could be inserted, but enough is given to show that while the Triton tract may be equalled, its attractions for the tourist, fisherman, and sportsman can not be surpassed on the North American Continent.

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