



**Vieux Temps Stories — Lac-Tremblant-Nord  
1915-1990**

**Municipalité de Lac-Tremblant-Nord  
© Août 1990**

# Vieux Temps Stories — Lac-Tremblant-Nord

## CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction	1
Assembly Bill N <sup>o</sup> 53	2
History to 1902.....Rickson Outhet, Sr.	4
1895.....Mrs.M.D.Crowley	10
Indian Lore of the Rouge District.....E.J. Graham	12
Mail Time.....Mrs.M.D.Crowley	15
Alice Lighthall.....Interview with Judith Mutton	17
The Far Nord.....Eleanor Earle and Una Wardleworth	29
Local Colour.....Rickson (Dan) Outhet	34
Kirk Hoerner.....Interview with Judith Mutton	42
Modernization.....Robert S. Sproule	53
"C'est Tremblant Nord".....Frank Mills	55
Map	56

## Introduction

The following collection of reminiscences, anecdotes and histories shows a little of the development of our community. You will find contradictions, and various spellings of the names. Truth is not absolute, and over-editing would spoil the flavour and authenticity.

The early histories, and parts of later ones, spill beyond our boundaries — sometimes far beyond. This illustrates the fact that, however much we consider ourselves sufficient unto said selves, we are a part of many communities.

Although this collection has been assembled to mark our 75th anniversary, we find that the north end of Lac Tremblant became summer cottage country around the turn of the century. Early development of winter use of the territory was well within the time of Lac Tremblant Nord as a municipality — the reader is referred to "I Skied the Thirties" by W.L. Ball, where you will again meet Rickson Outhet, senior.

We are greatly indebted to the writers and interviewees, and especially to Judith Mutton of Mont Tremblant. Judy has opened her files and has also given us transcripts of her talks with Alice Lighthall and Kirk Hoerner. The files and interviews are part of the material for a book on the larger Tremblant area, which we hope to see published.

## (ASSEMBLY BILL No. 53)

An Act to incorporate the municipality of Lac Tremblant Nord

**WHEREAS** Henri N. Chauvin, advocate; Arthur Terroux, merchant; Rickson A. Outhet, landscape architect; Dr L. de Lotbiniere Harwood; the Honorable Charles J. Doherty; William D. Lighthall, King's Counsel; Charles E. Racine, customs broker; William H. Wyman, manufacturer; Joseph Leblanc, manufacturer; R. A. Kirkpatrick, contractor; Thomas McLaren, architect; Charles A. Barnard, King's Counsel; Maurice Cullen, artist, and others, all of Montreal, and all having property on Lac Tremblant on that part contained in the township of Joly, have by their petition represented that it is expedient that a municipality be established for the northern part of Lac Tremblant (now part of the township of Joly) under the name of the "Municipality of Lac Tremblant Nord";

Whereas the said community is isolated and its development retarded at present for want of such powers;

Whereas it is not possible for the petitioners to proceed under article No. 37a of the Municipal Code;

Whereas it is expedient to grant such powers;

Therefore, His Majesty, with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, enacts as follows:

**1.** After the day of the sanction of this act the following territory shall be detached from the municipality of the township of Joly, and shall form a separate municipality under the name of "The Municipality of Lac Tremblant Nord", to wit, the northeast range of Lac Tremblant; Lac Tremblant west and northwest of the boundary line between the counties of Ottawa and Terbonne; the southwest range of Lac Tremblant; the range M; the Lac Vert; the part of range N, bounded by the eastern, northern and western boundaries of said range N, and to the south by a straight line prolonging

the southern boundary line of lot number 13 of range M. westward until it meets the said western boundary of range N; together with the islands and the lakes in the foregoing territory; all in the township of Joly, in the county of Labelle.

**2.** All the territories mentioned in the foregoing description are those of the official plan and book of reference of the said township of Joly.

**3.** All the provisions of the Municipal Code shall apply to the municipality of Lac Tremblant Nord except in so far as the same are hereinafter replaced or amended.

**4.** The first elections of councillors of the said municipality of Lac Tremblant Nord shall be held on the second Saturday of the month of July, 1915, at the place to be chosen by the majority of persons having the right to be electors, and subsequent elections shall be held on the second Saturday of the month of July of every year in the manner prescribed by the Municipal Code.

**5.** Such elections shall be presided over by the person chosen for the purpose by the majority of the persons present and voting, having the right to be electors, and he shall be subject to articles 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304 and 306 of the Municipal Code, and if such election is not held as above prescribed the councillors shall be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

**6.** The valuation rolls, electoral lists, procès-verbaux, assessment rolls, by-laws and other documents heretofore governing the territory above mentioned shall continue to apply to the said municipality until amended, repealed or replaced by the council of the said municipality; and copies thereof certified by the secretary of the said municipality of the township of Joly, shall be authentic for all lawful purposes.

**7.** The assets and liabilities of the said municipality and of the said municipality of the township of Joly shall be apportioned proportionately to the respective value of the detached territory as established by the valuation rolls in force at the time of the coming into force of this act.

**8.** Article 280 of the Municipal Code is replaced for the municipality by the following:

and two of the preceding article must be selected by lot at a session of the council in the month of [June] preceding the month of [July] in which they must be replaced. In default thereof the retiring councillors are chosen by lot by the presiding officer of the election in presence of the municipal electors or are designated by the Lieutenant-Governor when they are to be replaced by him.

No election or appointment can take place to fill the offices of such councillors until they have been so selected by lot or designated."

**9.** Article 283 of the Municipal Code as contained in article 6075 of the Revised Statutes 1888, and as amended by the acts 61 Victoria, chapter 50, section 1, and 3 George V, chapter 12, section 2, in so far as applicable to the municipality of Lac Tremblant Nord, is replaced by the following:

"**283.** No one can be appointed a member of the council nor act as such if [he has not had a residence in the municipality for two months in the year preceding the election,] and if he does not possess therein, in his own name or in the name and for the benefit of his wife as proprietor, real estate of the value of at least [two] hundred dollars, or if at the time of his election he is not a municipal elector."

**10.** In addition to the powers conferred on municipalities by the Municipal Code, the Municipal Council of Lac Tremblant Nord shall have the right to make, amend or repeal by-laws for the following purposes:

(a) To establish, maintain and regulate public bathing houses, boat-houses, a club house, wharves, telephone lines within the municipality, and public boats and conveyances for passengers and goods, as well as such buoys and protective lights and marks as they may deem necessary for the improvement of navigation in and around that part of Lac Tremblant within the limits of the municipality;

(b) To contribute to the establishment and maintenance of any of the objects mentioned in the foregoing subsection (a);

(c) To make, maintain and contribute to the establishment and maintenance of roads and telephone lines situated outside the municipality but leading thereto;

(d) To regulate the speed and method of running motor boats and to prescribe the number and description of lights to be used by all boats navigating the said part of

**11.** The office of the municipality and that of the secretary-treasurer may be outside the municipality.

**12.** To meet the expenses of incorporation, and first outlays upon the objects mentioned in section 10 of this act, the council may by resolution approved in writing by a majority of the electors after due notice by registered letter to the rest, borrow a total sum of not more than five thousand dollars by the issue of debentures payable in ten years, at a rate of not more than seven per cent per year, with a sinking fund of five per cent per year.

**13.** The posting of all public notices for municipal purposes of the said municipality may be made at such place or places within the same as may be fixed by the council.

**14.** This act shall come into force on the day of its sanction.

## Lac Tremblant History to 1902

By Rickson Outhet, with notes from E. J. Graham and Fred Nantel

The first white occupation of this neighborhood was from the Ottawa River and up the Rouge. Hamilton Brothers were the first lumbermen to make a jumper trail, then a road, to bring in supplies, which were limited to bare necessities. Iron stoves were taboo, every lumber camp had a Camboose to give night heat and to bake bread and beans, moose and deer. Like a sacrificial altar, the camboose was five feet wide, ten feet long, three to four high, built of logs and filled with sand. At the cooking end there were upright posts from floor to ceiling beams, with pot brackets to swing over the fire. Above all, a chimney shaft of split boards, wider at the bottom, going thru' the roof a foot or more square. Between the camboose and door the log floor was adzed down to make possible good jigs and quadrilles every Saturday night, with a fiddle in attendance. To the rear, bunks and shelves lined the walls. Pine was the "gold in them here hills".

Soon it was found necessary to open up farms to supply hay and vegetables along the long rough route which crossed and recrossed the Rouge by fords. From about 1800 the jumper trail gradually became a wagon road, the slough holes filled, the hills eased off. From this road the short lateral jumper trails were extended to new shanties and cuttings up the tributaries of the Rouge large enough to float the gigantic logs. In later years when railways and better roads came near the Gorge on the lower Rouge, sightseers from Ottawa, Hawkesbury and Montreal came to see the nimble drivers do their stuff on single logs or breaking the jams,

sometimes disappearing but not always reappearing.

Most of these men came from North Ireland to colonize the lower Rouge and Argenteuil County with Sir Sydney Bellingham, a bachelor who built a house at the mouth of Bevins Creek. There was a Hudsons Bay Co. store on the opposite side of the Rouge. Sir Sydney was supposed to have had a son by his housekeeper Mrs. Fillion. When he returned to Sussex Castle he instructed young Fillion to meet him in Paris, where he signed over all his interests in these properties. A. B. Fillion — this son — was the Crown Lands Agent here until his death. He stopped at my camp on Lac Caribou the year of the big fire in Labelle, 1902. He was on his way to Lac Tremblant by canoe in order to make a report on a small island near Caché River, later called Japanese Island — now destroyed by inefficient dams causing floods. I took my canoe and accompanied Fillion. In consequence I bought my on land on the lake and Caché. At this time Joe Comanda, the last Indian resident, had been dead some four or five years, his squaw departed for Lake Cameron. There was a vacant lumber camp on the south end of Cedar Island said to belong to Cyr of Lac Mercier (then called Mont Tremblant C.P.R.). The next cabin was Dr. Laviolette's of Montreal also vacant, then E.J. Stuart's cottage on S.E. side. We then turned back, but saw two houses at the south end of the lake.

The Indians in these parts were Algonquin, originally from Oka but they had, and have, a considerable encampment on Lake Cameron. They claimed a reserve on the Rouge which was their outlet for pelts and inlet for supplies. The Shegir family trapped the Devil River, Comanda, Lac Tremblant and the Caché, Sheship — the Chief, the Macaza, his sons the Cold Creek. There was a Decaire and a Maganse, the last, good log drivers.

Others were scattered on rivers to the west but based on Lac Cameron. An Indian burial ground of upright posts was to be seen on an island between Bevins Creek and Labelle.

The Chute aux Iroquois — for this was the Iroquois territory in the earlier days — was named after a safe get-away of two whites chased down the Rouge who managed to shoot the small falls at what is now called Labelle, while their pursuers were drowned. Canoe portages from Labelle to Lac Tremblant and Caché River over to the St. Maurice tributaries to the east through the Parc de la Montagne Tremblante, and which I have taken, must have been used — tho' the eastern portion was Montagnais Indian territory, as I remember from my trip thru' Weymontechene H.B. Co. post in 1900.

Labelle at one period became popular for the Indians first spring carrousal on their way down from their upper rivers and from Tremblant — liquor for pelts. They were said to be a nuisance, sometimes treacherous, and were avoided by the residents. E.J. Graham's father had a dispute with an Indian who said "take care, you had a barn burn down once". At Bevins Creek H.B. Co. the Rouge became wild and rough. There was a portage on the east side from Bevins Ck. to Lake McDonald thence back to the Rouge and on to Grenville on the Ottawa. There they made baskets and rested for their return to trap, loaded with supplies for the next eight months. They still make rabbit skin blankets every autumn, moose moccasins and snowshoes, but have almost abandoned bark tepee's with central fire on the ground, for the white man's tent and portable stove made from a ten gallon gasoline tank. Prehistoric stone tools are sometimes found, similar to those found in all countries.

Had it not been for the lumbering operations, trapping in winter and making potash while clearing their land of trees in order to make a farm, these Irish and Scotch would have starved. The story of the potash is that Germany wanted potash, so sent to recommended distributors such as storekeepers, hundreds of big iron pots three to four feet in diameter. So heavy that they had to be hauled into the woods in winter. When a man boiled down the ashes and made a bag of potash he would take it to the store, often carrying it all day, to return the next with a bag of flour. Nobody seems to have paid for the pots unless it was the storekeeper. I have seen many of them rusting in the bush.

The help of ten or fifteen dollars a month in lumber camps was not sufficient to bring up a family and clear their land, so these pioneers just had to live very close to the soil. They kept a cow, pig, sheep and hens, the first three perhaps in common with a neighbour. They had gardens and some grew flax. Their spinning wheels and looms kept the women and children very busy making coarse linen shirts and sheets, and with the wool, homespun blankets, petticoats, coats and pants. They trapped the big snowshoe rabbit or northern hare, partridge or grouse, mink and muskrat, an occasional martin, always ready to go into a trap, which was its undoing. They made maple sugar, sometimes adding herbs for coughs. They gathered wild hay from the lake and river bottoms (shores). They planted timothy and clover, buckwheat and oats for cow and man or horse, when their clearing improved, grinding the last two into flour and oatmeal by mortar and pestle as they had done in Britain, (my mother and her sisters did this in Scotland), when unable to get to the mill.

Like the lumber shanties, their houses had no upstairs, the logs went as

high as the ceiling which was made of logs covered with a layer of earth and sand. Some of the gable ends were not closed in, others were covered at the ends by split cedar shakes set upright. The roof was covered similarly or with semicircular hollow cedar logs split in half, the top ones inverted to empty into the lower scoops. This umbrella kept the lower quarters warmer in winter as well as cooler in summer. A few — who could not get away from their old country fireplaces where cooking was done with spit and dripper and used for winter heating — made a stone fireplace, but most of them, especially the men becoming used to the camboose, reverted to this impossible method of heating the lower regions of a room.

Following notes by E.J. Graham

1800-1810 Hamilton Bros of Hawkesbury, were the first to cut pine on Lac Tremblant.

John Roche Co. of Quebec had the Devil River limits a little later.

Gouin had the Caché, probably about 1820-1840.

J.K. Ward about 1870 had the Rouge, also cut around Lac Caché.

Ward sold his limits to Riorden about 1895.

Baptiste of Trois Rivières bought out Hamilton about 1886.

Baptiste sold to Perley in 1899.

Perley sold to Riorden in 1909.

E.J. G's father started as contractor jobber for Ward 1870.

E.J. G started for Baptiste in 1895. Remembers seeing three caribous near Arundel, his home in 1875.

E.J. G's father came to Canada from North Ireland with others from Lord

Bellingham's Estate. Sir Sydney the son became the Earl of Arundel Castle.

From Mrs. M.D. Crowley (courtesy of Judith Mutton)

I am enclosing some information about Indians living in the Laurentians long ago, written by my father Edward James Graham (E.J.) for short, written in 1940. He came, as a newly wed, to live in St. Jovite in 1895 to be General Manager of The Perley Lumber Company and established a head office there. The Company limits extended around Labelle, Green Lake, Caché and north and south sides of Mont Tremblant. Some logs were rolled down what some lakers call Sugar Loaf mountain, opposite the Dam, and recognized by its shape and the big flat rock above the lake edge. There was extensive tree cutting on Mont Tremblant. There are remnants of old log camps on the mountain to this day. A devastating fire very early in 1900 brought an end to any serious timber cutting there.

In 1905 my father built a large bungalow a-top a hill, (no longer there), beside Pinoteau's Hotel, which was not in existence until many years later. In 1942 my father died and soon afterwards my mother sold the property to Mr. Ryan, ostensibly to incorporate the land into a golf course. He tore down the house and leveled the hill. Seemed a terrible desecration to us. Somehow we never imagined such a thing could happen. The only landmark left is a large rock on the beach. My mother gave Mr. Ryan a large panoramic view, photographed from our hill, which was displayed in the main building of Mont Tremblant Lodge. It is a beautiful view of the Lake.

I think the first power craft on the Lake was the steam Alligator "St. George" used for rafting logs down the lake to the dam. The original dam

was built of round timber about 1895. It was rebuilt in 1904. It had a special sluice through which every log plunged into perilous descent and journey down the Devil and Rouge Rivers to the lumber mill at Calumet.

Father needed a telephone to keep in touch with the office in St. Jovite, so he had a line built through from the nearest Bell telephone connection. When others heard of this, they wanted telephones too. He ended up owning a telephone party line. Three rings for Central in St. Jovite and one long and two shorts for us. There were other rings too, of course, which were annoying, and sometimes my mother would plug the bell. This tactic meant that occasionally we missed one of our own calls. Later the line was taken over by the Bell Telephone Co.

These few details conjure up memories of many happy years, from childhood to motherhood, spent at Trembling Lake, which we called it. The name, incidentally, was given to it by the Indians because the mountain, at one time, was covered by a shrub whose leaves were continuously kept aquiver by the wind. I remember my father repeating the Indian name for the mountain. Maybe you have the name on file.

## Indian Lore of the Rouge District

By E.J. Graham, written in 1940

From Mrs Crowley, (courtesy of Judith Mutton)

The Indians of this district were of the Alongonquin tribe and usually considered Oka as their Headquarters.

The Reserve was located in Arundel Township, set apart by the Government, several hundred acres area, in range 6 and 7 on River Rouge.

The Chief known in the writer's time was Mathias Chichippe (Black Duck); very homely in appearance, he lived on the reserve. He had a large family. His duty was to govern that part of the tribe allotted to him on the Rouge District; which duties were to give each family their hunting territory and keep the peace in general. He was married twice and had four sons and four daughters and two grandsons. All except one died of the smallpox scourge of 1885; the remaining son died in 1915. He pretended to be of the Protestant faith (Presbyterian). His hunting grounds were on the Macaza River and tributaries.

SHaweENS. Lived on Reserve.

Barnaby Shaween was a half breed; his mother was a kidnapped child, a very fair old lady, could speak only the Indian tongue; had family of six: three boys and three girls. The oldest boy was drowned, the other five were smallpox victims, including their father. A very fine hunter, whose territory was on the Devil's River.

DECONERS. Lived on Reserve.

Two boys and one girl, who married Shaween; boys had no children.

COMMANDAS.

Were two families: Joseph and Michael; Joseph lived on Tremblant Lake, Caché River; married; had only one son smallpox victim. Joseph's camp was near the inlet of Tremblant Lake, Caché River, later built on by Owen Dawson. His hunting territory was Caché District; he was expert birch bark Canoe maker, and otherwise industrious. Died suddenly on portage 1906, about 75 years old; squaw moved away to her friends.

MICHAELCOMMANDAS.

Lived on Rouge River at place now called Brebeuf; had large family of nine children: four boys and five girls all smallpox victims, except the oldest boy, who was absent and died in 1940, at Buckingham, Que., 95 years old. The father went over the falls at Brebeuf and was drowned; his hunting ground was west of what is now "La Conception".

MICONS.

Lived near Silver Mountain or Martin Creek, south of La Conception; hunting territory: west towards Cameron Lake on Maskinonge River; have all passed over the Great Divide.

OJIQUE.

Lived at Pointe aux Chènes, Que.; married; had four boys. Hunted on Salmon River. Claimed to be medically inclined.

FRANÇOIS.

Lived in vicinity of Nomingue Lake and hunted in the Veronique district; no descendants.

CANARD BLANC. (White Duck)

Two families lived and hunted on North Nation waters; some of their descendants still living.

The writer knew all of these families, lived with them from 4 years old, cruised all over the lakes and rivers in this district, and knew them all by their Christian names. In religion they were chiefly R.C. Listened to their stories around the Camps, and knew the tradition, herein inscribed to be authentic.

## Mail Time

From Mrs. Crowley, (courtesy of Judith Mutton)

Mail time was quite an event in those by-gone days of prewar memories. Especially Friday night. This was the day when week-end guests arrived, along with the market baskets, and, of course, the mail. Then there were also family relatives of the Lake dwellers who had to spend the week in Town attending to their various businesses. All in all, it was the special night of the week.

The mail and passengers arrived via Robert's Hotel bus from the station at Lac Mercier. Robert's was the end of the line, so to speak. To any lake dweller not familiar with Robert's Hotel, it was a log building built about seventy-five years ago by two Robert brothers from Belgium. It burnt down eventually and later Charlie Johnson built a very modern stone house virtually on the ashes of the old hotel.

There was a long boat-house on the Lake front with a slanting platform down to the water's edge. This boat-house accommodated many of the boats belonging to the Lake dwellers when they bid their last good-byes to Tremblant at the end of the summer season. On Friday nights you could hear the putt-putts of boats and see the beams of flashlights all converging on the hotel wharf.

But now here comes the bus. The first intimation of its arrival was its rattling, thunderous descent down a sharp incline in the road near the hotel. Everybody, who was not already there, made a rush for the Post

Office. Sometimes it was a long wait before this welcome heralding took place. The train could be late — up to two hours on Fridays. Should this situation ever occur, the residents at the lower end of the Lake were the lucky ones because they could always phone the station to find out if the train was in, or when expected. The unfortunate upper end inhabitants had to take a chance and hopefully expect it to perform on schedule. Otherwise they sat around on steps, rocks and stumps, or took short walks and usually cleaned out the hotel supply of soft drinks, chocolate bars and anything else edible in stock. A little diversion was supplied by the local swains arriving at the hotel kitchen door to court their sweet-hearts employed by the hotel in various capacities. Loud greetings and ecstatic embraces occurred before the enchanted pairs disappeared from view.

After the bus drew up with a sudden halt and the occupants had recovered sufficiently to climb down, greetings over with and luggage claimed, the mail was about ready to be sorted. It all had to be legally canceled, of course, and then everybody waited with baited breath for his or her name to be called. It was disappointing not to receive a letter, or perhaps, an expected parcel. At least there was always the week-end paper to take home. However barren the results, the trip was well worth the effort, and, certainly, not to be missed next Friday night.

**Interview with Alice Lighthall** (June 5, 1988)

Interview by Judith Mutton

We were early residents of that end of the lake. It had been very much in the wilds before that, But at the time when I first knew it, there had been a very heavy forest fire through the region. A great many of the old trees had fallen to it.

DID THE FOREST FIRE BURN ALL AROUND THE LAKE OR ON ONE SIDE OF THE LAKE?

Well, it had gone across the north end of the lake and it had destroyed the original forest there, but it was beginning to grow up again, and the hills behind it were beginning to be clothed again but when the family went up to spend the summer, I was very often left down with the Birks family at the other end of the lake. Mr. Gerald Birks had a place there, and that hadn't been touched by fire at all.

Of course I wanted to be on the adventurous side so I was very much displeased to be left down with the Birks at the other end of the lake. All their children, the Willy Birks family, were younger, and they were there with a governess. The eldest son, Henry, was taken up (exchanged for me), and I had to stay down at the cultivated end of the lake. That was my first introduction to Tremblant.

HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOUR FAMILY TOOK YOU UP TO TREMBLANT FOR THE SUMMERS?

I think I must have been twelve or thirteen.

YOUR FATHER WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PEOPLE TO BUILD A CABIN AT THE END OF THE LAKE. DO YOU KNOW 'ROUND-ABOUT WHAT DATE HE BUILT THE CABIN?

Well, as a matter of fact, I think it was a prefabricated cabin. Then two other cabins were built on the spot, one of which was designed and called for me, Villa Alicia, so my first introduction to the lake was when I had a cabin on my own, which was very nice. It wasn't a big one, but it was quite adequate. There was another family that went up with us, the Milnes, and their children were about our ages. The two families camped together in the bit of woodlands that was still left among all the burned space, because the fire had taken the hills behind us but it had left a good space of woodlands bordering the lake.

WAS ONE OF THE REASONS YOUR FATHER DIDN'T TAKE YOU DOWN THE LAKE WITH HIM... THAT HE WANTED PEACE AND QUIET? DID HE WANT TO WRITE?

Oh yes he wanted to write, but he also was fond of children. He wanted a place that was nice for us. We had an old guide, Fleurant, who came and did for us and took us children in hand and told us stories and also gave us a lot of the lore of the woodlands.

WAS HIS NAME MOISE FLEURANT?

Yes, Moise. Yes.

SO THIS IS THE MAN YOUR FATHER WROTE A POEM ABOUT, MOISE FLEURANT OF FLEURANT BAY?

I think he did, yes.

DO YOU REMEMBER ANY OF THE STORIES, SOME OF THE LORE THAT MOISE TOLD YOU?

Well, I don't remember the stories very well, but I remember some of the wood craft he told us, and at that time there were a great many bears in the district. Fleurant had trapped a great many, or really killed a number of bears. A matter of fact, he'd killed about 90, but he was beginning to be rather shy of killing any more. I think he thought that if he came up to his 100th bear that his days would be numbered.

We were taught a lot about bears and we were forbidden to go alone into the woods, any of the children, because they didn't know when we might meet some. Of course the bears were becoming more used to having people around, because their area for hunting was restricted by all the burned land. Well... we enjoyed our days in the woods, but we were very restricted by this prevalence of bears. I remember old Fleurant saying, "No danger bears, no danger bears". He knew where it was safe to go and we were all forbidden to go alone into the woods.

There was a path from the Caché River Falls over to Labelle. It ran behind us, up in the higher hills. A great deal of the land had these burned strips down through it which were growing up into raspberry country, because the raspberries were the first thing that came in after the fire.

DO YOU REMEMBER PICKING RASPBERRIES?

Oh yes. And when we were taken on expeditions, because we weren't allowed to go out by ourselves, we always had boxes slung around our necks to pick berries into.

I'M SURE THERE WERE BLUEBERRIES AS WELL AS RASPBERRIES?

Yes, oh yes. The blueberries didn't come the first thing. The raspberries came the first thing and then blueberries came later on. But... let me see... by that time the soft maples were growing up and were about... oh... about up to our shoulders, the first new growth on the hills behind us.

My uncle George and my father decided that it was very difficult to get up the lake, because it was about nine miles. They thought that they'd best have a launch so uncle George planned the launch, and they had it built in town. So it was between the two families, the two Lighthall families, and by that time uncle George had built a log house, a round log house just next to our camp, but there was a strip of wild land between the two and we had to either cross this wild land or go by boat. We had flat-bottom boats and those were the only ones that we children were allowed to be in, except for the launch.

HAVE YOU ANY RECOLLECTIONS OF MOISE TELLING YOU ABOUT ANY INDIANS AT TREMBLANT?

There were not many Indians in that part of the country. There were a few, a few scattered Algonkians, but the nearest settlements of Indians were of Iroquois, but the Iroquois didn't touch us up there. They were down nearer town. Caugnawaga was an Iroquois settlement and so was La Petite

Nation which was on the Ottawa River.

THE IROQUOIS WERE FURTHER AWAY FROM TREMBLANT THEN. IT WAS JUST SCATTERED ALGONKIANS WHO WERE AT TREMBLANT?

Well La Petite Nation, which was an offshoot of the Iroquois, had one settlement up a little further, up beyond Labelle. We were about on a level with Labelle, but it was cut off by three lakes from Tremblant. They were all small lakes, but we didn't depend on that, we depended on the other end of Tremblant, which was near Lac Mercier.

In our early days there, there were no Indians living in the immediate vicinity, but the ones that were the nearest to us were Algonkians, and they were not many, just a wandering family of two.

WERE THE COMMANDANT FAMILY...?

The Commandant family were there, yes.

WERE THEY ALGONKIANS?

They were Algonkians I think. They certainly were not Iroquois.

AND WHERE DID THEY LIVE?

They were wandering, as a matter of fact, if they had a place to live at all, it was on a lake above us, Lac Commandant, and further north, there was nobody between that and the North Pole...

ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL. THAT'S GOING QUITE A LONG WAY BACK ISN'T IT? I'VE READ YOUR FATHER'S POEM ON COMMANDANT'S ISLAND, IN WHICH HE SPEAKS OF THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE. HE COULD HAVE ROMANTICIZED THE FACT THAT COMMANDANT WAS A CHIEF, BUT WAS THERE A BAND OF INDIANS OR JUST A FEW SCATTERED INDIANS LIVING THERE?

Scattered. I think they were Algonkians, but certainly they were scattered.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING TO WATCH THE NEW FOREST GROW UP AFTER THE FIRE.

It was. Because the first thing that came up was raspberries. The next thing was the young birch and soft maple, and those came up before any of the hardwood trees. Well the birches were pretty hard. The grownups of the family were able to do a certain amount of cabin building of the young maple trees, of the soft maples. The hard maples didn't come up until later, much later. The raspberries and then the soft maples and then the birches and then gradually came in the conifers...

HOW DID YOUR MOTHER FEEL ABOUT GOING UP TO THE LAKE FOR THE SUMMER?

She loved it. But she was not very well. However she got better up there. The mountains did well for her. She had been ill, very ill, from over-doing it in town before. So to get completely away from her various concerns in town was a good thing for her, and she turned out to be a strong woman after that.

The next year I was with the family altogether. The second year they had taken up to camp beside them the Milne family from town. The Milne children were all younger than we were. But we used to act plays, which I wrote. The first play that came off had a song in it. Unfortunately the prince, who was the hero of the play, knew only two airs, two songs. One was God Save The King, or the Queen at that time I think, but anyway, it was Queen Victoria. The other one was Home Sweet Home. You couldn't very well use God Save The Queen, so it had to be Home Sweet Home. The grownups of the party, after the play was over, sent a request to the younger members of the family to please avoid the tune of Home Sweet Home. They'd had enough of that.

HOW DID YOU GET YOUR SUPPLIES IN AND OUT FOR THE SUMMER, THE FOOD AND SUPPLIES?

We took a good deal of it with us. Because you see we had a kitchen in one of the cabins we had built and we were able to take a good deal of canned food, and then there was a supply boat that came around about twice a week.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHO RAN THE SUPPLY BOAT?

It was a different one each year, as a matter of fact. I'm afraid I don't remember because I didn't have the bargaining for the supplies, and I didn't have any of the responsibilities for getting them in... That was before the first war you see, I think we went up there first in about 1905 or so. Anyway, by the time the first war came along, we were established up there for the summer.

HOW LONG DID YOUR FATHER KEEP THE CAMP ON THE LAKE?

The cabin? I think it's still there. But the first cabin that was put up was prefab, brought up from town and then reinforced with bark strips up the cracks. Father named the first cabin... "Oh for a lake in some vast wilderness, some boundless continuity of shade, where rumor of.... and defeat..., of unsuccessful and successful war, shall.... ever reach no more". He wrote this up over the inside doorway so, in time, that camp got to be known as 'OPHORA', 'Oh for a' Lodge...

AND THE OTHER LITTLE CABIN HE NAMED FOR YOU?

Yes, Villa Alicia. It was a two room cabin and the other side of it, not my side of it was for the cook... very important...

HOW LONG DID YOU GO THERE IN THE SUMMER TIME?

Oh for a good many years, yes. But we always had to allow for the fly season, so that we never went up until July, and we came down also before it got too cold. We were up there about two months of each year... There was an island in the lake, called Club Island, which had been occupied, before our days up there, by a club in town. That is one of the long islands in the middle of the lake. There was a rock that stuck up on which there was a light put every year, those were the main features of the lake.

WHAT CLUB? WAS IT A HUNTING AND FISHING CLUB?

The camp, you mean on the island? Yes it was. Now let's see. Who was the artist who went up there, the sculptor, who made two carved figures?

DO YOU REMEMBER HOLGATE?

Yes, he was during our time. 'Supeer de lac' was one of the figures that was carved by one of the artists that used to go up to Club Island... I've forgotten what the first one was called, but anyway, there were two very delightful figures and they were copied quite extensively afterwards.

There was a trail that did lead up to the top of Mont Tremblant, to a fire observation tower, which was just a wooden one. I remember that when I came back from the first war, one of the boys who had been over to the war had been through bad gassing, and his lungs were in bad shape, and mother had taken him up to the lake to stay with us because of his disability. Bill, this is my brother, was to take him up to the highest point of the fire observation tower on top of Tremblant. Unfortunately, Bill was called off to a municipal meeting, because our end of the lake, the wild end of the lake, had been made a Municipality in itself.

So I offered to take this boy up to the top of the mountain. We had our lunch at the top of the fire tower, and well then, we came down again. We went down the trail, there were trails in various directions. We got down to the lake and we found our families waiting for us — that was being received into civilization again...

SO I TAKE IT YOU AND THE FAMILY CAME UP IN THE WINTER SKIING. WHERE DID YOU STAY WHEN YOU CAME UP IN THE WINTER?

There was no skiing in the very earliest days.

Then we bought the house we had for many years afterwards. It belonged to the architect Stone to begin with, and I think Fleurant had built it for him. It was such a solid squared log house. I think it's probably still there. We lived in that for years afterwards. (André Sigouin's house, 1990.)

SO YOU THINK MOISE FLEURANT BUILT THIS HOUSE?

Moise Fleurant, yes. He hadn't built it for himself. He built it for Stone, the architect. We lived in it for many years since father bought it from the Stones. We used to go up summer and winter, and whenever it suited us.

DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR FATHER WRITING OF MEETING BLISS CARMEN ON THE LAKE?  
ONCE WHEN HE WAS OUT ON THE LAKE...

Bliss Carmen was never up there. That was pure invention of somebody's...  
Yes, Bliss Carmen was never up there.

I knew Maurice Cullen very well and also his nephew, Bob Pilot. I knew Bob Pilot when he was a young boy. Maurice Cullen of course was older than we were, he was the generation of my parents. We were near neighbors up there at the end of the lake, but by that time we had bought the Stone's house and were living in it.

DID YOU SELL THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE LAKE?

Did we... yes. We left a house up there, which was where the Junior League Camp began. I don't know whether you knew anything about the Junior League Camp? Well, we decided that the Junior League would have a camp for children that needed it, and that was the first welfare camp for girls. There were welfare camps for boys but not for girls; that was the first for girls.

WAS THIS AT THE NORTH END OF THE LAKE?

Yes. At our old camp. By that time we were living in the house, in the squared log house.

WELL THAT'S INTERESTING. I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THERE WAS A CAMP FOR WELFARE GIRLS. I HADN'T HEARD OF THAT BEFORE.

You never heard of the Junior League Camp? Well that started when father gave us the use of our old camp grounds you see, and the Junior League Camp had that for two years and started their camp. Now that was just before the First Great War, because I was overseas as A. V. A. D. in the British Army. When I came home, the younger girls of the Junior League had been running the camp, which was started on father's land. They'd started with an experimental lot of just a dozen of Griffin Town girls. When I got back from the war, the first thing that I was given to do by the Junior League was to look for a site for starting a large camp. They'd already advertised and they had places for me to visit. We found a good place for the camp and that started on the hills not very far from the North River. The Junior League Camp we had started on our own grounds before I went away, and I'd had charge of the first two years of it. We

bought half of one of the old French farms and started the Junior League Camp there with 100 girls at a time. So I was on that camp committee as long as it lasted.

WHEN YOU STARTED THE CAMP, YOUR FATHER GAVE YOU THE CABIN AND THE AREA ON LAC TREMBLANT...

Yes, to start it. That was for the experimental year. We started it as the Griffin Town Camp with twelve girls. It was a real experiment.

WAS MOISE FLEURANT AROUND, AND DID HE HELP YOU AT ALL?

Oh yes, indeed he did. He was the one who used to take us up into the woods and show us bear tracks and show us the different kinds of wood there were...

SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A FIRE?

Well, we knew how to make a fire! But I mean, after all! Our fathers were able to show us a good deal. But old Fleurant would never allow us to go in the forest without him...

## The Far Nord

By Eleanor Earle and Una Wardleworth

Our father came to Canada in the autumn of 1903, and the following summer, he and a friend went to Lac Tremblant for a short visit. They rowed up the lake to the far end and found the Lighthalls and the Millens encamped on the land on which "Ophora" was built. Our father fell in love with the lake and decided that if he ever had to send the family anywhere in the summer it would be to Tremblant. The Lighthalls and Millens had a large platform for a tent and there were two small rooms under one roof, which are there to this day and they had a frame kitchen.

By 1908 not only was Ophora standing, but in that year Mr. Lighthall built a log house at the other side of the head of the bay.

In 1916 our family spent the summer in Ophora — the Lighthalls having moved to Highbury, which now belongs to André Sigouin. In 1917 we started to live at Rockcliff, Mr. Lighthall's house, and our father bought it soon after. We were brought up at Rockcliff as children and young people in the summers. My sister and I built the small log house called Treetops in 1930 — close enough to Rockcliff so the bears wouldn't get us on our way over at night as we used to say. Mr. France Sigouin, father of André Sigouin, built this house.

The lumber camp on the portage between Lac Tremblant and Lac Vert was still standing but deserted. We used to row up in the afternoons to pick raspberries. The Chute between Lac Vert and Tremblant, for floating the

logs down from Lac Vert, was still standing though we were not to play on it — it was getting on in years. When we decided as a lark to go down the Chute, someone up at Lac Vert let the water out at the upper end and we were swept down by the strong stream.

We young people bought ourselves a canoe — our father had said we could not have one until we could all swim. This meant that we could portage the canoe up to Lac Vert and very soon were portaging to Lac Caribou. Not only did we go over for picnics but also to pick blueberries which were available by the pailful. Over the years when the Teels owned Ophora and spent their summers there, we several times went canoeing with Mrs. Teel and the boys — up to little Lac Michel and big Lac Michel on another trip — not far from Lac Caribou.

In winter we usually made our one visit by train to Labelle — skied to Lac Blanc — crossing it, then Lac Caribou then Lac Vert down to Tremblant — sometimes returning the same way, or more often skiing down Lac Tremblant to the far end at the day's end. Once three of us drove up from town to the shore at Rockcliff — the snow and ice conditions being right.

Once we went up by sleigh and horse from the Municipal boat house up the Caché to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Fournelle. Mr. Fournelle was guardian for the International Paper Company. The Company had also built a house near Bear Falls to be used by staff members of the Company for holidays. The Fournelles grew vegetables, as I remember, and had a cow for the convenience of possible occupants of this house. We went up by canoe once a week to get the gorgeous cream. I think we were able to get chickens too.

About 1917 we visited Miss Ethel Stuart on Caché Island. She was camping with several other people and was holding an umbrella over the stove to protect the cooking from the rain. The Stuarts had had a small farm, I suppose you would call it, on the road near our present Municipal boat house. Mr. Stuart had bought three Islands — and at least one small piece of land on the shore of Lac Tremblant. The Island opposite the Terroux's belonged to the son — later to Miss Ethel Stuart, and now I believe to the Terroux family. Cedar Island belonged to Miss Mary (Dolly) Stuart and Caché Island to Miss Ethel. When we saw them camping there she had decided to build a house there, and she and Miss Dolly did that.

Miss Dolly remembered that her father went to Labelle for supplies from time to time and would camp on Cedar Island with the Indian who could assist him to paddle the canoe, and carry it on the portages. Also there would be the supplies to be carried on portages etc. Mr. Stuart used to tie the painter of the canoe to his ankle when they camped over night on Cedar Island, so that if the Indian got any ideas of taking off with the canoe, Mr. Stuart would feel him trying to untie the rope. Apparently which ever Indian was thereabouts used to burn Cedar Island over to kill the flies.

We heard about the Alligator — a vehicle which would travel on land and on the lake. There was also the steamboat as we called it. One of the things it did was to tow the great booms of logs down the lake. Also when the Paper Company sent some of its men around to repair wharves, the steamboat would bring them. Also they picked up any logs which had escaped from the boom.

When Mrs. Pat Allan's mother — Helen Ross — developed appendicitis as a young woman, they managed to contact the steamboat which took her and her mother down the lake so that they could reach a train as quickly as possible. Mr. Decaire knew that Miss Alice Lighthall was still at the Ross house and wanted to know if all was well with her. She had been busy packing up Helen Ross's clothes and other things, so that, if she did not survive the emergency, her mother would not come back and find her things everywhere. Miss Lighthall was quite touched by Mr. Decaire's thoughtfulness.

Other memories of the Decaires is the occasion when several gentlemen from the lake called at the Cabin on the point later built on by Dr. Whiting. The men wished to arrange for work to be done. Several of the big Decaire sons were in the bunks much the worse for their drinking spree. Several of them started to get up and their mother heaved them back into the bunks and then said, "What can I do for you gentlemen?"

Mme Decaire did the washing for some of the summer people and Miss Lighthall remembers her making a fire on the beach at what is now André's property — with a red bandana around her head.

Another interesting man in the early days was Moïse Fleurant of the "hundred bears". When our parents saw him he was an old man and an Indian woman had told him that he would die when he had killed 100 bears. At that time he had killed about 98, I believe, and probably was trying to avoid killing any more. His son, William Fleurant, was working around the Lake when we first went to Tremblant and helped to open and close houses and so on. The Sweet William flowers on the slope below Ophora had some

connection with him — he had planted them, I think.

There were two small houses back to back at the head of the Bay at the end of the lake — one belonged to the Chauvins. An earlier Chauvin house on the hill nearby had been burnt and it is thought that the two small houses standing when we first went to the lake in 1916 were burnt and/or pulled down, and one or two later houses were built on the site.

## Local Colour

By Rickson (Dan) Outhet

In the summer of 1902, my father, Rickson A. Outhet, went north from Montreal to Labelle on the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was the only way to travel there at that time. Some years later, he wrote a short memo of his trip and, also, a history of the Indians and white settlers of Tremblant area, which he called "Lac Tremblant History". But he did not leave a record of the summer people on the Lake for the years *after* 1902. Some of the items which I record herein come from my father, or what I can remember. What I can personally remember starts about the year 1919.

When my father, Rickson Outhet, Sr., arrived at Labelle from Montreal on the C.P.R. train, he traveled alone by canoe, to Lac Caribou by portaging through Lac Blanc. He set up his camp at Lac Caribou. This was the year of the Labelle Fire which burned the country he had passed through.

My father told me that Cammanda had two summer camps at Lake Tremblant, one near the sand point on Cedar Island, and another on a point on the mainland, where Greenleaf's cottage now is. I believe that he died at the latter camp. In 1924, at this camp site, I found a fractured human upper arm bone and the rusty head of a trade axe.

On an early misty morning in 1924, I paddled an Indian made birchbark canoe at the mouth of the Cachée. I saw an Indian come down the river in a dugout canoe, close to the shore. He must have seen me, but he did not

acknowledge my presence. He followed the shore in front of our camp and disappeared in the mist. I have known Indians who travel to, and across, the Hudson Bay height of land to use dugouts, to preserve the bottoms of their canvas or birchbark canoes from damage by gravel in the shallow streams. I conclude from this use of the dugout, that the Indian I saw was a Montagnais from the St. Maurice watershed, who had used his dugout to travel over the height of land from the St. Maurice and to descend the head waters of the Cachée River. He was the only Indian I have seen at Tremblant.

**The first Outhet Camp. The Stuarts Sisters. The Cachée Camp.  
The drowning of Murray Outhet, 1906. The Hunting Camp**

The first Outhet camp was built in 1905 on that part of Lot A-7, which Richard Haliburton now owns. It consisted of the main sitting room cum kitchen and a veranda facing the lake, and on the north side there was a summer kitchen. The terrain slopes toward the lake and it was supported by posts, except for the rear portion which rested on the hillside. Work was commenced in the absence of my father, and upon his return he found two things wrong with it; the logs had not been peeled, and a level had not been used, because "one was not available". "This was no excuse, why didn't you use a bottle?" No one thought of *that!*

My paternal grandmother spent a number of summers there until her decease in 1914. The camp was later sold to one Harlow, a friend of my father's at the Montreal Ski Club. Leonard Lehan who was his stepson, represented Canada at the 1928 Olympic games as a Nordic skier.

Another cottage at the north end of the lake was that of the Stuart Sisters, on Cachée Island, a two storey building of logs. Miss Dolly was the elder, of a dark and swarthy complexion, she was the more masculine of the two, not to imply that she was not ladylike — but she gave the orders. Ethel was of a mild, sweet disposition. They had a good garden in a clearing behind their house, and I often traded a speckled trout for some fresh vegetables. They helped to organize the Lake regattas of the '20's and 30's. At the first one of these I was told, almost commanded by Miss Dolly, to use a scythe to clear a place for a picnic. I did it with considerable trepidation since my experience was nil. The picnic was held at Décaires Point.

They did not have a motor boat, and I at no time saw them leave the Island under their own power. A side-wheeler steamboat called the "alligator" supplied them with provisions, but I never saw this boat put in to their island or leave it. The question of how they received supplies has remained a mystery to me.

In the early spring of 1906, my father engaged my uncle, Murray Outhet<sup>1</sup>, and a friend of my father's, Hausen, to build the cabin on Lot A-8 at the Cachée. The ice had just gone out, and these men ran low on provisions. Murray took the green canoe with a sail, and headed for the south end of the lake, leaving Hausen in camp. Hausen was born with a club foot.

A wind came up and turned the canoe over, which cost Murray his life. His body was never found. Because he did not return to camp, Hausen, regardless of his handicap, walked down the shore of the lake to find out

---

<sup>1</sup> Not to be confused with my brother of the same name

what had happened. In spite of this tragedy, the cabin was completed that year.

Just before the first great war a deer hunting club was formed, which used the Cachée camp. The members were my father, George Ross (of the Ross Rifle fame), Bert Ross, George Shearer (an uncle of Norma Shearer, movie actress), Edgar Budge and Tom Maclaren, all of Montreal. The deer season in those years would close so late that these gentlemen would usually become frozen in by ice conditions and would be lucky to get home for Christmas.

**After the First Great War. Friends of Rickson Outhet, Sr. of the Montreal Art Society. Return of the War Veterans. Bob Pilot, Ned Pilot, Bill Tate.**

After the First Great War, R. A. Outhet, Sr., invited some of his friends of the Montreal Art Society to visit him at the Cachée Camp to sketch. These were Maurice Cullen and Edwin Holgate, who subsequently built their own cottages on the Lake. Maurice Cullen, with the help of his stepsons Bob and Ned Pilot, built the cottage where Bill Haliburton now lives. Edwin Holgate built the cabin which Phyllis Sproule now owns.

In the summer of 1919 my mother, Margaret, invited her unmarried sisters from Toronto to the Cachée camp. Ned Pilot made a point of dropping into our place at breakfast time, in his pajamas. For someone just out of the trenches this was not unusual attire, in the relaxed atmosphere of Tremblant, but I could not but notice the lifted eyebrows of my maiden aunts.

In the same summer Major William Tate, R.C.A., retired, came to see us. He carried a Luger pistol which fascinated me, a small boy. He fired at bullfrogs outside out boathouse, and the sharp reports drove me into the boathouse. At this point, my father suggested that I take the Major up the Cachée for some trout fishing. I only knew one hole which I could count on, and I took him there. His luck was so fantastic that the place did not seem to have the old allure for me again. But he appreciated my guiding, because he gave me a clasp knife, which I kept for many years. Bill Tate and I became lifelong friends and we never forgot our fishing trip together.

### **Some Characters of the Lake and Cachée River**

Madame Décaire and family. Fournel. Guillaume Fleurant. I remember the above named individuals and families starting with the year 1919 and thereafter.

One of the families which lived a long time at Lac Tremblant was called Décaire. This family lived near a sand point in the 1920's and before. It is half way up the Lake on the west shore. The father was described by my father as "the last of the good log drivers." It was later called "Whitings Point" and still later, "MacFarlane's" (now Gaucher's).

One day in early July of 1920, my father and mother, and my brother, Murray, and I were on our way up the lake to the Cachée in the verchère. My father was rowing, and the wind came up when we reached the point and stranded the boat on a sand bar. The waves came over the gunwale and threatened to flood the verchère and our provisions. My brother, Murray,

and I jumped to shore in the shallow water, and my father kept the boat upright with an oar. But my mother, in her tight skirt, could not get her legs over the side. Madame Décaire suddenly appeared from nowhere, plunged into the waves, reached into the boat, grabbed my mother around the waist and swept her safely onto the beach, where she stood as surprised as I. She didn't even get the hem of her skirt wet. I have always remembered this as an heroic act, and as a moment set apart in time. I can remember nothing of the remainder of the trip.

The same year, a young son of Madame Décaire, went hunting partridge on the Palisades, a mountain across the Lake from our camp. It was in the fall, and it had snowed. He had his small dog, Pitou, with him. This mountain has precipitous cliffs. Having climbed one of these, he made the mistake of trying to pull his gun up after him with his hand around the muzzle. The gun was loaded, and a twig caught in the trigger and discharged it. He was hit in the arm, chest and face, and blinded.

He had lost considerable blood, and it was becoming dark, but he was able to scrape together enough wood for a fire. The Décaire boy, weak from his wounds, settled down for the night. He did not know it, but a wolf, drawn by the smell of blood, circled the camp site. The dog did not leave him, but kept barking.

The next morning, a rescue party led by his brother Poli found him, weak, but alive. They were able to take him down the lake to a doctor, and he recovered.

Another interesting family of the 1920's was the Fournel family who lived

in a cabin on the road near Bear Falls on the Cachée River. The Riordon Co. and later, the Canadian International Paper Co., had cutting rights here and north to Big Lac Cachée. Fournel was a guardian for these companies and controlled access to their lands. Fournel would always ask me to show a company pass to go past his abode, but I never had one and was allowed to go up the road anyway. Such were the advantages of youth.

Fournel and his wife and a small boy and girl lived in this cabin all year round. He had cleared enough land around the cabin to keep a cow and plant a garden. It was a good example of "life in the clearing", and how it was lived, without any neighbours for miles around. Whatever his origin may have been, he told me that he had trapped in Montana in the early 1900's. One day on his trap line, someone shot at him. He believed it to be another white man. He took this unkindly and left Montana, and settled here on the Cachée River.

Mme Fournel made butter, and Murray and I were offered buttermilk once or twice a week, during our summer holidays.

Finally, Fournel died of diabetes in the 1930's. His young family moved away and the cabin fell into ruins. If you look carefully to the left of the road you can still discern the clearing. Whenever I pass by here, I wistfully look at the place the cabin stood and unconsciously fumble in my pocket for the permit, which I never had.

In the autumn of 1919, my father taught me how to trap and skin muskrat, beaver and otter. My father and I, with my mother and brother, stayed at the Cachée Camp until late November, when the ice began to form along

the shores of the River. One day, when I was skinning a muskrat in the woodshed, I told my father I would prefer to stay at the Lake rather than return to Montreal. I had at this time formed my deep relationship with the woods and water of Tremblant, which has never left me.

In October, at nightfall, Guillaume Fleurant pulled his verchère up to our dock at the Cachée. He had his camping gear and a black bear he had trapped up the river. He joined our family for supper and stayed overnight. He appreciated a bed before rowing down the Lake. He was a true "bushman" and very quiet and devout. He quietly crossed himself and bowed his head before commencing supper. One thing I have never understood was how he got a five hundred pound bear into his boat.

### Interview with Kirk Hoerner (August 2, 1988)

Interview by Judith Mutton, while cruising on Kirk's catamaran.

There were two brothers Fournel. One was the fire ranger, (his brother was the warden up at Bear Falls), and he used to climb the mountain once a day and sit up in the tower. Fournel took a shine to me, maybe because I was handicapped or something, and if he was paddling up to see his brother, which he did twice a week, regularly, he'd stop off at Wild Cat Creek, or he'd go over to the Island next to my uncle's place, and fish. He'd bring in a mess of speckled trout for my mother and my sister and me. Mother would cook 'em up and he'd sit down and have a meal with us. He was a swell fellow. They used to get him, for miles around if anybody drowned. He could stay under water, I think it was three minutes, without a snorkel.

DID ALOT OF PEOPLE DROWN IN THOSE DAYS? WERE THERE ALOT OF ACCIDENTS LIKE THAT?

Well, with the lumbering, you know, but there weren't that many. Maybe he'd get one or two calls a year.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST COME TO TREMBLANT?

Well, I think it was '21, but my cousin thinks it's '22.

...

That was Commandant's Point and when I was a little boy, you'd see where somebody had been digging 'cause there was supposed to be a whole lot of

gold and stuff that he had hoarded and buried. (FROMWHEREFORHEAVENSAKE?) I don't know. From his fur trapping and everything, but of course when we were young we believed it, and I think half the natives believed it too, because it was mostly the natives who would come and dig.

SO WHAT YEAR ARE WE TALKING ABOUT, ROUGHLY?

Oh say '28 maybe '27 to '32.

SO THERE WERE STILL PEOPLE DIGGING AROUND THERE AT THAT TIME? ISN'T THAT INTERESTING? FROM MY RESEARCH, COMMANDANT HAD SEVERAL CAMPS. HE CAMPED ON CEDAR ISLAND FOR A WHILE.

The Algonkian or Cree, or whatever, would get an island, preferably a long island. Early in the spring they would burn all the vegetation off when there was a good strong north west wind blowing so that there would be fewer flies. If you look at Cedar Island, you'll notice that the north end has bigger trees, so it bears out the thing. Miss Stuart's Island, Caché Island, I guess, Lighthall called it, that's Ebert's Island, but the old name was Caché Island, and then the Miss Stuarts had it, two maiden ladies, Dolly and Ethel. Dolly was, oh boy, she looked like an Indian, pointed nose and the features of an Indian, and very fierce looking when you're a little guy. Ethel was a roly-polly, jolly person who'd sneak me cookies and that kind of thing. (WASTHEREANYINDIANBLOODDOYOUTHINK?) No, no, but the story goes. Mona McNabb, who used to stay at Holgate's place after the Walkers bought it, got very friendly with the Miss Stuarts, and one of the Miss Stuart said Commandant fell in love with Dolly, the fierce looking one, and he used to paddle down to see her on the Stuart farm. She said, no she

marry him, but she turned him down. The Stuarts had a lot of artifacts from him.

They offered Cedar Island to Sue and me when we were looking for a place, 'cause I used to bring, with Alec McLaren, minnows for their cats, so they had a soft spot for us. When they heard we were looking for a place, they offered us Cedar Island for \$8,000. We were trying to get two other people to go in with us because we only had \$2,000, and they told us, well don't worry, it's been all surveyed for 17 building lots, and we have the surveyor's plan. You couldn't do it nowadays, but that's about 60 (?) years ago. I told Carl Ditmar about this and he said, oh, jeez we can't have that. So, a couple times Carl and I had little meetings, and I suggested that the municipality buy it. They didn't have any money, but we could form an association, buy it, and set it up as a park and we could maybe get a little discount from the niece if we set it up as a memorial park to the Miss Stuarts. We contacted half a dozen other fellows and we were going to sell shares, \$50 a share, and then as the municipality got money in, they would buy up the odd shares and eventually we'd own the whole thing. But we could not make a deal with the Stuarts' niece.

THAT'S TOO BAD, AND I SUPPOSE ALL THE ARTIFACTS AND RELICS DIED WITH THEM?

Well, a lot of them went to the Johnsons when they bought the house from the Stuarts. It was a beautiful log house. When the Johnson's burnt down, a lot of these artifacts were lost, except maybe one or two that they had taken.

Well, our cabin, Uncle Roger's cabin, (now Audrey Reekie's) was built by Décaire. (HUSBAND OF MADAME DÉCAIRE?) Yes. And he built Holgate's and a lot of houses.

THERE IS A STORY THAT HOLGATE BUILT HIS OWN FIREPLACE. DO YOU THINK THAT THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO THAT?

Gee, he may have supervised it, but I don't think that he man-handled it, 'cause he wasn't that big and strong a fella. I used to walk from Uncle Roger's place over to his place (Uncle Roger sold him the property). I used to walk through because they had a little Scotch housekeeper who made dandy cookies. Maybe because I didn't walk too much, or maybe he knew I was really interested, but at that time he was doing woodcuts for a book. (HEDIDALOTOFWOODCUTS) He was doing some big ones for his prints for the wall, but the time I was most interested was when he was doing these little ones, because I could see the finish maybe in the one day or two days. I don't want to take credit away from him if he did build it, but I don't think he was the type of fella that did heavy labour. I don't think he would want to — being an artist, you know. Suppose he dropped a stone on his fingers or something — maybe his whole livelihood would be gone eh?

Décaire built the big house and then for some reason or another he wanted a guest house. I guess it was more for when they came up in the fall — it would be easier to heat, better insulated (SMALLER SPACE) and so forth. so he hired two fellas who hated each other. I don't know whether they were brothers or cousins or what, but this is what he told me. So he didn't tell either of them that he had hired the other. When they arrived on the

Monday morning to start work, they were going to quit, and he said, "I put my hands on my hips and said, 'You can't quit, I've been all over the village. I went and saw the priest. I saw the mayor. I said I want the best man I can get for log construction. And he came up with your two names. Now if you are the best, I don't want to have second best. I'll tell you what I'll do. You take this wall and that end, and you take that wall and that end. Every day at four o'clock, I'll come, and the best one gets a buck'". They were working for three dollars a day, so if they got a buck... (SURE, A THIRD OF A DAY'S SALARY — THAT'S GREAT). That's the story he told me. Eventually the two men got friendly again. They had just had a dispute. But they kind of had a friendly competition and very often he couldn't tell the difference, so he'd give each one of them a buck. (THAT'S THE WAY TO GET THEM TO WORK. THAT'S A GREAT STORY.) So, now I don't know how true that is, but he told me that's the way he got it built. Have you seen it?

I WAS DOWN THERE WITH PETER LAST SUMMER AND WE TALKED TO DAVID SPROULE. I TOOK A FEW PICTURES, 'CAUSE HIS CANOE IS STILL THERE, THE RED CANOE. I HAVE A FRIEND WHO PAINTS, AND WHAT I WANTED TO DO FOR THE BOOK WAS HAVE HER PAINT A PICTURE OF HOLGATE'S CABIN, INSTEAD OF PUTTING IN A PHOTO. SHE'S PROBABLY GOING TO GO AHEAD WITH THAT. WE STOPPED AT MAURICE CULLEN'S — HALIBURTON'S NOW. UNFORTUNATELY IT WAS GETTING OVERCAST AND IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN, SO WE ONLY STAYED THERE A MINUTE. NO ONE WAS THERE. IT WAS LATE IN THE SUMMER. WE'RE GOING TO TRY AGAIN. WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE INSIDE, BECAUSE APPARENTLY THEY'VE LEFT IT THE WAY HE LEFT IT. I FOUND IT FASCINATING, THERE ARE PLACES ALONG THE CABIN WHERE YOU CAN SEE HE WIPED HIS PAINT BRUSHES. IT'S WONDERFUL, ALL THOSE LITTLE TOUCHES OF HISTORY.

I understand you've already seen the Letendre Brothers.

YES. BUT MY PROBLEM WITH THE LETENDRE BROTHERS IS COMMUNICATION,

COMPREHENSION. I DO UNDERSTAND FRENCH AND I CAN SPEAK IT, BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HALF OF WHAT PAUL SAYS. I SHOULD PROBABLY FIND A QUÉBÉCOIS, WHO COULD REALLY UNDERSTAND HIM.

He didn't tell you the story of the hard-boiled egg? And things like that? Maybe he wouldn't tell you, but he's told me.

HE HAD A GREAT PHOTO THAT WE DID PUBLISH IN ALTITUDES: THE LETENDRE BROTHERS IN THEIR TAXI. THEY USED TO PICK PEOPLE UP AT THE STATION IN THE TAXI. I'M SURE HE HAS A WHOLE BUNCH OF PHOTOS, BUT IT'S A VERY PERSONAL THING AND YOU CAN'T BARGE IN AND ASK SOMEONE TO PART WITH THEIR PERSONAL TREASURES.

Paul Letendre is the one that does most of the talking. I've sat by the hour talking to him at the boathouse when he's been waiting for somebody. I don't know whether you've spoken to André F. Sigouin. There are several André Sigouins, but he's the mayor. (NO, I HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO ANDRÉ YET, BECAUSE ANDRÉ WOULD PROBABLY HAVE QUITE A BIT OF KEY INFORMATION.) Well, he goes back, I guess he's somewhere between 55 and 60 now and his dad was the first service boat man who operated from the municipal landing. Before that, we used to get our mail at a cabin on Robert's farm (now Masonholder's). That's when Chinic was there. When Chinic and Légaré left, we bought the present municipal property from Tom McLaren and Rickson Outhet. So France Sigouin (he was a prince of a man, he was the nicest guy), and his wife moved in there. His wife is still alive. André was only a little guy, maybe 9 or 10 or something like that. If you could get hold of Mrs. Sigouin, because she's a live wire, by gosh, I don't know how old she is, but she's got all her marbles. I think the older people would really be interesting to talk to.

I AGREE WITH YOU, THE OLDER PEOPLE ARE GREAT. ALICE LIGHTHALL IS A GEM. ALICE COULDN'T REMEMBER THE EXACT DATE OF THE FIRE AROUND THE LAKE.

No. It must have been 1902 or 1903, because Uncle Rickson came over and bought the property in front of Caché and then went home. The next year he wasn't any better so the doctors said he'd better go to Europe. So he said to his two or three brothers, you guys go up and build the camp for mother and everybody. The fire had been through but the trees were still standing. The bark was all burnt over them. They tried to peel them, but they couldn't, so they built the house with the bark on. When he came home late that fall, he took one look and said, "What bloody fools would build a house with bark on it?" He said, "You'll never get me in that house". And he turned around and camped on the other side of the river. He told me that story himself.

THE EXTENT OF THE FIRE AROUND THE LAKE... HOW FAR DO YOU THINK IT WENT?

It went right over to Labelle. A fella who used to work for me at Eaton's. He was a little old guy, and his dad used to work on the wood drives, you know, the log drives. He got mixed up in a log jam and from then on he never walked. He didn't use crutches, but he had a light chair that he made himself and he used to put his knee on the chair and go around the house like that, or go out and garden like that. When all of a sudden... I think they were just going to have breakfast, or lunch or supper, from what this fellow said, and one of the children yelled "Fire, fire at the convent". So he jumped up and took one look and the convent was just going up and the nuns were rushing the children out as fast as they could. This fellow says

his dad just picked up his chair and threw it through the window, jumped out and ran down and got into a boat or canoe and paddled across. He was on his feet for the next 5 or 6 hours, and then of course he really couldn't walk because he hadn't walked before and his muscles were so weak, you know. (WELLTHEFIREMUSTHAVEBEENSPREADINGRAPIDLY) Oh yah, well it came right over. He claimed that was true, so his dad never used his chair again. He walked after that.

GREAT STORY.

But we're wasting your tape talking about things like that.

OH NO, NO, NO WE AREN'T, NOT AT ALL, BECAUSE THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE IMPORTANT, THAT I'D LIKE TO WRITE.

I do know this island here, that's Dr. Laviolette's. Now it's Fellowes'. We were camped down here, while the fellows were making the bridge where that boat house is. There's a little crik comes down and they made the bridge working with pick and shovel and wheelbarrow. They worked with Letendre — Murray Outhet and Drummy Richardson, and a couple of other fellows from Montreal West. We tented down there. I used to stay with them and do the cooking, but I didn't get paid or anything. They got paid 25 cents an hour, no it was 25 cents a day, and it was 10 cents in money and 15 cents credit at Lavigne's. (HOLYSMOKES!) That was when the depression was on, and Riorden and so forth had just pulled out. A fellow had a motorcycle accident, so we took him over to Dr. Laviolette's. He was the only doctor we knew here, and he patched him up. One time I was sitting on the dock waiting for the boys to come back from where they were working

and Dr. Laviolette came along, so we sat and had a long conversation. He had wanted to turn this into a convalescent centre, before they built the Ste Agathe sanatorium. He was going to buy up some land, and the C.P.R. wouldn't cooperate and put the railway through. That year they put the railway through to Summit, but no patients were going to drive from Summit.

I'M SURE IN ONE OF THE BOOKS ON EARLY PSYCHIATRY IN QUEBEC OR ONE OF THE MEDICAL BOOKS, THERE WAS A PLAN AND A DRAWING OF A SANATORIUM RIGHT AT THE FOOT OF TREMBLANT, WHERE THE FISH HATCHERY WAS. I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME REMEMBER WHERE I SAW THAT... I WONDER IF THIS IS WHAT DR. LAVIOLETTE WAS REFERRING TO...

Could be. Anyway, the association, or whatever, gave Dr. Laviolette another year to get the railway in. If not, they were going to put it in Ste Agathe.

SO THIS IS 'ROUND ABOUT WHAT YEAR?

Well, you can get that by what year the Sanatorium started in Ste Agathe. But, this was years later of course, when we were talking about it.

We're still fighting like crazy to keep the north end of the lake unchanged, because we like it the way it was. They have electric power up to here. I wrote letters to everybody in the municipality asking them not to put roads or electric power in. (OH I HOPE THERE NEVER IS A ROAD DOWN THERE. I THINK THAT WOULD BE A SHAME). Marion Dentith, was the mayor for several years. During her tenure, the government said every lake had to have a road around it, so that the trucks could come around and empty the cess pools.

(YA, AND SO THAT EVERYBODY AND HIS BROTHER FROM MONTREAL COULD OWN A PIECE OF THE LAKE — NO THANKS) So we fought it and explained the terrain and so forth. Five municipalities fought. Bark Lake and our lake are the only ones for which the government said ok, you don't need a road. And then these guys, but they're new guys, they've only been here about ten or twenty years, (SURE, THEY WANT IT ALL. THEY WANT ACCESS. THEY WANT TO DRIVE TO THEIR SUMMER COTTAGE... THEY DON'T WANT TO TAKE A BOAT) and you ask them why they came... for the quiet and tranquility.

Mr. Décaire was a clown in a small circus. And Mrs. Décaire was the strong lady in the circus. (REALLY?) Ya. She told me. And so they fell in love and they decided to get married. So, they got married, and the first thing they knew, a baby was expected. So, Mr. Décaire said, "The circus is no place to bring up a baby. You're a good cook. I'm good with horses. Let's go to the lumber company." So they went, and in the winter time, he looked after the horses back at these five shanties, seven shanties or wherever. She did the cooking and brought up her children, and in the summertime, of course, there was no logging or anything, so they built here. I understand that Mr. Church charged them a dollar. They had to pay a dollar a year, so they wouldn't be squatting you see, they'd be renting the land. He didn't want them off, but he didn't want them to get the land either. When we came up they were already here. My mother was very much the same, this great big buxom woman you know, and they got really pally. When Mrs. Décaire was baking bread, she'd put a sheet out on the bushes, and so then mother and I would row down and we'd have a little chat with her. When Mr. Décaire got sick, (Mrs. Décaire would read print in the newspaper and things like that, but she couldn't read a doctor's or a pharmacist's writing), (WHOCAN?) she'd put up a different coloured sheet or flag or

something and we'd come down again and mother would... mother didn't talk a word of French, but she would try to pronounce two or three different ways and then Mrs. Décaire would say "Oh yes, I know that." Then mother would say how many times or how many drops, or whatever, and we'd go back home again.

By Robert S. Sproule

We live on lot 15, which is shared with the Montgomerys and the Gauchers. (This is written September 21, 1989.)

In 1902 Antonio Pratte, gentilhomme, bought lot 15 from "Edouard VII — par la grâce de Dieu, Roi du Royaume-Uni, de la Grande-Bretagne et d'Irlande, et des possessions britanniques au-delà des mers, Défenseur de la Foi, Empereur des Indes". The price was "Cent six piastres et quatre-vingt-six centins." The area is about 71 1/4 acres.

Mr. Donald Church acquired the lot in 1912 and built the house on the point at that time. The Dicaire family lived on his property, where Gaucher's house is now. There was an amicable arrangement whereby much of the work around the place got done.

Late in 1945 I was looking for property on the lake, having spent my childhood at my uncle's house on the Rock. The point on the Church property, with the house, and the Racine property, (the latter is now Robert's and Aiton's), were both for sale, each at \$4 000. Mr. Joe Meilleur, proprietor of Meilleur's Hotel, took me up the lake to look at the Church house. When I mentioned the price, he said that it was far too much, that it was not worth more than \$2 500. Mr. Church's daughter, Muriel O'Brien let me have it for that, which was about all I had. I have been deeply grateful ever since.

It might be mentioned that in 1946, when Ace Ward was the man one hired to work at one's house — and one could not have done better anywhere — Ace said that all of the fireplaces around the lake were rising up through the houses. The truth was that the houses had all been built on cedar posts set into the ground, (everyone knew that cedar does not rot!), but they had disintegrated below ground level. Ace jacked the whole house up six inches, except the fireplace. It came up reasonably straight and level, with all doors, windows and cupboards functioning again.

The roof and floor of the veranda were rotten. When they had been replaced, we realized that a good floor and a good roof almost make a good house, so why not close in most of the veranda? The idea was abandoned because the required windows were too expensive. However, when the Montreal street cars were scrapped, I bought windows for one cent a pound, with brass frames at thirteen cents a pound. The ground floor became about fifty percent bigger, and one thousand percent brighter. For this transformation some of the outside walls had to be removed, and that required new support for the roof. The necessary heavy timbers were obtained from a demolition at the corner of Peel and Sherbrooke, of a house which was built by my great-great grandfather.

BALMUR LTD.  
Suite 412  
4881 Yonge Street  
Willowdale, Ontario  
Canada, M2N 5X3  
(416) 223-7700  
Fax (416) 223-7808

©Frank Mills  
July 1990

"C'est Tremblant Nord"

There's a place that's close to heaven  
Where I always long to be,  
Where the water's fit for drinkin' and the  
Mountains fit to ski.

(Chorus)

Pardonnez-moi mesdames, messieurs c'est  
Tremblant Nord.

They can brag about the mountains being  
Higher in the West  
And no doubt the Newfoundlanders think  
Their codfish is the best  
All the folks from Nova Scotia think  
That heaven is Bras D'or

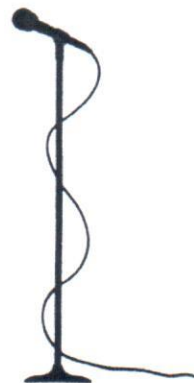
Pardonnez-moi mesdames, messieurs c'est  
Tremblant Nord.

You can have the CN Tower, Trawna's  
Airport is a joke,  
'Cause we have a longer runway just  
Be sure your plane can float,  
If you think Vancouver's paradise or  
Maybe Labrador

Pardonnez-moi mesdames, messieurs c'est  
Tremblant Nord., C'est Tremblant Nord...

I have travelled this fair country from  
The East into the West,  
She's a maid I'll love forever tho' she's  
Put me to the test  
I have loved her, I have cursed her,  
I have praised her, I have swore

Pardonnez-moi mesdames, messieurs c'est  
Tremblant Nord., C'est Tremblant Nord...  
(& repeat chorus for end)





## GENERAL ZONING

For the interpretation of the zoning regulations of this Bylaw, as they apply to different areas, the Municipality is divided into three zones, Zone A, Zone B, and Zone C.

**ZONE A** — is comprised of the building lots, as hereinafter defined, bordering on Lac Tremblant and Lac Vert and does not include the land bordering on the Caché River.

**ZONE B** — is comprised of the building lots, as hereinafter defined, bordering on Lac Bibitte.

**ZONE C** — is comprised of the whole territory of the Municipality less that territory comprised within Zone A and Zone B.

Building lots within Zone A border on either Lac Tremblant or Lac Vert, shall have a minimum area of 160,000 square feet, shall have water frontage footage of at least 400 feet in length and shall not exceed a depth of 1,000 feet measured in a horizontal plane from the high water mark.

Building lots within Zone B border on Lac Bibitte, shall have a minimum area of 120,000 square feet, shall have water frontage footage of at least 300 feet in length and shall not exceed a depth of 1,000 feet measured in a horizontal plane from the high water mark.

Zone C is by this Bylaw exclusively zoned for recreational, forestry, agricultural and conservation purposes within which no structure of any description whatsoever may be erected.

EFFECTIVE 30 MAY 1970

