

AN OCTOBER TRAMP.

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Lured by the glamour of a recent morn, which presaged a bright invigorating day, I started at eight o'clock for a tramp to Kirk's Ferry, where the charming scenery of the Gatineau river and the Laurentian hills is admirably exhibited. This very diversified and picturesque district holds many attractions for the naturalist and nature-lover. Through its broken ridges and swamps, the deer are still not uncommon, especially in the neighbourhood of the beautiful lakes which lie a few miles to the westward (Meach, Harrington and Phillips). From these retreats they sometimes stray, or are driven, even nearer to the city, as it was my good fortune to observe on this tramp. When half way up the long hill (which gives pause to many a cyclist) opposite Wright's Bridge, I heard the yelping of dogs coming up from the deep wooded ravine through which the Old Chelsea brook flows down to the Gatineau. Halting for a moment, I was greatly surprised to see a doe and fawn go bounding by on the other side of the ditch, their white tails flashing among the roadside weeds and brambles. They did not seem to see me, but disturbed by a wagon a few rods ahead they separated, the doe going off toward the river and the fawn turning to the left down through the gullies. The noise made by the dogs upon their trail showed that the pursuers were not hounds, and when they came in view, toiling heavily along, they proved to be a spotted coach-dog and an old collie. They went off upon the trail of the fawn, but I was glad to think that they could hardly overtake even this poor little creature. Surprised to witness a chase within less than five miles of the Parliament Buildings, my wonder was augmented upon gaining the plateau at the top of the next hill (at the pine grove where such a good view offers of the Chelsea rapids) to see another doe coming down through the field, as if to cross the road toward the river. It was running almost straight for a wagon full of hunters from Hull, but startled by their stopping and jumping down to get their guns out of the wagon, it turned and ran down inside the fence toward me. My sympathies being with the harassed and timid animal, I crouched down by the fence, and when it came by at arm's length I jumped up and waved my coat,