



How Amateurs Handle Wild Animals.

Bonnycastle Dale.

Photos by the Author.

A SHORT distance outside the beautiful residential City of Victoria, where the ever-prevailing fir trees of this Island of Vancouver sigh in the southwestern winds, is to be found the home of J. G. French, literally surrounded with the homes and beds of foreign fauna and flora. As we approached it along the winding dust-white road we were saluted with the barking of his many watch dogs. He keeps an army of these Collies, Great Danes, Blanket Dogs—the white-haired dog used by the Indians of this coast when the first white men landed—and many a one that was just pure dog.

He came to meet us from his work amid the caged animals. We were not too anxious to go down his shaded woodland paths alone for the place was fairly alive with animals wild and tame.

We now met his little daughter Hazel, a brown-eyed maiden not yet six years old. Beside her stood the lithe active Ivan, the hope and heir of the Frenches—a bright-eyed lad over seven years of age. Along the path to the forest we walked past the cows and horses, the dogs and poultry; past where his two helpers, contented, hard-working Sikhs lately from the hills of India, felled the standing timber. For remember this rapidly growing city of Victoria has pushed her way pell mell into the fragrant fir woods that surround her. The nearer we drew the higher rose the babel of yelps and snarls, growls and screeches from the menagerie in the woods.

The instant we entered under the trees into the inclosure of cages the two big grey timber wolves that faced us snarled savagely.