

tion. To this his ardent Highland nature gave him a bias; the love of adventure was strong in him; he laughed at dangers which would have deterred other men. He had a great faculty of managing Indians; and was highly regarded by them. The glory of being the discoverer of the Upper Yukon, the river of golden sands, will ever be his.

(5) He was an ornament to the Hudson's Bay Company's service, which retained a high standard among its officers. It affords the writer pleasure to testify, having had a large acquaintance with the officers and men of the Company, that few, if any, bodies have ever retained a higher standard of honor, honesty and respectability, among their men than the old Company of 250 years standing, which preserved peace among the wandering tribes of Indians, kept the British flag flying from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, and worthily earned the title of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company.

A VOTE OF THANKS

Mr. K. N. L. McDonald, who had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and had traded in the Liard and Stikine river districts, and also on the Yukon, Porcupine and McKenzie Rivers, moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Bryce for his ably prepared and interesting paper on the life and work of the late Robert Campbell of the H. B. Co.'s service. This was seconded by the Rev. Canon Coombes, and unanimously carried. Mr. McDonald spoke of the feelings of loyalty he experienced on his passing the site of old Dease Post on Dease Lake in 1887, a post established by Mr. Campbell in 1838 and abandoned so soon by him. His admiration for one of the most intrepid explorers of the North-West of this country, led him to empty his Winchester repeating rifle of her 15 charges as a tribute of honor and respect. He further alluded to his having discovered some old papers which Mr. Campbell had given to some Indians in the winter of 1838 and 1839. These Indians had evidently considered these papers of some value, for they very carefully put them in the inside of birch bark, neatly tied up with sinew, and left them in charge of a Mr. Callbreath at Telegraph Creek. He was fortunate enough