

referring to the eggs of a rare butterfly which had been sent to him, he said: "The eggs of *Dorcas* are in my cellar in a black cardboard box, you had better get track of them." He asked me to acknowledge these eggs saying that he would write himself in a week or so. This was the last letter from him which we received at the Division.

It was decided soon after his arrival at the Royal Victoria Hospital that he would have to undergo an operation, but, owing to the serious nature of this, it was delayed from time to time, hoping that he would get stronger. This he did not do, however, and the operation had to be performed on Saturday, November 7th. Owing to his very weak condition, he failed to rally and died the next morning. During the whole time he was in the hospital he was very happy and had no fear whatever of the result of the operation. Even here he was looking forward to the near enjoyment of larger quarters for his Department, and of further help to carry on the important work about which he knew so much and which he did so well. The funeral was held on Tuesday, December 10th, from his residence at the Experimental Farm, to St. Barnabas' Church and thence to Beechwood Cemetery.

The Rev. Professor Bethune, in the *Canadian Entomologist*, December, 1908, has expressed our feelings so well when he says: "Few men ever made so many loving friends in all walks of life; every one who came to know him did not fail to become warmly attached to him. There are many sad hearts grieving at his loss all over the Dominion of Canada, and many too in widely scattered places in the United States. Old and young, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, children and their elders, it made no difference—he had a kindly word for each one, and most can treasure in their memories a kindly deed as well. When he addressed a meeting he captivated his audience at once, and when he joined an excursion of nature students all were eager to be with him, and learn from him some of the secrets of the woods and fields that he knew so well. We shall not see his like again, but we may all feel that it was good for us to have known him—his memory will long live in our hearts—his noble words and generous deeds will be happy recollections for many a year to come."

Dr. Fletcher was born at Ashe, in the County of Kent, England, on March 28th, 1852. He was educated at King's School, Rochester, and came to Canada in 1874 as a clerk in the Bank of British North America. Two years later he left the bank and became an assistant in the Library of Parliament, Ottawa. All his spare time he devoted to entomology and botany and soon became a recognised authority not only on these subjects but on other branches of natural history as well.