

The Canadian Entomologist.

VOL. XL.

LONDON, DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 12.

DR. JAMES FLETCHER.

It is with the most profound regret that we record the death of our very dear friend, Dr. James Fletcher, which occurred on Sunday morning, Nov. 8th. For the last two years his health had not been entirely satisfactory, and for more than a twelvemonth he had been troubled more or less with an internal hemorrhage, which caused him much inconvenience and discomfort at times, but which he did not regard as particularly serious. His cheery habit of mind caused him to treat lightly symptoms which would, in most cases, have excited much alarm. In the middle of September he went out to British Columbia on his annual visit, and was absent from home for about six weeks. On his return his colleagues noticed that he had not benefited as much as usual by the trip, and that his appearance was by no means robust. But with characteristic energy he at once set to work to make the arrangements for the Annual Meeting of the Entomological Society of Canada, which he desired should be one of the most successful in its history. As President for the second year in succession he expected to retire from office, but fully counted upon being present at Guelph and occupying the chair at the various sessions which were held on Nov. 5th and 6th. During the preceding week, however, he wrote saying that he was going to Montreal to consult a specialist, and might after all be unable to attend. He went down on Saturday, the 31st of October, and was at once sent to the Royal Victoria Hospital, there to prepare for an operation. To the writer he sent a letter the following day, expressing his great disappointment at being laid up and prevented from coming to Guelph, but full of confidence in the wonderful power of modern surgery, and with apparently no fears as to the result. The operation took place on the following Saturday, but he failed, owing to his weak condition, to rally from it, and the next morning he died. The operation revealed that he had been suffering for some time from a malignant tumour, which had sapped his vitality, and would very soon, in any case, have brought his life to a close. Up to the end he was cheerful and