

JAMES FLETCHER, LL.D.

As mentioned in the December number of THE OTTAWA NATURALIST, it is with great regret that we have to record the death of our very dear friend Dr. James Fletcher, which occurred at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on Sunday morning, November 8th, 1908. There are many sad hearts among the members of the Ottawa Field-Naturalists' Club, owing to the demise of him who has been styled its "Father". For the past three years his health had been gradually changing, and becoming undermined by intermittent hemorrhages resulting from a malignant tumour which caused his death. Four years ago, when, with the writer and some others, he was tobogganing near his home at the Experimental Farm, he met with an accident which confined him to his house for two months. Since then he often said that his health was not what it was before, and it may be that the trouble which brought his useful life to a close had its origin then. During the last year particularly he suffered much, at times, but his was not the nature to complain, and very few, even of his more intimate friends, really knew that his life was undergoing a serious change. The writer, who was constantly associated with him in the official work of the Division of Entomology and Botany knew what aches and pains he bore. Often, especially of late, as we were working together he would say that his head was thumping as if it would break, but it was only during such attacks towards the end of the afternoon that he would say he would have to stop and get away from the office.

On Thursday afternoon, October 29th, he left Ottawa for Montreal, to consult a specialist, saying that he would be back again on Saturday, or Monday. On November 1st the writer received a letter from him with regard to the annual meeting of the Entomological Society of Ontario, in which he said: "I find it is no use. I cannot get to the meeting. In fact, I only got here just in time. I shall probably not be back for another fortnight at least....." On the following day he wrote again saying: "I am very comfortable, everything so far is going well," and, 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