

save our applause for those who legitimately or illegitimately can startle us. But Dr. Fletcher was none such. He was a hard worker—but one who looked upon his work as his pleasure—and he was a phenomenal success in that special work to which he devoted his life. He left us a splendid example; may we all try in some measure to follow in his footsteps.

We may all take great satisfaction in knowing that this Fountain, now entrusted to the care of the Experimental Farm and the public, has been erected as a free-will offering by his admirers. In not a single instance was personal canvassing resorted to. We shall rejoice to reflect in the days that are to come that this memorial was the spontaneous tribute of those who knew and loved James Fletcher.

The following letter from Dr. T. J. W. Burgess, Medical Superintendent of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Montreal, was read by Mr. Shutt:

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am to be obliged to say that I shall not be able to be present to do honour to dear old James Fletcher. No more lovable man ever breathed. It is one of my proudest boasts that, for over thirty years, I was counted by him on his list of friends. Never had science a more ardent votary than the late Dr. Fletcher. His whole thought was given to it and not only his personal intimates, but Canada as a whole should cherish the memory of one who offered up his entire time and energy to her service, making for himself thereby a fame that it will be difficult for anyone to eclipse. As Longfellow says:

'His heart was in his work and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.'

Peace to his ashes!

'He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.'"

FERN HUNTING IN ONTARIO.

By F. J. A. MORRIS, PORT HOPE, ONT.

II—ABOUT THE RIDEAU AND OTHER ROCK DISTRICTS.

When I went from Port Hope to the Rideau Ferry in my first season's fern-hunting, I was curious to see what new species, if any, awaited me in a rocky district. I told myself not to expect more than 2 or 3 additions to my list of 20, and I kept assuring myself (and others, too, when I could find a willing ear) that I should be satisfied with 24 species in all. I was noth-