

proposed Addendum will be liberally complied with by all persons who are in a position to give information:

*Dear Sir:*

By to-day's mail an advance copy of the new edition of the Catalogue of Canadian Birds goes to you. You will note that the Catalogue is in part a reprint of the first edition, and its chief value is in the very great geographic extensions that are given to the Canadian birds. While I do not believe that everything known about Canadian birds is included in the Catalogue, there has been nothing published that we have not availed ourselves of. Early next autumn we will publish an addendum to the Catalogue, which will include all additions and corrections that are sent to us, and I hope that through the Wilson Bulletin you will help us in making the addendum as complete as possible.

Yours truly,

JOHN MACOUN, *Naturalist.*

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#### FIELD NOTES.

CHILLICOTHE, Mo., Nov. 11.—One of the greatest freaks from lightning in this vicinity this season occurred at the home of Jacob Bruner, a farmer living south of here, last night.

During a severe electrical storm a flock of ducks flew over the Bruner home, when a flash of lightning killed the entire flock, numbering 56. The birds fell in Mr. Bruner's yard. He is now serving ducks to all his neighbors.—Clipping sent by Otto Widmann.

A LATE SOLITARY SANDPIPER IN NEW JERSEY.—The Solitary Sandpiper (*Helodromas solitarius*) is of rare occurrence on the seacoast of New Jersey, as is generally known, for it is a bird of inland fresh water ponds and streams. Imagine my surprise, then, when I stumbled upon one "at home" on a small salt water pond at Ocean View, Cape May County, on June 9, 1907. A second surprise is the lateness of the bird's occurrence here, for I have never before seen it later than May 27, and the latest record in the Delaware Valley is May 30. My first impression was that it was a wounded individual, left behind in the migration, but as I approached, it took wing, rather reluctantly, however, and flew away, returning when I had departed. In this way it was flushed three times, but always returning, after a high circling, after I had walked away. It seemed loath to leave the pond and I did not make a fourth attempt to drive it away. The pond was at the edge of the meadow, but one side of it had a sandy shore, which was frequented by the bird, and was about two and a half miles from the ocean, along the seacoast, with meadow land between it and the sea.

RICHARD F. MILLER, *Harrowgate, Philadelphia, Pa.*