exception had the yellow line and indiend-red tip to the culmen, peculiar to the fully adult.

Amongst sea-birds not of the Petrel family the following came ashore or were noted in a semi-exhausted condition:—*Sterna bergii* (Crested Tern), *Sterna anaestheia* (Bridged Tern), *Sterna dougalli* (Roseate Tern), (Bunbury Beach) *Anous tenuirostris* (Lesser Noddy), *Lestris richardsonii* (Richardson’s Skua). The last-mentioned bird was seen at very close quarters on Oct. 23. I nearly caught it, but it had just sufficient strength left to elude me. It belonged to the light phases of plumage, peculiar to this Skua.

The foregoing is an account of my own recent experiences on our local beaches, supplemented by information, and a few specimens supplied by my daughter, who is now living at Bunbury. Local references to Petrels will be found in The Emu of Jan., 1921 (W. B. Alexander); Oct., 1923 (T. Fredale); and July & Oct., 1920 (W. B. Alexander).

I was again doing research work on behalf of Mr. H. L. White, of “Belltrees,” Scone, N.S.W., and all the specimens referred to have been added to the collection in the National Museum at Melbourne. Mr. White, too, has generously authorised the colored plate of the Kerguelen Petrel.

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The Red-capped Dotterel.—The Dotterels, an interesting family of birds, are represented in Tasmania by two resident varieties, the Red-capped (*Charadrius ruficapillus*) and the Hooded Dotterel (*C. bicomaticus*). Sometimes, but very rarely, the Black-fronted Dotterel (*C. melanops*) puts in an appearance. I have not seen it myself, but I know persons who have, some of whom would give a lot for a clutch of eggs. While the Hooded Dotterel is more a bird of the open beaches and the coast, the little Red-cap, the “twinkler of the sands,” frequents as a rule the muddy edges of estuaries and shallow bays some distance from the actual coast-line, laying its eggs among bleached shells or under cover of tussocks, sometimes a few feet and at other times 100 yards or more from high-water mark. A nest at which a series of photographs of the bird was secured last spring was well-hidden beneath a thick clump of grass about 50 yards away from water, the owner being flushed from this when I was on my way to try to locate a nest of a pair of Oyster-catchers on a sand spit running into the bay. The two eggs evidently were well-incubated, because the bird did not go far, and after I had rigged up the camera under a pile of sea-weed and hidden myself beneath a brown coat among some reeds, she returned and covered the eggs before fifteen minutes had elapsed. Later, the young ones formed subjects for photography, and a nice series of pictures resulted. —M. S. R. Shaleland, Hobart.