

and swam to the Liverpool landing stage, a distance of over 20 miles. I became acquainted with him, and after having several long swims with him in the Mersey, he proposed making a long-distance record, a feat not quite as common in those days as at the present. Several gentlemen wanted to make a wager, but, owing to the strict laws governing the qualifications of amateurs, I was debarred from joining in such a scheme, as Tommy Burns was a professional, so we decided to swim for the record, of course, Burns having all his expenses paid. We dived off the steam tug "Swallow," which had a good crowd of spectators on board at 11 a.m., on leaving the Liverpool landing stage. We swam steadily with the tide towards New Brighton. We went out on a full tide, which would be running about 5 knots an hour. The first difficult point was when reaching the lighthouse, where there seemed to be a strong back current running to the entrance of the Queen's channel, for try as we could we seemed to just keep abreast of the lighthouse. After being in this position for about 20 minute, we headed towards Seaforth, and evidently had struck the channel, having been in the water one hour and twenty minutes. There is no doubt had we had a pilot on board we should not have been so exhausted at this point. We could feel the tide, which seemed to encourage us, and as the log was thrown overboard we realized our task had begun. We both swam the breast stroke until fac-