

A creaking windmill sail sets Lord Harry on the trail of a gang of smugglers!

THE TOUGHEST TOFF IN TOWN

It was just after the turn of the century, when gentlemen were gentlemen and others knew their place. Lord Harry Crandall-Smythe had no doubt he was a gentleman, an opinion shared by his manservant, the muscular Parsons. One day, on the south coast—

MMM, AN IDEAL MORNING FOR PHOTOGRAPHY, PARSONS. AS YOU KNOW, I HAVE THIS REQUEST FOR MY SNAP SHOT.

MOST FITTING, ME LORD! FOR PUBLISHING IN THE COUNTY MAGAZINE.



Lord Harry selected a suitable spot—

THIS WILL ILLUSTRATE WHAT A COUNTY GENT SHOULD WEAR, ME LORD.

QUITE, PARSONS! APPROPRIATE BUT RATHER A BORE, WITH THE MILL BEHIND ME, I THINK. DO HURRY UP!



But at the crucial moment—

BOVVER! MISSED IT, ME LORD. SOMETHING MOVED.

REALLY, PARSONS! HOW BOTHERSOME!



MOST INTRIGUING, PARSONS. THERE'S NOT A BREATH OF WIND, YET THE SAILS MOVED. I THINK INVESTIGATION IS INDICATED.

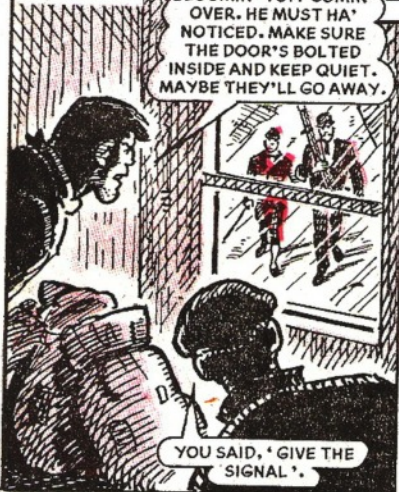
YOU DON'T MISS MUCH, ME LORD.



In the mill—

'ANG ON! THERE'S SOME BLOOMIN' TOFF COMIN' OVER. HE MUST HA' NOTICED. MAKE SURE THE DOOR'S BOLTED INSIDE AND KEEP QUIET. MAYBE THEY'LL GO AWAY.

YOU SAID, 'GIVE THE SIGNAL'.



LOCKED AND BOLTED, ME LORD.

MORE INTRIGUE! DEFINITELY FISHY! OPEN IT, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW!



WITH PLEASURE, ME LORD.

AAGH!

