

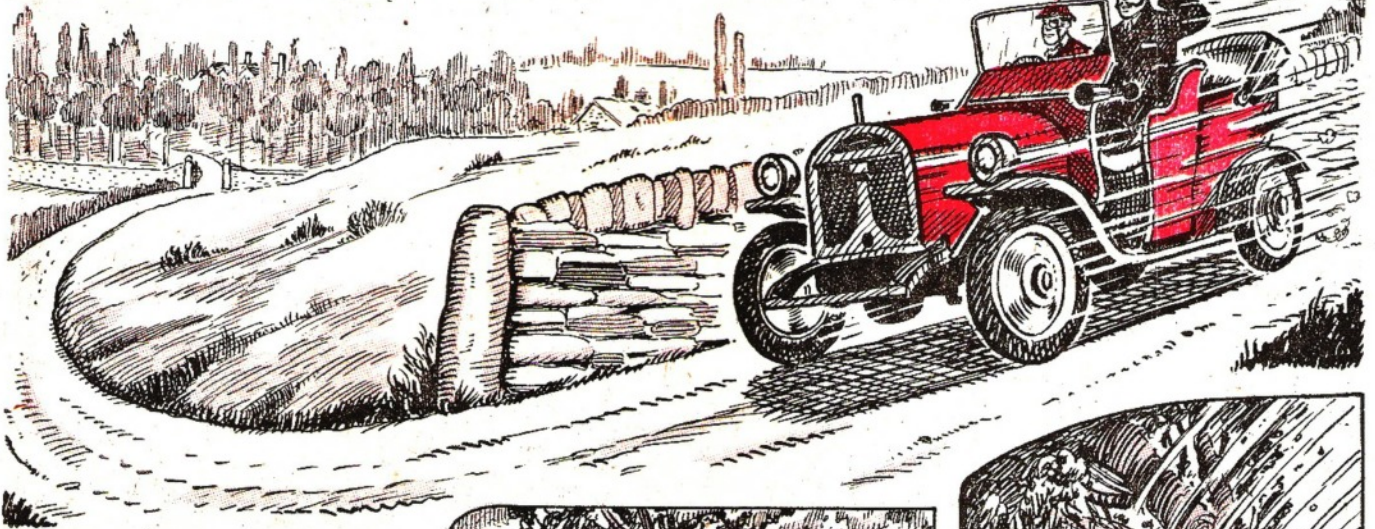
Lord Harry has his fair share of excitement when he helps the Hon. Freddy Fitzjohn against a mystery attacker!

# The TOUGHEST TOFF in TOWN

Just after the turn of the century, gentlemen were gentlemen and others knew their place. Lord Harry Crandall-Smythe had no doubts that he was a gentleman, an opinion shared by his manservant, the magnificently muscled Parsons. Now, as a favour, Lord Harry was delivering a repaired automobile to the home of his friend, the Honourable Freddy Fitzjohn.

GHASTLY NEWFANGLED THING, PARSONS. NO ENGLISHMAN WOULD EVER HAVE INVENTED IT.

QUITE, ME LORD! BUT YOU DO 'ANDLE IT SO WELL.



I HADN'T HEARD FROM FREDDY FOR AGES. WE ROWED TOGETHER AT 'VARSITY.



ALMOST THERE, PARSONS. MOST EXHILARATING!

ER, NIPPY, ME LORD. VERY NIPPY. LOOK OUT, ME LORD!



HOLD TIGHT, PARSONS!



RATHER NIP- AND- TUCK THERE, PARSONS! BUT NO MATTER, WE'RE SAFE!

MIGHT 'AVE BEEN QUITE NASTY, ME LORD.



THE VILLAIN! THERE 'E GOES! IT WAS NO ACCIDENT, ME LORD. BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO CATCH HIM.

YOU SUM IT UP NEATLY, PARSONS, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL BE PUSHING THE CAR NOW.



HARRY! WHAT'S HAPPENED, DEAR CHAP?

A SLIGHT MISHAP WITH A TREE. SOME UNPLEASANT CHARACTER TRIED TO FELL ONE ON TOP OF US.