

Lord Harry and Parsons take a sea-fishing trip—and catch
a whiff of something fishy going on!

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 doubt he was a gentleman, an opinion shared by his manservant, the magnificently muscled Parsons. Now Lord Harry and Parsons were on a sea-fishing trip off the West Country coast—

I'M NOT TOO 'APPY WITH THIS SAILING LARK, ME LORD.

NONSENSE, PARSONS! ALL ENGLISHMEN HAVE THE SEA IN THEIR BLOOD.

MIND THE BOOM! HAUL IN, PARSONS! HAUL IN! MY DEAR CHAP, DO TRY TO CONCENTRATE.

PARDON, ME LORD. I FEEL A TRIFLE UNCLE DICK SICK!

But Parson's awkward manoeuvre was never completed—

LOOK AT THESE BUBBLES! IT MUST BE A LARGE FISH, ME LORD!

AH, I'LL TRY MY SEA LINE. HEAD TOWARDS IT, PARSONS, WITH CARE.

THERE'S A PADDLE-STEAMER BEARING DOWN ON US, ME LORD!

STEAM ALWAYS GIVES WAY TO SAIL, PARSONS. IT'S THE RULE OF THE SEA. NO CAUSE FOR UNDUE ANXIETY.

Lord Harry seized the tiller—

PERMIT ME, PARSONS!

GLURGI! THE UTTER SCOUNDRELS!

Later—

Baling hard, they made for the shore.

IF EVER I LAY ME 'ANDS ON 'EM, ME LORD!

STEADY ON, PARSONS! HAVE NO FEAR. I SHALL MAKE CERTAIN INQUIRIES. I'M A TRIFLE ANNOYED.

AYE, THAT OULD STEAMER COME FROM THE DUKE O' DENSHIRE'S ESTATE.

DOES IT, BY GEORGE! I KNOW BERTIE. I'LL HAVE A COOL WORD IN HIS EAR.

In a hired gig—

HALT AT THE GATES, NOT THROUGH THEM, PARSONS. ONE MUST ALWAYS PROCEED WITH DIGNITY.

SORRY, ME LORD. I GET A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY.