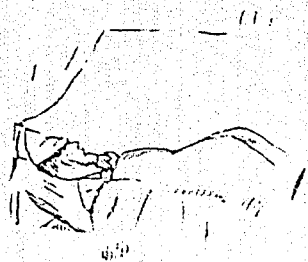


MR. FITZ-STUMPY'S VACATION TOUR. (FIRST SERIES.)



At 7 o'clock one fine morning, Mr. Reginald Adolphus Fitz Stumpy (a young man of good expectations and refreshing innocence) was in bed.



At 7.30 he was brushing his back hair.



At 8.45 he completes that operation, and commences putting on his Oxford Military.



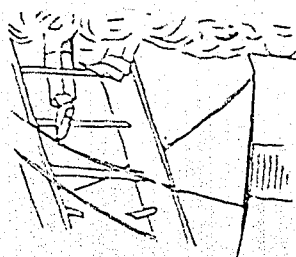
Having finished his toilet, he straps on the newly invented, high pressure, travelling knapsack (made to hold everything), seizes his invisible umbrella, and starts for Nova Scotia.



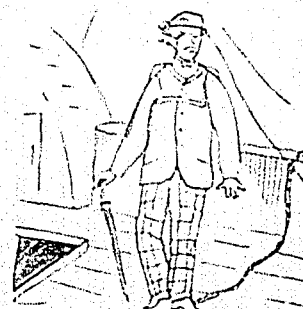
Hearing a shrill whistle he thinks it is the steamer, and runs.



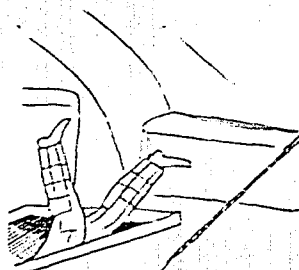
But on turning a corner, he discovers, with mingled feelings of relief and disgust, that he is mistaken.



He experiences some difficulty in the first steps of his excursion.



Having reached the deck of the steamer, he stands in a majestic attitude, calculated to strike with awe, the snobs who are laughing at him.



The effect being somewhat marred by the sudden tightening of a shore line.



The "innocent" cause of the catastrophe (Mr. Thos. Tug) is greatly concerned.



As is also Capt. Blowhard, on the paddle-box.



Mr. Fitz S. reappears on deck.



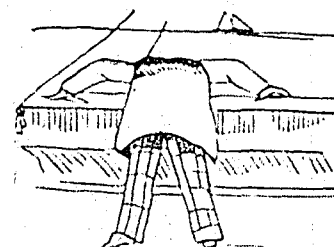
His appearance excites interest "aft,"—



And also "forward"



To show his unconcern, he tries one of the steward's "real Havanas,"



Which he throws away when half through, in order to contemplate "the blue, the ever free."