

haven't! Struck it in one act! What these 'ere beasts wants is a pick-me-up! It'll set 'em on their feet properly."

"But where are you goin' to get it, old man?"

"I'll soon fix that," exclaimed the excited skipper. "Call a couple o' boys here to shift the lazarette hatch!"

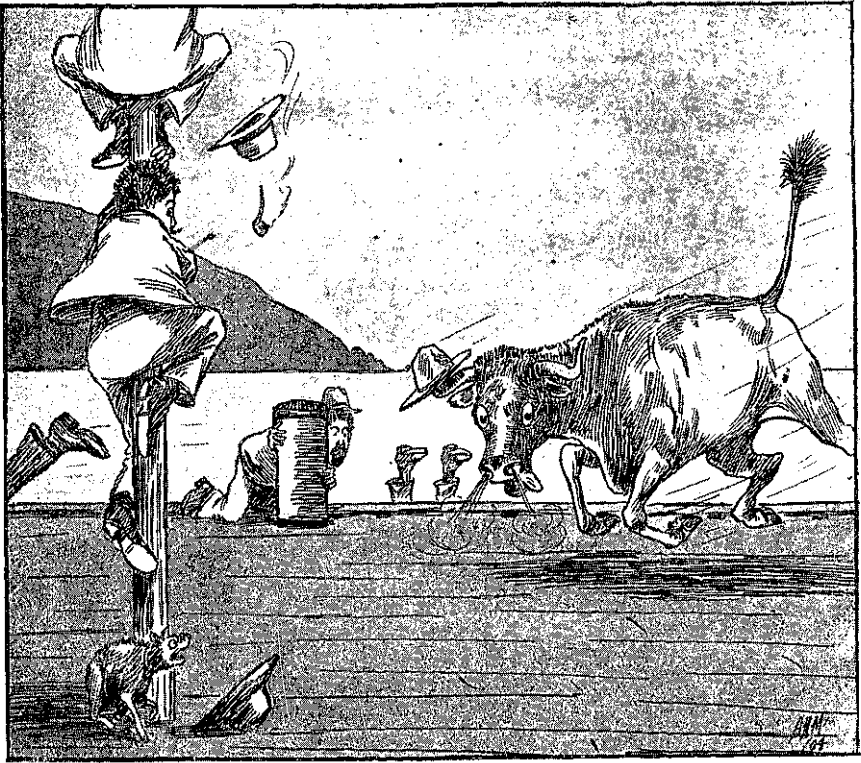
No sooner said than done, and the skipper dived in and rummaged amongst the cargo, returning

skip ashore like kittens! Blowed if it won't! Bear a hand, lads!"

The men held the beasts' heads up in turn, and the skipper poured the painkiller down their throats. A cheer rose from the little group of spectators on the wharf.

"Bully for Capt'in Jack!" they cried as they craned their necks to watch the result.

Half the beasts had been dosed, and the skipper was lustily wrestling with an exceptionally severe



triumphantly with a case in his arms.

"Quick, rip her open, and we'll get to work!" he exclaimed.

The lid was wrenched off in the wink of an eyelid, disclosing rows of tightly-packed bottles, labelled "Painkiller."

"Great snakes!" cried the mate, "you don't mean to——"

"You bet I do!" interposed the excited skipper. "You can't lick it! A bottle each 'll make 'em

case of prostration, when the first patient bounded to his feet with the snort of a fog-horn. A wild glare was in his bloodshot eyes, and painkiller-flecked foam flew from his open jaws. In two bounds he cleared the gangway, tail on end.

The spectators climbed two-deep up the lamp-posts, or took headers overboard in the unseemly haste of their departure.

Giving vent to a succession of awe-inspiring bellows, the beast