CROSS PURPOSES

"Something makes you very grave, Mr. Leicester," she said, with a slight smile.

"I—I was thinking." And Frank fairly stammered over this brilliant reply.

"So deeply that it was a shame to interrupt you."

"No, no, not at all. In fact, I was thinking—I was afraid you would find this place very stupid—I was wondering what we could do that you would like."

"You were thinking about that?" Mrs. Austin, who had thought Frank very boyish and sulky at dinner, looked up at him now with sudden interest. She was surprised and a little touched, for there was no mistaking Frank's sincerity. 'But, Mr. Leicester," she said, 'there is no occasion for this terrible anxiety. I assure you I'm not a difficult person to amuse. What made you think I was?"

"No; I didn't think it," said Frank. "But if there is nothing at all, how then?"

"Come, it isn't so bad as that. There must be soft walks, for instance."

"Oh, well, yes, there are some walks," Frank admitted, rather grudgingly. "I didn't know whether you would care for walks."

"Yes, in moderation. Not what you call walking, I dare say. And drives?"

"Yes," he said; "you can drive as much as ever you like; only I don't exactly know what there is to drive to."

"You are not encouraging," said Mrs. Austin, with a little laugh.

"There is a ruin," said Frank. 'Tiny and I were thinking that perhaps you would like to go to-morrow afternoon, if it is fine. But it is nothing of a place," he continued, fixing his brown eyes despondently on the floor, as if he saw the whole thing in the compass of an Indian rug.

"Ruined too much, or not ruined enough?" she inquired.

"Oh, ruined quite enough—too much if anything."

"I like a neglected ruin; I hate restorations. I am sure I shall like to see this one," said Mrs. Austin, graciously. "And what is this building, or, rather, what was it?"

"Well," Frank replied, "it's a bit of a little tower—Culverdale Castle some people call it." (He had invariably called it so himself till that evening.) "Perhaps," he added, with a fine irony, for he was growing more fluent, "it might have been the fashion to have your castles small when this one was built; or perhaps it wasn't quite full grown when it began to fall to pieces—I don't know. But Culverdale Castle—O Lord!" Frank's tone as he spoke of his little ruin conveyed contemptuous disgust, as if it were no more than a decayed tooth.

Mrs. Austin slowly turned a ring on her finger. "I don't know that I'm so very particular about the size of the ruins," she said; "some people are, I believe. I remember going once to see the remains of a Roman villa with some friends. I think they expected to find it standing up with a knocker on the door, and they were very much disappointed; in fact, they said it was a swindle. I won't say your ruin is a swindle, Mr. Leicester, especially after all your warnings."

"You may if you like," said Frank, gloomily. 'I think myself a thing ought to be a decent size. What did you say just now—that you didn't like 'em restored?"

"No, I don't. Why? Has this been restored?"

He shook his head. "It's all right then. I only thought that if you would have liked a little more of it, I might have gone over to-morrow with a hod of mortar and a barrow-load of stones and done it up for you. Only then you couldn't have driven there till Saturday."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Austin, smiling; "I think I would rather go to-morrow, and see it as it is."

"Well, only you won't expect anything, will you?"

"No, I won't. Do you always depreciate Culverdale and everything belonging to it in this fashion?"

The point-blank question, asked in the quietest of tones, was not easy to answer. "I don't know; not particularly," said the disingenuous young man. "It does well enough for me, you know."

"I suspect it would do well enough them nowadays?" said Mrs. Austin, replied. "That was rather a pretty road I came by from the station this afternoon—you shall not run everything down so unmercifully." Frank colored with pleasure to hear her defending Culverdale. He felt as if she were taking his part against himself. "And, by the way," she went on, "there is one thing I want to see which you do not propose to show me, apparently."

Frank emerged from the depth of his despair. "What is that—tell me?"

"Why," said Mrs. Austin, "I want you to show me over your house. I am sure you have all manner of delightful old things stored away here. I caught sight of a lovely old cupboard at the top of the stairs, as I came down, which looked as if it ought to be a perfect mine of wealth."

"What sort of old things?" Frank inquired, anxiously. "Old china, do you mean, and pictures, and old work—do you care for them?"

"Why, yes; don't we all care for them nowadays" said Mrs. Austin, with something which, though hardly so much as a smile, was like soft sunshine while she spoke. "I'm not conspicuously behind the age, Mr. Leicester—I'm very like other people."

"That I don't believe," muttered Frank, under his breath. It was doubtful whether his companion caught the words or not. Her eyes rested on him with a faintly inquiring expression, and he went on hurriedly, "Let me show you, then. You shall see all that there is."

"That will be very good of you. I should like it very much. I suppose you know everything in the house by heart?" said Mrs. Austin, furling and unfurling her fan, and looking up kindly at Frank.

"All those things? No, indeed I don't," the young man answered, half laughing and half confused. "I know there are a lot of old pictures and heirlooms about the place. I've always been meaning to learn all about them, but I never have. But I'll find out," he added, courageously.

"It doesn't sound as if you would b a very trustworthy guide."

"Oh, try me first!" he exclaimed "Then, when you have exhausted my stock of information, you can have somebody else who knows more; and then——"

"And then?" she repeated, when he paused.

"Why," said Frank, blushing like a shy school boy, "then I think you had better teach me."

Mrs. Austin looked at him smilingly. "It would only be common gratitude, wouldn't it?" she said.

"It is a bargain, then," he urged. "But when? Candle-light isn't any good, you know. Will to-morrow morning do?"

She answered that to-morrow morning would suit her perfectly, and looked past Frank in a way that made him turn and discover Mr. Gilbert South at his elbow, smiling agreeably, and holding a piece of music. He promptly announced the nature of his errand.

'Miss Vivian has sent me to ask if you will sing this with her."

Frank hesitated; looking at the song, at Mr. South, at Tiny, who from her music-stool surveyed the scene, and waited the result of her embassy.

"Pray do," said Mrs. Austin. "Especially as I see that Miss Vivian has chosen a song which happens to be a favorite of mine."

"All right!" said Frank, and taking it from Mr. South, he went to the piano. He had had his back to Tiny during his talk, and now that he walked toward her it was with a clouded face. He had suddenly recollected that there was no occasion for him to amuse Mrs. Austin. South had been invited on purpose to do that. "I dare say she was wishing for him all the time!" thought Frank, with a bitter throb of jealousy. "Well, I don't care; I'll show her the house to-morrow. It's my house—it's all I have, and I will have that, at any rate! And he sha'n't come with us either; the others can take him round if they like."

"Aren't you very grateful?" said Tiny, in a whisper, looking up at him with a sunny little face, and arching her delicate brows as if to point the question. "I saw how good you were, and I knew how you must hate it."

"Your eyes are very sharp," Frank replied.

She nodded. "Oh, but it wasn't only then," she said," setting up the music before her, and flattening the page with a touch of her soft little brown hand. "I looked at you at dinner time, and I saw you didn't like her. I can always tell whether you like people or not."

"Can you? What do you think if I behave to anybody just as I do to you?"

"I shall not answer that question," said Tiny, firmly. "You seem to have forgotten that we are never to talk about anybody but people in general, and you didn't behave to her just as you do to me, so that has nothing whatever to do with it. Do you know, I think I have the best of it this evening. I said I shouldn't like her, and I don't; but he is rather nice."

"Rather nice, is he?"

"Yes," Tiny answered, "he is. Now, are you ready?"

Mrs. Austin, listening to her young friend's performance, decided that he had a pleasant voice, sadly in want of a little training. "Do you sing now?" she asked Gilbert South.

The "now" marked a remembrance that he sung of old.

"Not to-night," he answered hastily; "to-morrow, perhaps."

"Dear me! Everything seems to be for to-morrow," said Mrs. Austin, leaning back in her chair and looking down.

"I should rather have said that everything had been yesterday," South answered, in a low voice

"To-day comes off badly either way," she rejoined, lightly, but without raising her eyes. "It generally does, I think."

He fancied there was a touch of mockery in her tone, but he could not be sure. "Do not say anything against to-day," he said; "I have looked forward to it for a long while."

"Ah, then you are sure to be disappointed!"

"Am I disappointed?" said Gilbert. "That is what I want to know." He turned quickly to the piano. "Thank you; that is a charming song." He went back to Tiny Vivian, while Mrs. Austin, softly murmuring her thanks, rose and returned to Mrs. Leicester, who roused herself from a state of drowsy contentment to entertain her.

Frank had no further opportunity that evening. Perhaps had one presented itself he would hardly have taken advantage of it. When the party separated for the night, he lingered at the door, and caught a glimpse of Mrs. Austin going up the shallow steps of polished oak, and that moment taught him that his old staircase was a fitting background for a picture. Coming back, he took up his accustomed position on the hearth-rug, so absorbed in his own thoughts that he seemed almost sullen. He was glad that Mr. South was tired, and would not stay to smoke and talk. He bade Tiny a brief good-night; he stood looking heavily at his mother as she wandered about the room, gathering up her scattered possessions.

"You don't like these people, do you?" she said.

Frank muttered something to the effect that South was well enough.

"No, but you don't like them. I didn't much suppose you would; but I thought you wouldn't mind for once. We don't often have anybody you don't like."

"All right," said Frank. "I didn't complain, did I?"

"No; and it was very nice of you to go and talk to Mildred Austin this evening. You did go and talk to her? I didn't dream it, surely? I was half asleep, I think."

"Yes; I talked to her."

"And you know it is only for poor Carrie's sake—just a fancy of mine. It won't be for long, Frank."

"No," said Frank, "I don't at all suppose it will be for long."

"Mildred was always considered very good-looking," Mrs. Leicester remarked, in a musing tone, standing still with a work-basket in her hand. "Of course she has gone off a good deal—though really not so much as one might have expected—since I first knew her. But I know she isn't your style of beauty, even if she were not elderly, as you and Tiny were saying this afternoon. Oh, you young folks!" And Mrs. Leicester ended her sentence with a good-humored chuckle of reminiscence.

There was a pause before Frank opened his lips. Since the time was just long enough to permit of making an appeal to high Heaven, it may be hoped that it was so employed. "I'm sure I never said she was my style," he answered; and added, in a lower voice, "I know very well she isn't!" And with that he turned on his heel and went away to bed.

It was evident that young Leicester might dream his new dream with little fear of discovery, unless Gilbert South should detect his secret. Mrs. Leicester and Tiny Vivian had both perceived that Frank did not like Mrs. Austin. Tiny, being keener sighted than the elder lady, might possibly reconsider the matter; but such a conviction is not lightly set aside. Life is long enough for many changes; but it is not long enough to allow of our recognizing many changes in our friends. Having once settled what they must be (which is easily done, since there is but one really complicated human being in the world), it is obviously necessary that they should always be what we have determined they are. How otherwise could we go through life with any feeling of security? It would be little less intolerable than if the hills and valleys, fields and high-roads around us, should shift about and journey in different directions, under a sky whose stars were playing hide-and-seek with the astronomers.

II.

If Frank had discovered Mrs. Austin's supreme loveliness and charm in the soft lights and shadows of the evening, it was appropriately reserved for Mrs. Austin to perceive that the morning was the time which best suited her young host. If Mr. South, and perhaps Mrs. Austin herself, should chance to be a little pale and languid, a little conscious of a shadowy past,

"Clouding o'er the new-born day
With regrets of yester-morn,"

a little disinclined to recommence the monotonous journey from dawn to dusk, which after all seemed to lead to nothing very splendid, one would have said that Frank Leicester was alive and glad with all the life and gladness of the newly-wakened world. He was not in the breakfast-room when Mrs. Austin came down, but, before she had well answered Mrs. Leicester's questions about her night's rest, she heard that he had been out and about for a couple of hours. "He was here a minute or two ago," said Tiny Vivian, herself a radiant, bright-eyed, early riser; "he will be back directly. He only went into the garden." And as the words were uttered Mrs. Austin looked out, and saw Frank emerging from an opening in the tall yew-hedge which bounded the view on one side, and coming up the path, with the sunshine glistening on his short curls of his brown hair, and his dog jumping at his lifted hand. If there was a touch of something rustic about Frank, it was an unlimited charm just then, as he opened the glass door and stepped in, fresh as if he had been steeped to the heart in the air and sunshine of "the country green." He brought a breath of the sweet morning with him, telling how he had brushed through leafy ways and looked across his level meadows before his guests were ready to lift their tired heads from their pillows. He had gone to bed with a heavy heart, but he came forward now, happy and hopeful in spite of himself, and prodigiously hungry.

Breakfast over, Mrs. Leicester excused herself on the plea of orders to give to the housekeeper. "That means and hour's gossip," said Frank to a family portrait.

"It means your dinner, you ungrateful boy!" Mrs. Leicester replied, as she opened the door.

There was a brief silence after her departure. The four who remained, and whose duty it was to amuse and to be amused, seemed a little uncertain how to set about it. Tiny was the first to make an effort. A suggestive remark, aimed at Mr. South, brought him to her side where she stood at the window; a dialogue on gardens followed as naturally as possible, and in less than five minutes the pair were setting out to study the example which lay before them, basking in the yellow September sunshine. Mrs. Austin, meanwhile, was glancing over the Times, and young Leicester, as he leaned against the chimney-piece, pencilled figures on the back of an envelope, and added or subtracted in a curiously haphazard fashion. He never once looked at Mr. South and Tiny, and Tiny was apparently unconscious that Mrs. Austin and he were alive. When the couple were fairly gone, and the sound of their footsteps and voices had died away, Frank drew a long breath, glanced at his bit of paper as if he did not think much of arithmetic in general, tore it across, and stood waiting his companion's pleasure and reflecting on the advantages of early rising.

While Mrs. Austin was yet half asleep Frank and Tiny had held a consultation on the lawn, under the tulip trees. Starting from the ascertained fact of his dislike to the strangers, it struck Tiny as very nice of him to say that he would show Mrs. Austin round the house after breakfast. But, knowing that even Frank was mortal, she was not surprised that he set a limit to his self-sacrifice. "Look here, Tiny, I can't stand both of them," he had said. "You'll have to take your friend South away somewhere. You like him best, you say—well, I don't. Besides, I expect I shall have enough of him to-morrow. Take him round the grounds, can't you?" And when Tiny hazarded a smiling reference to the story they had heard the day before, he stopped her rather abruptly. "Oh, let my mother mind her own match-making—it's no concern of ours. We've only got to keep the secret. And don't you see, Tiny, it would look rather very queer if you and I walked off and left them to themselves?" Tiny saw that. "They'll have time enough and to spare," said Frank, finally.

"So they will," she assented. "This afternoon, when, you are out of the way."

"Yes," said Frank, gazing intently at a weed in the turf, 'theyll have this afternoon." And so it happened that, while the afternoon was reserved for Gilbert South, Frank had the morning.

(To be continued.)

Painful Swellings Reduced Muscular Strains Ended

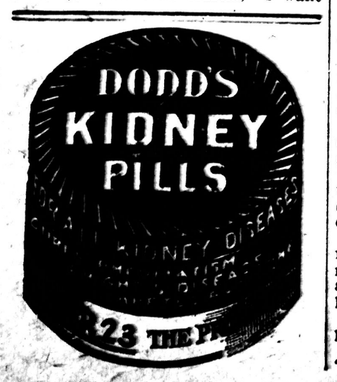
Such Troubles Now Quickly Rubbed Away by Powerful Remedy.

If you have any muscles that are strained and weak, that are frequently subject to rheumatic pains; if you have any painful swellings that refuse to go away—get busy with Nerviline. This is the very sort of trouble that Nerviline is noted for curing quickly. "I have proved Nerviline simply a wonder in reducing a hard, painful swelling. It followed an injury I received in my left leg and caused me great pain and discomfort. The muscles were strained and sore, and no other remedy gave the ease and comfort I got from rubbing on Nerviline. There is a soothing, pain-relieving power about Nerviline that touched the root of my trouble. Nerviline reduced the swelling, it destroyed the pain, it brought my limb back to perfect condition." The experience of Mr. Bowen, whose home is in Middlesex, is not unusual. Thousands are proving every day that muscular pains of every kind, chronic rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia and sciatica will yield to Nerviline when nothing else can possibly cure. Nerviline is an old-family pain remedy, used nearly forty years with great success. The large family size bottle costs 50c, trial size 25c, at all dealers.

Nations That Left No Sign.

There are two great nations of antiquity whose inscriptions cannot yet be read—the Etruscans and the Hittites. The Etruscans occupied a part of Italy corresponding roughly to what is known as Tuscany. The Hittites at one time occupied a part of Palestine and united with the Canaanites to resist the invasion of the Israelites under Joshua. The Etruscan and Hittite inscriptions have thus far resisted the attempts of scholars to decipher them, though no one knows when some one may stumble on a bilingual inscription which will serve as a key, just as the Rosetta stone, discovered in Egypt in 1977, served as a key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. In the new world the so-called Maya inscriptions, found on the ruins in Yucatan, are also a puzzle to scientists.

Louise—Don't you get awfully hungry when you cook? Julia—Horribly! Sometimes I'm almost willing to eat what I cook myself.—Life.



CURE YOUR BAD COUGH BY BREATHING "CATARRHOZONE"

You may dislike taking medicine, but coughs are best cured without medicine. The modern treatment is "Catarrhozone," it isn't a drug—it's and healing balsams. It spreads over the surfaces that are weak and sore from coughing. Every spot that is congested is healed—irritation is soothed away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and Catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so cure, so pleasant as Catarrhozone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine CATHARRHOZONE. All dealers sell Catarrhozone, large size, which lasts two months. Price $1; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

NO ALUM MAGIC BAKING POWDER READ THE LABEL

WEAR FLEET FOOT SHOES for every SPORT and RECREATION

Worn by every member of the family

SOLD BY ALL GOOD SHOE DEALERS

SWANS TAUGHT TO SWIM.

The Black Necked Variety Are Afraid of Water When Young.

Your's acquainted with the proverbial phrase, "Like a duck takes to the water." That may apply all right to ducks, but there are some water birds which have to be taught to swim, just as we do. They hate the water at first just as much as a boy hates the bath-tub. One of these birds, which takes swimming lessons from its parents, is the black necked swan.

The swan babies are called cynets. They are hatched in an elaborate nest which the parent swan builds along the edge of a pool. The little cygnets are able to walk and run as soon as they are out of their shells, but they can't swim.

So the mother swan takes them for a little ferry ride. She puts them on her back and starts on across the pond. The baby swans, frightened at first, soon get used to seeing water all around them.

One day the mother swan turns her long neck and gives her babies a gentle push into the water. Such a scramble and splash! The babies flounder around and try their best to get back on their mother's dry feathers. Finally they learn that their feet are webbed paddles, givin to them for swimming purposes, and they are able to glide over the water as gracefully and as easily as their parents.

Misery loves company, which may explain why some people are never so happy as when they are alone.

Why People Feel Depressed in the Cold Weather

Why is tiredness and langour so prevalent just now? A physician explained that the cold of winter drives blood from the surface of the body to the liver. Normally one-fourth of the whole blood supply is in the liver, and when more blood is accumulated in that organ everything goes wrong.

No better remedy exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are composed of such vegetable extracts as Mandrake and Butternut, and possess wonderful liver stimulating powers. It's a marvel the way Hamilton's Pills clear the blood of the poisonous humors. They put new life into worn-out bodies, build up the appetite, bring back a reserve of nerve energy, tide folks over the cold days of spring. For your health and body comfort get a 25c box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills today.

MYSTERY OF STEEL.

Our Modern Civilization is Based On a Freak of Nature.

If it were not for one tiny, erratic break in nature's orderly progression we should never have had the machinery that has brought about modern civilization. For we should not have had steel. It is true we should have had iron. But pure iron is almost useless. It is only when a small quantity of carbon is added to it that it becomes hard enough to take a cutting edge. Then it is called steel.

Why steel hardens is an unsolved problem. The Scientific American reproduces some extracts from an address before the British Institute of Mechanical Engineers, delivered by Professor Arnold, who has for many years been investigating the chemical and mechanical relations between iron, carbon and other metals, and Sir Robert Hadfield's experiments that called attention to this "break" in the order of nature which alone makes steel possible.

Nickel and cobalt are so closely related to iron in their properties and in their position in the periodic classification—atomic weights, specific gravity, fusing point and valence being almost the same—that it might be expected they would behave identically when united with carbon. Not so, however. Sir Robert Hadfield found that when the "steel" made of nickel and cobalt was heated or hammered the carbon came out of the composition and was as precipitated as graphite. If iron behaved this way tool steel would turn to cast iron as soon as heated. And it is on the fact that it does not—"a seemingly quite erratic departure on nature's part from her orderly plan"—that modern manufacture is founded.

The Septuagint.

Septuagint means seventy. The septuagint version of the Old Testament originated, according to Aristeas, as follows: Ptolemy Philadelphus (248-247 B.C.) when engaged in making a collection of the laws of all nations for the great Alexandrine library was advised by his librarian to have the Jewish Scripture translated into Greek, and the king had the work done by seventy (or seventy-two) learned Jews from Jerusalem. The letter of Aristeas is probably mythical, but the substance of the story it tells is probably quite true.

WOMEN'S CORNER.

Some Pointers for the Busy Housewife.

Be sure that everything used about canning is perfectly clean. That means the kitchen floor must be free from dust and dirt. The table, the kettles, holders and dishcloths must be clean. A speck of dust can carry enough germs to start fermentation in a ton of fruit or vegetables.

Throw away any spoiled fruit that you find among the fresh fruit. A few pieces of fruit that are mouldy or have rotten specks will lower the quality and destroy the fine good taste of a whole kettle of fruit that otherwise would be delicious. Sometimes fruit is so overripe that it is beginning to spoil, which makes it take on a rather bitter taste when cooked.

See that your jars, tops and rubbers are perfectly clean and that they have been sterilized, i.e., boiled and kept boiling hot until you are ready to use them. Then fill the jars with fruit up to the top, just so that they do not run over. These points are most important if you want your fruit to keep perfectly and be free from mould. Put the fruit in the jars and seal as quickly as possible to keep any stray yeast plants that are floating around in the air from settling in the jars.

Never take any risks with old rubbers or lids of jars when the screw tops are cheaper than spoiled fruit. Have a fruit funnel to use in putting hot fruit in jars. It is inexpensive, and with proper care will last a dozen years at least. These same hints apply to canning vegetables.

IN FULL OPERATION

The old C. P. R. station in Toronto has been leased to the city for the nominal rate of $1 per annum. The new north-end station is now in full operation, and, with its modern facilities and accessories, it gives great satisfaction to the public. The district in which it is situated has grown enormously during the past few years. The C. P. R. believes not only in accommodating present needs, but in anticipating those of the future. That is why it builds largely and substantially in all large centres of population, where there is promise of growth and development. What with the north-end station in Toronto and the new station and terminal on Front street, which will be finished next year, Toronto is being rewarded at last with that attention which seems to have been denied the Queen City for many years.

Remarkable Remarks.

(Collected by The Independent.)

Champ Clark—We never will arbitrate the Monroe Doctrine.

Ed. Howe—Topeka is hypocrite headquarters of the United States.

Mary Garden—I am in a frenzy because women cannot go to war.

Gen. Brusiloff—Observe the bayonet's glitter and its slender contour.

Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg—The German never hesitates to say what he thinks.

Major-General Leonard Wood—No wolf was ever frightened by the size of a flock of sheep.

Carolyn Wells—What makes a book a phenomenal success? Much bad, much pad, and much ad.

Bishop Greer—The proportion of good husbands as against bad husbands is greater than it has ever been.

President John Grier Hibben—There has been too much talk in times past in our country of the rights of man.

Mrs. Vernon Castle—I don't think I have ever seen so many handsome men in my life as there are now in London.

Lillian Russell—As the eye mirrors the soul, so also the complexion reflects the condition of the digestive apparatus.

Keep in the Sunshine.

There are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side to the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists, sometimes people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are calley disagreeable people. But, wherever they go, their characteristic is this—their shadows always travel on before them. These people never bear their own burdens, but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

The man who falls in love successfully isn't always the one who practices on himself.

Operations Failed to Cure Kidney Disease

Mr. John E. Pumfrey, Farmer, Viceroy, Sask., was twice operated on in an English hospital for kidney disease. Urinary troubles grew worse and caused excruciating pain. He now states positively that he has been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and is enjoying excellent health.

This is further proof that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, by their combined action, cure the most serious and complicated ailments of the kidneys. Prove this for yourself.

One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills