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The Ticket

It Led to Complications

By AGNES G. BROGAN

There was the girl again! Billy Thornton frowned at her sudden entrance into the car—not that there was anything about the fresh, interested countenance to call forth a masculine frown. Jane Wilder was exactly the opposite kind of girl. But Billy never had met her and was more anxious to meet her than for anything else in the world, and, though she was always appearing in most unexpected places in a delightfully disturbing manner, still she, the ideal, remained as far distant as some beautiful, wonderful star.

"How," mused Billy to himself—"how in the world could the proper meeting be brought about?" Sometimes he was pleased to fancy a responsive interest in the girl's glance of quickly veiled recognition in their several encounters. "How—oh, how?"

"So glad to see you, dearie," murmured an old lady, bending over his divinity from the seat behind. "You are on your way to the child welfare meeting, of course. How busy you keep yourself with everything of an uplifting nature! I don't see how you do it."

The girl laughed as she turned around. Billy's heart thumped in sympathy with the clear joyousness of the sound. Never had he heard her voice or laugh before, and in nothing was she disappointing. Recklessly he allowed the windows of his office, where Braydon was waiting to see him upon an important commission, to fade into distance. He would sit here in this seat until the girl left the car.

"Oh, I am not voluntarily busy," she answered the old lady, "just drawn into the work by my friends. Meetings are all this week, you know—evenings for the men. We must interest voters. Lillis is one of the ushers, so it was she who solicited my aid, the dean of our old college being tonight's speaker."

"I would like to go," the old lady responded. Eagerly the girl fumbled in her purse. "So sorry," she said at length. "I have no more tickets, and admission is all by ticket invitation."

She jumped to her feet. "My corner!" she cried. "Goodby, Mrs. West."

It was then that Billy heard the coveted name.

"Goodby, Jane Wilder," said the old lady.

"Jane Wilder." Mentally he echoed the name. "It was like her somehow." To him it sounded quaint and sweet. He was planning as he brushed through the crowd in the streets to obtain tickets in some manner for that evening's "welfare" meeting. It would be in the auditorium, of course, and she had said by invitation only. He remembered reading an account of the affair in the papers. Former pupils of the college represented by the speaker were to act as ushers. Surely one might speak to an usher, and surely one might select one's particular usher. Billy began to whistle.

The low but merry tune seemed to annoy rather than cheer the tall young man who swung impatiently about in Billy's pet office chair.

"Great Scott," Braydon ejaculated in greeting, "you come in more than thirty minutes late and happy as a May day! I went without my own lunch in order to get over here on time, while you—"

"Say," remarked Billy absently, "where can a fellow get tickets for tonight's child welfare meeting?"

Braydon's feet came to the floor with a bang. "What's the matter with you, Thornton?" he asked.

Billy waved the question impatiently aside. "Where can I get them?" he insisted.

"How the dickens do I know?" the man replied. Suddenly he glanced at Billy's eager face. "Why this unusual interest in a strange cause?" he asked. Deliberately Billy seated himself in an opposite chair. "There is a girl," he answered seriously, "whom I am very anxious to meet. She will be there tonight. Among that old college crowd we must have mutual acquaintances. If you can direct me to any one who might possibly have a spare ticket of invitation I'd be obliged. That's all."

His friend considered. "Why, there's Jack Maynard," he said. "His wife was a student at that college. I'll speak to him. Before we get down to business, what's the name of this girl, Billy? Might know her myself."

Thornton's eyes took on their previous reminiscent gleam. "Wilder," he repeated softly—"Jane Wilder."

In the desperate hope of hearing from Jack Maynard he lingered in the office long past closing time and at last was rewarded by the appearance of a messenger bearing an envelope marked, with the date, "Ticket to auditorium

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Zam-Buk

meeting." Billy's sinking spirits soared to their highest level. That very evening he should see her again at least—that evening. There was not much time for dinner. The auditorium would be crowded.

For a moment as he waited in the entrance Billy's eyes roved excitedly among the white gowned tiers of ushers. Then at length he spied her. She was even more charming with her uncovered golden head than in the fetching hats of his remembrance, and—yes, she was coming slowly toward him. A rather stout woman usher put out her hand.

"Ticket, please," she demanded. But Billy smiled in the direction of the oncoming little figure.

"Waiting," he said. Miss Jane Wilder's gaze was entirely impersonal. Silently she accepted and read his ticket; then "Oh!" she breathed. Vaguely troubled, he glanced down at the golden head. Surprise, disappointment—what was it that showed for a moment in the eyes upraised to his?

"This way," she said, and Billy followed her down the aisle. But at the choice seat designated the stout overseer usher reappeared.

"Must be some mistake," she argued loudly. "This section reserved for ushers and their husbands only. Let me see your ticket." Billy was about to apologize and withdraw—other fortunate possessors of nearby seats interestedly watched the outcome—when his director's voice sounded distinctly.

"It's all right, Mrs. Sayles," she said. "The ticket reads, 'Mr. and Mrs. Jack Maynard.' Mrs. Maynard is not here this evening, but she ushered at this afternoon's meeting."

Before Billy could collect his senses, before he could deny to the one girl in all the world this fatal imputation, the two white clad women, whispering, moved away together. And to this end had his scheming led him. The girl whose love he craved was now, through a senseless mistake, removed from him forever. Henceforth he was in her eyes but the wedded husband of a certain Mrs. Jack Maynard. Why hadn't he glanced at the confounded ticket instead of rushing with it like a fool?

Despairingly Billy looked about, after the oration, if he might still find one friend, perhaps also of her acquaintance, but all were strangers, not one familiar face. Broodingly he made his way to the door. Out in the vestibule he lingered to throw on his coat, and presently from a merry, chattering throng she made her way to him.

The wonder of her sudden presence there at his side, the smile that was unmistakably for him, held him for the moment speechless.

"I hope the evening has been a pleasant one," she said and held out her hand. Billy saw that the hand was extending to him a small white envelope and took it. Then his dream abruptly ended.

"A ticket for the mothers' meeting tomorrow, Mr. Maynard," she said. "Please give it to your wife."

Before his dearying lips could even form a reply she had vanished. It was a decidedly grouchy Billy Thornton whom his tall friend found in the office the next day.

"Enjoy the uplift meeting?" Braydon casually inquired.

"The deuce!" answered Billy. "As to that Miss Wilder," the friend went on. "Happen to know people who in turn know her. Take you over to meet her if you like."

Billy's grouch evaporated. "Tonight?" he asked crisply.

"Tonight," replied Braydon.

Billy banged down the cover of his book in a spirit of joyful anticipation.

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For Infants and Children
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Always bears the signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

in minutes he would explain all to her. And after that—well, if he didn't win out in the old game of love it would not be because with all his heart and soul he had not tried. He wished that Braydon would refrain from entering into that old business problem on the way to the house where he was to meet her. He wanted to go over in his mind the things that he would say.

Before he realized it they were in the brilliantly lighted reception room and he was bowing before a sweet faced woman presented as Mrs. Jack Maynard, who immediately, taking Billy in charge, led him to a girlish figure at the farther end of the room.

"Miss Wilder," she announced rather absently and hurried back to his friend. The "one girl" smiled up at him.

"We are not quite strangers," she said, "but I am afraid you forgot to give the ticket to Mrs. Maynard. She was absent, I noticed, from the afternoon meeting, and you—"

"Miss Wilder"—it was the interrupting voice of Braydon—"come here just a moment, please, to settle a dispute."

Billy savagely ground his heel on the rug as others came to claim the girl's attention, keeping her from him. When was this silly affair to be straightened? Where was the real Jack Maynard?

Interminably the evening dragged and no opportunity for a further word with the girl of his dreams. In her eyes he was now no doubt just the uninteresting husband of her hostess, while in his eyes—Billy rapturously caught his breath as he looked at her—she grew each moment fairer.

In sudden determination he crossed to where she sat before the piano.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

The girl's fingers rested upon the keys. Half turning, she looked up at him.

"I—I'm not Jack Maynard," Billy blurted out desperately, "and I'm not married. It was a confounded—I beg your pardon—only a borrowed ticket."

The laughing challenge of her eyes gave him sudden courage. "I have wanted—no, that's not the word—I have desired above all things for months to meet you," he went on, then paused. His eyes were saying more. "My name is Thornton," he ended abruptly—"William Thornton."

Miss Jane Wilder arose and stood before him. "I know it," she said quietly, "and I know it all along. Back there at church that day a friend pointed you out to me. Yesterday when Jack Maynard asked for a ticket for you to the meeting it was I who suggested that he lend you his." She laughed softly. "It was wicked of me to pretend," she admitted—"wicked, but it did not take you so long to bring this"—she paused and held out her hand—"about."

Fervently Billy grasped the proffered hand; fervently he bent to look down into the girl's face. Then deep and happily he sighed. "At last!" breathed Billy.

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- Sergt. W. D. Lamb
- Sergt. M. W. Davies
- Sergt. S. H. Hawkins
- Sergt. E. A. Dodds
- Sergt. W. C. McKinnon
- Sergt. Geo. Gibbs
- Sergt. H. Murphy
- Sergt. C. F. Roche
- Corp. W. M. Bruce
- Corp. J. C. Anderson
- Corp. J. Menzies
- Corp. S. E. Dodds
- Corp. H. Cooper
- Corp. C. Skillen
- Corp. C. E. Sisson.
- L. Corp. A. I. Small
- B. Q. S.—B. C. Culley
- C. Q. S.—C. McCormick
- Pte. A. Banks
- Pte. F. Collins
- Pte. A. Dempsey
- Pte. J. R. Garrett
- Pte. H. Jamieson
- Pte. G. Lawrence
- Pte. R. J. Lawrence
- Pte. C. F. Lang
- Pte. W. C. Pearce
- Pte. T. E. Stilwell
- Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band
- Pte. G. A. Parker
- Pte. A. W. Stillwell
- Pte. W. J. Saunders
- Pte. A. Armond
- Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band
- Pte. R. Clark, Bugler
- Pte. S. L. McClung
- Pte. J. McClung
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- Pte. H. J. McFeley
- Pte. H. B. Hubbard
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Doctor Pierce's Pellets are unequalled as a Liver Pill. One tiny Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

COUNTY OF LAMBTON

Treasurer's Notice as to Lands Liable For Sale for Taxes, A. D. 1917

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of the County of Lambton has been prepared by me and that copies thereof may be had in the office of the County Treasurer.

AND FURTHER take notice that the list of lands for sale as aforesaid is now being published in the Ontario Gazette in the issues thereof bearing date 14th, 21st and 28th days July and the 4th day of August 1917.

AND FURTHER take notice that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list, together with the costs chargeable thereon as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for sale of such lands, being the 20th day of October, A.D. 1917, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

AND FURTHER take notice that this publication is made pursuant to Assessment Act Revised Statutes of Ontario 1914, Chapter 195, Section 149, Sub-sec. 3.

Dated at Sarnia this 16th day of July, A.D. 1917.

H. INGRAM,
Treasurer of County of Lambton.

jy20w13

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Men From and Vicini The E

27TH REGT.—Thos. L. Swift, since June 15, 1917, Bury C. Binkford, killed in action, C. N. Newell, T. V. Alf. Woodward, I. Cunningham, M. I. R. W. Bailey, A. Johnston, G. Mat. W. G. Nichol, F. P. E. W. Smith, C. Ward, killed in a D. C. M., killed in a wounded—missing Hardy.

PRINCESS PA. Gerald H. Brown, 18TH BA. C. W. Barnes, Geo. Watson, G. Shat. Burns, C. Blunt, P. Shanks, Pte. W. 2ND DIVISION. Lorne Lucas, E. Potter.

33RD BA. Percy Mitchell, Oct. 14th, 1916; Geo. Fountain, killed in 1916, Gordon I. in Victoria Ho.

34TH BA. E. C. Crohn, S. Rogers, Macklin H. Oct. 8, 1916; Hen. in action Sept. 27, 1916, Leonard Leo.

29TH B. Wm. Mitchell, J. 70TH BA. Ernest Lawrence, C. H. Lovaday, A. B. ton, killed in action.

Mayers, Jos M. Brown, Sid Brown Sept. 15, 1916, Alf. A., Corp. V. W. W. 28TH BA. Thomas Lamb, MOUNTED.

Fred A. Taylor. PIONI Wm. Macnally, ENGIN.

J. Tomlin. ARMY MEDIC T. A. Brandon, McKenzie, M.D., N. Jerrold W. Snell, A.

135TH BA. N. McLachlan, July 6th, 1917. 3RD RESERVE I. Alfred Levi.

116TH BA. Clayton O. Fuller, April 18th, 1917. 196TH.

R. R. Annett, 70TH BA. R. H. Trenouth, on May 8th, 1917; ster.

142ND BA. Austin Potter. GUN. Russ. G. Clark.

R. N. C. John J. Brown. ARMY DENT. Elgin D. Hicks, ARMY SERVI.

Frank Elliot, R. Arthur McKeorch, 98TH BA. Roy E. Acton.

64TH BA. C. F. Luckham.