



Again we are permitted to see the approach of another
Glad Christmas Time.

Vernonia has changed, but our friends are the same tried and true neighbors. New citizens in our midst are more than welcome and we invite you to call at our store at any and all times whether you buy or not. Throops store is well known the Valley over.

We carry in our Regular Stock
 a good many articles suitable for

Christmas Presents.

GOOD
 USEFUL

Give us a trial
 and be convinced.

Here's to a Jolly Christmas and a Prosperous New Year all Year.

T. R. THROOP,

Vernonia, Oregon.

Jacques' Christmas

By Eleanor E. King

A BLIZZARD was brewing. Little cutting pieces of snow were being blown in whirls around corners and down the street. Huddled down in his coat stood a new-boy of some eight or nine years. His face was drawn with the cold and he beat his hands against his sides to keep them warm.

Last-minute Christmas shoppers, hurrying along to get their various errands done, gave no thought to the little fellow who pestered them with his papers. He ought to have known better when they had so many things to think about.

"Yeh, all the news—the latest news. Won't cha buy one, mister? I only have a couple more." He looked up pleadingly into the face of a passer-by.

"Sorry, sonny," smiled the man, "but I'm not here now that I probably won't ever get a chance to read—so busy," and he hurried along his way.

The rush of pedestrians subsided a moment. The boy singled out a young woman, as he said, "She looks kind. I'll try her."

"Yeh—all the latest news—just out—won't cha buy one, please, lady? I only have a few."

She opened her purse and started to hunt for the money.

"I've just got to sell these papers out early tonight, 'cause it's my last chance to buy that doll. You know, my little sister, they say, isn't very well, and the only thing she says she wants is an orange for Christmas, but I know better." He paused for breath.

"She wants a doll, but she thinks she can't ask for it 'cause we haven't money for dolls. I have, though," he said promptly. "I've been watching a doll in one of the windows here. I'm going by tonight and get it."

"What is your name, son?"

"Jacques and my sister's—ma petite soeur—Marthe."

"Zehack?—What a queer name!"

"No; it isn't," he said, anticipating what she was going to say. "My mother is French. Those names are beautiful—to us," he added after a pause.

"Where do you live, Jacques?"

"Sixty-nine Kensington Square, Top floor, back two rooms. I've got that down pat now, haven't I?"

"Yeh, you won't get lost right soon," she replied as she put her arm around him, and gave him a gentle tap on the shoulder. "Merry Christmas, Jacques," and she was on her way. She stopped a little way down the street, however, wrote something down, then hurried on.

Another half hour found Jacques hugging an orange and a little doll under his coat as he trudged along home. When he opened the door a little voice started chanting, "From Jacques, From Jacques—you're late tonight."

"Yeh, Marthe. Today I was talking to Santa on the corner, and he said he was awfully busy. He doubted if he would get all around this year."

"Oh!" said Marthe in a disappointed tone.

Jacques' mother was sewing busily upon a garment she was intent upon finishing. Tomorrow was Christmas, and no sewing was going to be left over to bother her.

Marthe's bedtime came, and Jacques fired his presents in preparation for the morning. He had found a Christmas tree branch in the street, and this he made into a little tree under which he placed his gifts.

Christmas morning dawned brightly in the little French home. Jacques' surprise was complete, for Marthe went into raptures over the tree and her presents. She immediately hugged and kissed her doll, keeping up a con-



His Mother Was Just as Excited as He.

tinues chatter to it in French. The orange and a few other presents that she had found under the tree she put on the shelf, so that she could admire them while she rocked her doll.

Jacques had had his surprise, too—"Gee and it shall be given unto you"—for his two pockets under the tree had grown to be six or seven.

"Mother," he said, "I think I will have to try my new mittens and see exactly how warm they are." So saying, he slipped into his coat and pushed on the door. What ailed it? Was it frozen shut, stuck, or what was the matter?

With his mother's help the door was opened. To their surprise they found that a huge pile of packages had been the cause of their trouble.

Jacques gave a cry of delight as he peered upon the bundles. His mother was just as excited as he, as she helped carry in the stuff.

Then followed one of the happiest hours the family had ever known—whole two-dozen oranges and all sorts of wholesome food. Jacques' mother fairly wept with joy.

Marthe remembered us after all, mother," said little Jacques, "and he left this note on one of my presents. Look, mother, it says—"

"I hope you will always be as thoughtful of your sister, Jacques. A Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year."

"SANTA CLAUS!"

THE MAIL CARRIER

FOR many years, in good weather or bad, day after day, he had followed his chosen job faithfully and well. He had carried many, many Christmas presents in his day, too. This year one of the families he had served so regularly prepared a Christmas box for him and for his wife and for his children.

"It is the first Christmas box I ever received from one of my families," he said. "Wasn't it thoughtful of them to have remembered their mail carrier?"

But the people were saying, "To think that we haven't done something of this sort every year. The mail carrier does so much for us and we, at times, almost seem to forget he's even human."

Great Savers.

How our mothers and grandmothers would have appreciated the wonderful efficient electrical appliances of the present day. Probably most of all the electric toaster and ironer, because, if the proper machines are selected, they represent the greatest economy. Not only do they save money, time and heartbreaking drudgery, but they save the clothes themselves.

The Old Story Ever New

We Certainly Wish You, one and all, a
MERRY CHRISTMAS

The
"Lunch Box"
 in its
 New Location
 on the
 North Side of
 Bridge Street
 near Depot, is
 Ready to Serve You.



Short Orders,
 Meals at all
 Hours,
 Sunday Dinners
 and a Big
 Christmas
 Dinner
 at the
"Lunch Box"

May you Enjoy Christmas, and may
 May the New Year be good to you.

THE LUNCH BOX

E. L. Mastin M. M. Mastin