

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

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stiv invite e

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

GOOD ...

## Christmas Presents.

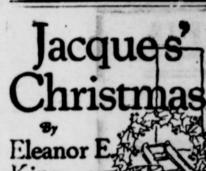
dive us a trial and be convinced.

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

T. R. THROOP,

Vernonia, Oregon.





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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 newsboy
of some eight or nine years.
His face was drawn with the
the beat his hands against

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

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

"Sorry, sonny," smiled the man,"
t one here now that I probably
on'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
oman, as he said, "She looks kind.

Yeh—all the latest news—just out
won't cha buy one, please, lady?

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 thance to buy that doll. You know, my little sister, they say, isn't very well, and the only thing she says she walks is an orange for Christmas, but hands is an orange for Christmas, but



the Opened Her Pu

"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—me
etite soeur—Marthe."
"Zehack?—What a queer—"
"No; it isn't," he said, anticipating

"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?"

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

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. Trust Jacques. Free Jacques—rou're late

"Yes, 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 disappointe

Jacques' mother was sewing busing upon a garment she was intent upon anishing. Tomorrow was Obristman



His Mother Was Just as Expited as He

and no sewing was going to be left over to bother her.

Marthe's bedtime came, and Jacque

fixed his presents in preparation for the more. He had found a Christ mas tree branch in the street, and this he made into a little tree under which he iplaced 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 attenuately hugged and kiesed her doll keeping up a our

crange and a few other presents that she had found under the tree she put on the shelf, so that she could admire

Jacques had had his surprise, too— "Give and it shall be given unto you"—for his two packets 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 from abut, 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 gaye a cry of delight as he pentond upon the bundles. His mother was just as excited as he, as she helped enery in the stuff.

Then followed one of the happiest house the family had ever known—whole (wo-down eranges and all sorts of wholesome food. Jacques' mother falsey wept with joy.

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

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

## THE MAIL CARRIER

FOR many years, in good weather or had, 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 car-

that the people were saying, "To think that we haven't done something of this sort every year. The mail car rier does so much for us and we, a times, almost summ to forget he's every

May one mothers and grandmother spend here approached the wonder fally effects electrical appliances of the present day. Probably most of all the present day, Probably most of all the proper and ironer, be seen, if the proper medities are selected, they represent the grantes are selected they appropriately the recy defines they are the grantes.

## 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

Christmas

Dinner

at the

"Lunch Bax"

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

## THE LUNCH BOX

E.L. Mastin

M. M. Mastin