able to obtain work, as no one will have anything to do with a man whose passport the police have taken. I have still a warm fur coat, so has she, but every thing else is gone. We'll sell these, as the weather will soon be milder, and so tide over trouble until I get back my passport. Perhaps then we will try to gather enough money to go to Roumania. Do I know where Roumania is? No; but I have heard it is on the other side of the frontier, and that there are many of the brethren already settled there. Perhaps we may end our days in peace after all.—Caritas, in the Christian World.

## THE GAME OF PREFIXES.

One of the company is sent from the room and a word with a good prefix, such as ex, con, sub, pro, or in is selected. When the exile returns he attempts to discover the word by asking questions of the company, having been first informed of the prefix used. The answers to his questions are supposed to express the meaning of the word. A writer in Good Housekeeping describes a trial of this game thus:

Jack suggested Exaggerated, and Alan hearing his name called, came in with a boy-like jump over the nearest chair, and, standing before Floy, said demurely: "Miss Mathers, may I come into your school-room some afternoon and have a fit?"

Of course everybody laughed; they always did when happy, fun-loving Alan had anything to say, and Floy replied, "Yes, indeed, Alan; but let me know when you are coming; as I would like to invite in all the other teachers, the principal, and perhaps the Board of Education, to witness the performance."

"Is the word Extraordinary?" asked Alan.
"Not quite right, try again, my young friend,"

said Floy.
"Well, Marion, will you make me a loaf of you."

famous chocolate cake some day?"

"Perhaps so; one about six feet high and four feet in diameter, will be about right, I suppose?"

"That will be Excessively large, will it not?"

said Alan, with a quizzical expression.

But he was assured that *Excessively* was not the word, so with a bow to Mrs. Merrels, he said, "Will you take a walk with me when it stops raining?"

"Yes, I should quite enjoy a walk; we will go to the Desert of Sahara and possibly visit the pyramids of Egypt; then if you are not tired, we can take a stroll to the top of Mount Washington when we get back."

"That would be an Exiremely long walk, I

think."

But Alan had to try again, which delighted them all, as he was usually a quick guesser.

"Well, Gertie," he said, "will you have a game of tennis with me to-morrow?"

"Certainly, but I warn you to be careful, for I have played four thousand games this season and have come off the victor in every one of them."

"Whew-w, that's a very Exaggerated story for

a truthful young lady to tell."

So Gertie had to leave the room, and Alan was at last permitted to resume his seat.

Inaudible was the next word, and Gertie's first question was to her mother.

"Will you make some ice cream for dinner, mamma?"

Mrs. Ames's lips moved but no one heard her reply.

"Your answer was quite Incomprehensible, mamma."

"Try again, dear," she answered.

"Marion, will you show me that new embroidery stitch you learned last week?"

Marion simply nodded an assent.

Gertie thought over it a moment and then said, slowly, "Your answer was *Intelligible*, yet I hardly think that is the word."

"Try again," said Alan ; "I think you will get it next time."

"Well, Helen, will you give me your opinion of the weather?"

Helen spelled out something with her fingers in deaf and dumb fashion, but Gertie looked bewildered.

"I do not understand her. Alan, will you tell me what she says?"

Alan whispered something, but the whisper was so low as to be inaudible.

"Ah! I have it! You have all answered me, yet I have not been able to hear you; the word is Inaudible."

One of the envoys of the African King Gungunhama in London was badly scared by a phonograph lately. He talked into an instrument, and when it repeated his words to him he fell on the floor in a swoon. After he had been brought to he said it was no use for him to tell lies—all his lies were recorded.

## THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, Editor, is published on the first of every month, and sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum. Cash in advance is required of all subscribers. Published solely in the interests of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly, local items of church news, or communications of general interest. As we go to press in advance of the date, news items should be in before the 18th of each month. To subscribers in the United Kingdom, including postage, 5s. per annum. All communications, business or otherwise, to be addressed: Rev. W. W. Smith, Newmarket, Ont.