

pan, a little grease, pepper, salt, with a trace of onions and potatoes added, constituted this a dish to set before a king. If the night was clear, and the moon flooded the prairie with her silver light, robes were spread. The sound of the fiddle invited the dance. The Red River jig was struck up, and one after another exercised himself to his heart's content, as the shouts of the audience stimulated him."

In the days dealt with by the chronicler whose pages we have just been turning over, the spot where the Free Press building stands, in which this is written, was on the open prairie. Near by ran the Red River trail, which is now Winnipeg's busy Main Street, with its massive buildings and its hurrying crowds. The Free Press—which is now in its thirty-first year, having begun publication, as a weekly, in 1872—rocked the cradle of the infant city. It is

