

I spent many pleasant hours in the Library of Parliament Buildings in Edmonton, during the five sessions I served as a member there. The House sat from three to six Monday to Friday, and this allowed us ample time for other activities. In one corner of the reading room I often saw a reserved little man in a grey lustre coat, poring over reports and records. I knew he was Sir Cecil Denny, who was writing the history of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. I tried to talk to Sir Cecil but I did not get far. He was not to be beguiled into conversation. It may have been because he was intent on his writing, just as I should be intent on mine now, knowing the days are evil. He certainly had the "work-for-the-night-is-coming" look upon his face.

Sir Cecil Denny died in 1928, with his work uncompleted, but he made provision in his will for its revision and publication and this was faithfully done by W. B. Cameron, author of a valuable book called "When Fur Was King." Sir Cecil also provided that 350 copies should be given free to the schools of Alberta.

I wanted to know Sir Cecil because I had heard about him from his friend and mine, E. N. Higinbotham, who had homesteaded beside him on Willow Creek, near Lethbridge, in 1885.

I know him now through his book, "The Law Marches West," a copy of which I have on my desk, a gift from our mutual friend. It is an authentic and carefully written account of the "Riders of the Plains" in their earliest years, a real contribution to our history and a fitting tribute to the brave men who brought law and order to the great unknown land which lay west of the Red River. The Royal Northwest Mounted Police came into being the year I was born, and, like all other Western Canadians, I was brought up on that great and proud tradition of incorruptible men who knew no fear, a "terror