

with," said Alan, eagerly, "and perhaps twenty years hence I shall be able to look back on the long years filled with work, true work, honest work, work that will help the whole country, as you are able to. Perhaps I also shall be able to say, 'Those are my bridges, and they're safe and sure,' or 'I laid that line and it's good,' or 'Every inch of work here is of the best.' I shall be proud when that day comes, Uncle Don, if it is ever to come. I don't think men can fully understand love of their country until they have done work which they know, however indirectly, is for their country's good. The work we have been doing will open up the country, and I'm prouder of having had a little share in building this Road than I was of winning a first-year medal at college. And a turkey-cock," cried Alan with another shout of laughter, "was not in it with me then."

Donald Price smiled, well-pleased, and they walked down the line in silence. Behind them Mr. Merrick and Macpherson, who were as fire and tow, were wrangling cheerfully over explosives, Mac clinging obstinately to dynamite, and Mr. Merrick thunderously upholding a new explosive.

Far, far down the line grew a tiny red spark, blossoming like a flower on the darkness of the night.

"That's Five-Nought-Seven," said Macpherson, "and she's miles away. It's a straight road, isn't it? But Price nearly always chooses the straight road," he finished, laughing.

"The straight road's best," said Price, echoing the laugh.