

"Yes."

"And Denis Mulcahy, the foreman of the gang working on the sewer?"

"Certainly. Everyone in the ward knows him."

"Well, I saw a bit of a crowd gathered in front of Filion's store, and I went to see what was up. Here were Filion and Mulcahy at it, hammer and tongs, on church matters. Mulcahy was accusing the French of having their own way in everything, and Filion was asserting that the Irish were opposing the French whenever they got a chance. Some secret imp put it into my head to break into the dispute. So I said to Filion,

"'You're a Catholic?'

"'Certainement,' he replied.

"'And you, too?' I said to Mulcahy.

"'Sure,' was the emphatic answer.

"'Then,' said I, with an air of great seriousness, 'are you not ashamed to be quarrelling in this fashion?'"

"I thought I had them, but the little Frenchman turned on me like lightning. Pointing to my church across the way, he said,

"'Zat de Protestant Church?'

"'Yes.'

"And to the Methodist church, two blocks away,

"'Zat de Protestant Church?'

"'Yes.'

"And to the Baptist church in course of erection,

"'Zat de Protestant Church?'

"'Yes.'

"And to the spire of your church a couple of streets off,—