

her father. Soon after her husband's demise Mrs. Trotter removed to Lachine (a small village on the river side about nine miles above Montreal), in order to live more economically, and soon became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Dombey, who had taken up their abode there for the summer season. Mrs. Dombey took quite a fancy to the fascinating widow, and they soon became inseparable.

Every evening on the promenade might be seen Mrs. Trotter leaning on the arm of Mr. Dombey, his wife following accompanied by his friend Fairfax; or they were together on the river boating, or enjoying a pic-nic on "Dixie" Island. Occasionally, when the weather was unfavorable to out-door amusements, they would engage in a rubber of whist, generally ending the evening with a little music. Dombey did not know one tune from another, but his wife praised Mrs. Trotter's singing so highly that he soon imagined that in that art, as in others, she was nearly, if not altogether, perfect. When it became time for Mrs. Trotter to go home, Jacob used to escort her to her cottage on the river bank, about a mile distant from his own residence, and after a few weeks there sprang up an intimacy between them which culminated in the incidents which gave rise to my narrative.

On the day following that on which I had engaged her apartments Mrs. Trotter took up her abode at Madame Charbonneau's, and about six weeks afterwards her baby, a beautiful girl, was born; she sent a message to Mr. Dombey's