

deal of potatoes to go with the fish, and potatoes served as fodder for the cow.

The soil was a tangle of roots down to clay and was difficult to cultivate with the one implement available, the hoe. One worked hard all day, with but little to show for it. The roads were impassable, so that draught animals were of little use. In any event, these were possessed by only a few, and their use was chiefly in winter.

In October of 1876, we took Guðrún Jóhannsdóttir from Jóhanna Thorbergsdóttir, who had a struggle to maintain her four children and an aged mother. She had lost her husband, and a very promising son, Paul. I have not made a note of how long we kept the girl. Also, in the spring of 1877, we took Guðrún Kristjánsdóttir and her child. They remained with us on into the following winter.

On the fourteenth of September, 1877, Lord Dufferin visited Gimli.

On Saturday, the sixteenth of March, 1878, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Valdís gave birth to a daughter. Rebecca Johnson was in attendance. The child was christened on Palm Sunday, by Reverend Jón Bjarnason, and named Jóhanna Guðrún.

The house at Laufás burned down at noon on March 30th. Two women were at home at the time, one of them with an infant, and virtually nothing was saved. In the circumstances, we tried to help, and Arni and Guðrún came to stay with us, with their son Jón, who was then in his first year. It did not take long to rebuild. The people were always good neighbors.

On the day of the fire at Laufás our Búbót calved. Her udder was extremely large, and her yield was rich.

Jón Magnússon and Jón Sigurjónsson possessed the farms immediately to the south of us. They were both poor, so that it was sometimes necessary to give them a portion of our meagre supplies. Erlendur and Ingibjörg, who lived nearer to the lake, were both frugal, and they prospered. Little Andres, their son, grew to manhood, and was married.

Skapti Arason and Indriði Indriðason, who owned lands by the lake, had good hayland. A narrow inlet ran up to Indriði's home, and I had a landing place there for my boat. Skapti was located a little farther to the south, on an inlet called Húsavík. Sometimes I drew my boat ashore there, but the distance was greater, which was a consideration when carrying things.

My last year in the settlement was the most difficult for obtaining hay. I owned little meadow-land and my pastures were in the woods, and they were insufficient to maintain a significant number of cattle.

Sometimes I alternated with Valdís in going to Winnipeg to earn money for necessities, but it was a long and a hard pull, and earnings remained small.

The people in the settlement had to rely on the outside world for many things, while neither fish nor any other local produce had an outside market. Trips to Winnipeg were numerous and the travelling was difficult.

The members of Reverend Jón Bjarnason's congregation abided the difficult conditions longer than did the followers of Reverend Paul Thorlaksson. It was the Reverend Paul who opened the eyes of the people to the miserable prospects in the country, while abundant good land was to be had elsewhere. Discontent took hold in the settlement and large numbers moved to North Dakota. Those who left, forfeited their cows and stoves and the other items furnished through the government loan.

In the summer of 1880 a few men went to look for land elsewhere in Manitoba. S. Kristofersson, Kristján Jónsson, W. Taylor, and S. Snædal formed one group: the Arnason brothers, Skapti Arason, Skúli, and Halldór, another. They walked all the way, proceeding south to Emerson, west to Pilot Mound, and then north to Argyle. They apparently took a shorter route on their return but all this walking must have been strenuous.

These men selected land for themselves and for others, and there followed the heaviest outward movement that