

1864-1919

1862-1931

Phoebe Ann Silcox, daughter of Rebecca Jane and Henry Silcox, married Dougald J. Lumley in 1885, and lived on the north part of Lot 3, Dunwich, south side of main corner. Their daughter Clara was born there in 1887. Soon afterward they moved to Strathroy where Mr. Lumley secured a position as a marble cutter and finisher.. A son Harry was born there in 1893. A further move brought them to St. Thomas where Dougald worked at the Dogget Marble Works as a salesman. On Mr. Doggett's death he bought the company in a partnership known as Lumley and Doan, and succeeded very well.

Dougald Lumley was the grandson of James Lumley who left Nova Scotia in 1819 and settled in Dunwich just north of the Big or Talbot Creek. His father was Ephriam, who married Lydia Johnson in 1851. His brother Harvey married Bessie Hardwick, had one daughter Eva Manning. His sister Louisa married Andrew McIntyre. They had two sons Wilfred and James.



Clara and Harry Lumley, children of Dougald J. Lumley and Phoebe Ann Silcox Lumley.



Father of Dougald J. Lumley.



Mrs. Dougald J. Lumley
(Phoebe Ann Silcox)

Pictures courtesy Mrs. L.H. Brown

He was quite adept at trading privately in real estate, and is remembered as living on Metcalf Street, Pearl Street, Wilson Avenue and finally on Gladstone Avenue where he died in 1919. His early trade had much to do with his death from emphysema and tuberculosis. Just when life seemed to be becoming easier for him, this man of many friends, passed away. He was born on Lot C, west side of Iona Road, south bank of Talbot Creek.

His wife who remained in the Gladstone home for a short time, died at her daughter's home in 1931.

Curator 1962-1968.

W. George Lumley, son of James Owen Lumley, was an agent on the Michigan Central Railway. Being asked by his father to take over the Lumley General Store, he returned to Iona with his family.

A generous friendly man, he prospered and became a very popular resident. This large building and expanded business proved to require long hours and very hard work for both he and his wife. As the accompanying clipping below relates, he sold out when a good opportunity arrived, as it had become a severe tax on his health.

Mr. Lumley married Miss Hazel Piper whom he had known from childhood.

His father had built a comfortable home across the corner from his business when he retired. Mr. and Mrs. Lumley occupied it after the father's death. They had two children. Marwood is living in Iona at the present time and Blanche (Rodgeson) lives in London.

Mr. Lumley's funeral service in the Iona Methodist Church is reported to have overflowed the building to the extent that loud speakers had to be used. This was a final proof of the esteem and many faithful friends and acquaintances he had earned. Mrs. Lumley remains in the home shared for many years with her husband in a village which has known their ancestors from early times.

Record of Mrs. Lumley (Hazel Piper) will be found elsewhere - in the article of the Iona United Church, and the J. Piper family. Curator 1962-68



Above: Mr. George Lumley as a young man.

Left: Mr. Lumley taken at the time he had given up his General Store in Iona to become Elgin County's Treasurer.

W. GEORGE LUMLEY, of Iona, who was appointed to succeed B. B. Graham as treasurer of Elgin county on February 1, when Mr. Graham is retiring after 28 years of service. A member of a prominent Dunwich township family, Mr. Lumley recently disposed of his general store at Iona where he had been in business for many years. He and his father were postmasters at Iona for well over 40 years. Mr. Lumley resigned as reeve of Dunwich township to accept the appointment of county treasurer. He served as reeve in 1944 and was re-elected by acclamation for 1945. He and Mrs. Lumley will continue to reside at Iona.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

183

James and Louisa Lumley - 1849

I do hereby certify that on the second
 day of October in the year of our
 Lord one Thousand Eight Hundred
 and Forty Nine James
 Lumley of the Township of Sunnyside
 in the District of London and
 Curtis of the Township of Ekfret in said
 District with said marriage was solemn-
 ized by publication of banns.

By me Samuel Baker a Minister of
 the Regular Baptist in the Township
 of Malahide in the District of London
 in presence Henry S Phillips and
 Archibald Miller with said marriage
 was solemnized by publication of
 banns on three several Sundays
 dated at Ekfret this second day of
 October 1849

Archibald Miller
 Henry S Phillips

Samuel Baker
 a Minister of the
 Regular Baptist
 in Malahide



Mr. and Mrs.

J.O. Lumley

Thomas Lumley came from Yorkshire, England in 1777 and settled in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia. His son John, born in 1766, came with his father, and in 1786 married Nancy Harrison. He with his wife and twelve of his thirteen children set out for Upper Canada in 1819. They settled in Southwold Township on the Lake Road opposite the old Mac-Pherson farm - on the north-west corner opposite the graveyard.

The thirteen children of John Lumley and Nancy Harrison, with the year of their birth are: Joseph 1779, Elizabeth 1791, William 1793, James 1795, Nancy 1796, John 1798, Nancy 1800, Marion 1803, Rufus 1804, Ruth 1806, Thomas 1808, Sarah 1811, and Coughlin 1813.

One of their children, the sixth, John married Maria Gibson. Mahlon, George Owen, Hiram, John, Eliza, David Watson, William Gibson, Ruth, Nancy, Maria, Mary Jane, and Samantha were the names they gave their twelve children.

George Owen married Eliza Watson and had three children - Mary Ann, James and William.

Mary Ann married Colin Kerr and had one daughter - Gertrude, who died at eighteen years of age.

William Owen married Lottie Clark, had one daughter Mae, and two sons, Meredith and

James Owen married Mary L. Jardine and had five children,

Edythe (1884-1968) married Duncan Carswell (1870-1945).

Bartley lost his life in the First World War.

George married Hazel, daughter of John and Cordelia Piper.

Edna married Duncan Carswell (first husband) and second husband Frank H. Silcox.

Mildred first married Charles Mortin (1900-1946), second husband Albert Hurford of Ohio, where they live.

Mrs. James Owen Lumley, Mary Jardine, came from Scotland when she was eighteen, and never lost her Scottish accent. Their Golden Wedding was celebrated in 1932. Mr. Lumley passed away two years later.

Mr. George Lumley built his store with a cabinet shop at the back, with rooms on the second floor on the south-east corner of Mary Street and the Iona Road. The house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bartley Willson, was built by him for his family. James Owen's first three children were born there. Edna and Mildred were born in the home adjoining the new store.

The store Mr. J.O. (as he was called), built, showed the skill and fondness of building he inherited from his father. All the materials were of the highest quality, as was the workmanship. The beautiful counters were of black walnut. An elevator installed in the back carried goods to the upper floor. It was said to be the finest general store in a very large area.

The story goes that a young lady, entering the store on a day when no one seemed to be present, inspected the tap on a large barrel of molasses. Curious as to what this strange large object was, she touched the tap and must have given it a turn. Dismayed and frightened, she fled. One can imagine Mr. Lumley's feelings when he found the floor back of his store flooded with molasses!

There are few persons living who remember the huge bon-fires Mr. Lumley allowed in front of the store on Hallowe'en to the delight of the young people of the community. In those days fire-crackers were legal and cheap. An exciting time was had, but it is said Mr. Lumley had little sleep watching for fire until morning, as some of the sparks may well have started a smoldering fire.

This store employed several clerks as time went by, including many relatives. Then Mr. Lumley started building a home on the corner adjoining, a work he loved and at which he was very gifted. Finally his son George replaced him. He and his wife left their spacious quarters on the north half of the large building.

Mrs. Lumley, whose name the writer during her early years thought was "Maryown", attended the store a large part of the day, as her daughter Edythe enjoyed keeping the house in order and doing the cooking.

Mr. Lumley, respectfully called "Jimown", gave room to the Telephone Central Office and later to the Post Office. He was a Justice of the Peace.



Mr. and Mrs. J.O. Lumley
at the time of their Golden Wedding.

Mr. George Owen Lumley was an active Mason, rising to higher ranks in his beloved Order. The Masonic Lodge at one time occupied the rooms upstairs over the carpenter shop (on the south-east corner of Mary Street). Mr. John Dundas, an apprentice in the blacksmith shop of Luke H. Brown, was also an active mason.

Edna, Mr. James Owen Lumley's daughter, (later to become Mrs. Frank H. Silcox), remembers an amusing incidence. When the building was being torn down, she and a playmate asked Mr. Dundas if they could not be permitted to see the fearsome goat all good Masons were required to ride before being admitted to the Order. When Mr. Dundas promised to grant their request, their fear turned to fun as Mr. Dundas led out a wooden goat. No secrets of the Order were betrayed. We still do not know if those men being initiated are required to ride a live or wooden goat, or if the wooden one was a toy or a prank.

Only two of the Lumley children who had a merry time in this old building remain - Mrs. Silcox (Edna) and Mrs. Hurford (Mildred), but those are still around who say that one of their happiest hours was when they were invited and allowed to visit the Lumley girls.

James Owen Lumley 1855 - 1935.

Mary L. Jardine 1859 - 1953.

Sergeant Bartley G. Lumley 1887 - 1918.

Duncan Carswell 1870 - 1945.

Edythe Lumley Carswell 1884 - 1968.

Charles Mortin, first husband of Mildred Lumley 1900 - 1946.

Murray Carswell, son of Edna Lumley 1919 - 1940.

The above decendants of James Owen Lumley with those they married, rest in St. Stevens Cemetery.

Curator 1962-1968.

Mrs. McPherson was a very popular young woman in the Iona Area where she spent her early years. Now, at Elgin Manor, she is indeed an asset to this residence for senior citizens.

She was the youngest of the three daughters of Mr. Duncan McAlpine and Mrs. Catherine Graham McAlpine, early settlers and each, one of the most distinguished families of this district.

Her eldest sister, Miss Henrietta, married Mr. Samuel Campbell. Mr. Campbell being the agent for the Pierre Marquette Railroad in Dutton, their first years were spent in that village. They later moved to London.

The second sister, Miss Catherine, married Mr. Alexander Pollard and established a home in Dutton also. Mr. Pollard was the grandson of the well known Elder Pollard. His father Levi and he were partners in a livestock and farm supply business in Dutton.

Miss Christina married Mr. Peter McPherson of Largie and lived in that locality during the early years of her marriage. Later, a farm on the Union Road, south-east of Fingal was acquired for a permanent home.

This home, the family now having grown by the arrival of two daughters and a son, is remembered by their neighbours. It was known as a delightful place to visit. Mrs. McPherson being known as a gracious hostess in the lovely setting she had created.

The two daughters - Miss Catherine and Miss Marjorie - both became nurses. Marjorie married a doctor and lived in California. After his death, she in due time married again, and is now in Alaska.

The youngest of the family, Archie, now makes his home in Aylmer. Until moving to Elgin Manor, Mrs. McPherson spent much of her time with him. Mrs. C.W. Sinclair of Aylmer was then active at the Manor, and in her company, Mrs. McPherson was able to meet many of her former friends engaged in volunteer duties there.

Mr. McPherson died some time ago. His mother spent her later years with her daughter, Mrs. Small, in Paynes Mills. This lovely lady, a gifted musician, is remembered by many friends there and in Largie.

Mr. John McLellan was the teacher under whom Miss Tena gained her early education. He is remembered as an excellent, though stern, no-nonsense teacher. She remembers a lad who occupied a seat directly behind her. He thought it very funny if he could startle her and make her cry out by pulling her long braided hair. The teacher hearing her cry, would order her to stand in a corner at the front of the school room, face inward. She believes she occupied this embarrassing position very often. One time she was there when the teacher left the room. On his return he asked if anyone had seen her turn around. No one had - Mr. McLellan did not like tattlers either.

This school was a distance of three miles from her home, a long walk for a little girl. Mr. McAlpine solved the problem by securing a horse and shelter for it near this schoolhouse at Watson's Corners. She and her horse Prince became very good friends.

Miss Tena, a few years later became first secretary of the Iona Women's Institute. A bit later when its President, she was still accompanied by "Prince." One particular day she had gone directly to the kitchen when she heard the assembled members remarking that it was time to open their meeting, but the president was not there. A cough from Prince enlightened them.

In the Duncan McAlpine family there were also three brothers; Daniel, Dougal and Duncan.

Daniel married Miss Jean Smith of Ekfrid, who died when her sons Duncan and John were still quite young. This beautiful woman was a valued member of the Iona Women's Institute. She had made many friends during her short time in Iona who were deeply grieved, as well as were very many others from her earlier home. Her husband felt her loss so deeply, that he rarely left his home unless of a necessity. Becoming almost a recluse, he devoted his remaining years to his two young sons.

Dougal, the next son, became a civil engineer. His wife, a Miss Staughton of Toronto although an invalid, she never forgets to get in touch with her sister-in-law, Mrs. McPherson, on birthdays and at Christmas.

Duncan, the youngest brother, was a baby when his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Dougal Campbell of Komoko died, leaving her husband irreconcilable to her loss. His daughter was deeply worried. When he told her he believed he would be able to carry on if she could let baby Duncan stay with him, she was unable to refuse her consent to this request of the father for whose welfare she was so concerned.

Duncan stayed with his grandfather Campbell in Komoko, marrying the local school teacher, Miss Lillian McGugan, after Mr. Campbell's death. Miss Brown of Komoko, who was a near neighbor, remembers the Campbells very well. The Campbell home continued as it had been before the senior Mr. Duncan's death - a centre of hospitality. The former Miss McGugan, already popular in the vicinity and well schooled in the amenities, became an admirable hostess.

Mr. Duncan McAlpine interested himself in a trucking business in Poplar Hill. In 1930, on the Komoko Hill, Highway Number 22, he was killed when on icy roads, the truck he was driving was in a collision. He left no children. His widow moved to London where three devoted brothers made sure she had her needs well looked after. She is remembered in Komoko as a lively, attractive woman who, with her husband were an asset to the community. She survived her husband by ten years.

The Young sons of Daniel McAlpine carried on the farm of their father after his death. John (Jack) married Miss Margaret Pyatt of Iona; Duncan, Mrs. Katherine Larson Milligan. More details of these families are to be found elsewhere in this volume as contributed by Mrs. J. McAlpine and Mrs. James Pyatt.



Mrs. Peter McPherson (left) with two Iona Institute members, Mrs. Frank Silcox and Mrs. Loren Pearce.

Compiled by Curator, assisted by Mrs. McPherson and Miss Brown of Komoko, Ontario.

(Resident of Iona - 1860-1928)

by Donald MacCallum, St. Thomas

CAME AS BRIDE TO IONA, THEN LARGE AND THRIVING VILLAGE

Mrs. Margaret McCallum, Who Attained 102nd Birthday on
Thursday, Spent Many Years There

On Feb. 1, 1832, in Inverness, Scotland, near Fort William, a daughter, Margaret, was born to Hugh and Mary McMillan. On Sunday, in the city of St. Thomas, a family gathering will be held in observation of her 102nd birthday. When Margaret was three years of age, her parents took their family and started on one of the tedious voyages of those days across the Atlantic. Landing at Quebec, they journeyed to Huron County, where they settled and lived for a number of years.

When Margaret grew to young womanhood she came to London, where she lived for a number of years and in 1860 she married a young tailor, Dugald McCallum. Upon their marriage they came to the then thriving village of Iona. In the early days it was the largest village between Niagara and Windsor, and was a central stopping place for the stage coaches of those days. Mrs. McCallum has some interesting stories to tell of the days when there were three churches, five or six general stores, three hotels, tinshops, harness and woodwork shops. There is much walnut furniture in the district yet that was made in those days in Iona. Several blacksmith shops were kept busy and the famous McSherry plows made by the late James McSherry were also made there. These plows won many prizes for their owners in the old-time provincial plowing matches. Dressmakers and milliners flourished and Dugald McCallum brought his bride and set up a tailoring establishment. Six sons and three daughters were born to them, the three daughters and one son dying after they reached mature years. In the year 1886, Mrs. McCallum was left a widow, and the family continued to live in the same place, her sons carrying on the tailoring business, which they had learned with their father.

Iona marks its decline with the coming of the M. C. R., which passed through a couple of miles to the north in the seventies. All that remains is one church, one store, one blacksmith shop, and perhaps twenty-five houses. With the coming of the highway, garages, and service stations have been added, but Iona will never again see the boom that was on when Mrs. McCallum came there as a bride. After her family scattered she continued to live in the home she loved so much and among the neighbors, in whom she always took such a kindly interest. She is possessed of a remarkable mind, and strong active body and even in her advanced years, she loved to walk as she wished to go. The last few years she has made her home with her son, Donald, in St. Thomas. He is an extensive dealer in antique furniture, bringing much of it from the fallen dynasties of Europe. She could when she was around the century mark, show visitors through the large residence where he keeps much of it on display and tell the history of different pieces. Until a year or two ago, she was a familiar figure on the city streets, going about to pay the bills and do the shopping for the household. Last summer she fell and fractured her arm but the break healed and she made light of it.

One of her happiest recollections is of the act of Lady Bessborough, who on her visit to St. Thomas last fall, stopped her car as she passed the McCallum residence to wave a greeting to Mrs. McCallum, and who later sent Mrs. McCallum the bouquet of flowers presented to her at the hospital.

Her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren will gather to celebrate the happy event with her. Her five sons are Archie, reeve of Dutton, Dugald of Great Falls, Montana, Miles of California, Harry of London and Donald of St. Thomas.

I never think of my mother as being at rest, but rather as in the words of Mathew Arnold:

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force
Surely has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

Industry came to my mother as breath does to all of us. Work was a habit of

thought with her, and she expected the same attitude in others. Perhaps this was partly an innate quality and partly the result of her early environment as a pioneer of Canada.

My mother was born near Fort William, Scotland, in 1832. MacMillan was the surname of both her father and mother. She had two sisters and two brothers. Her father, Hugh MacMillan, brought his family to Canada in 1837 by sailing vessel. My mother said that crossing the Atlantic Ocean in those days took about six weeks.

My grandparents settled in the bush near Brucefield, Huron County, Ontario. My grandfather and the neighbours felled the trees to make a clearing, and the children of the family cut the brush from the logs with hatchets. Then a log house was built. As candles were a luxury at this time, limbs from a hickory tree were split and used as torches. A source of pride of the family was that, in their neighbourhood, they were the first to acquire hens and washtubs. The latter were shared with the neighbours.

A blazed trail was made from the house to the highway. When the first grain was harvested, my grandfather walked to the nearest market town with a bag of grain on his back. To prepare for his homecoming, a rope was made by braiding saplings, and this was stretched from the house to the road along the blazed trail. As no exact time for his return was known, his sons kept bonfires burning at night at the juncture of the blazed trail and the highway, to show their father the point at which he must leave the highway for the house.

One day in the early spring when my grandfather was away, by grandmother and the boys were working in the sugar bush. The little girls were left playing in the yard near the house. After a while the children tired of their games, and the youngest wandered off towards the sugar bush to join her mother. However, she became lost, and, although a search was instituted and the neighbourhood scoured, she was never found. Many years later, a skeleton of a child was discovered on the property, and the conclusion was reached that it must be that of the little girl lost so long ago.

Religious services for Roman Catholics and for Protestants were organized by my grandfather, and were held at different times in his home.

When my mother grew up, she came to London. Here she met, was courted by, and married to my father, Mr. Dugald MacCallum, a tailor by trade. He had recently arrived from Oban, Scotland. My parents decided to leave London to settle in the then-flourishing village of Iona. Here they secured an acre of land and built a small house and a tailor shop.

Nine children were born to my parents, six boys and three girls. This large family meant that the home must be enlarged, and so an entirely new house was added to the front of the original home. We boys learned our father's trade and worked with him in the shop.

Such a large family necessitated an economical production of food. So, apple, peach, pear, plum, cherry and quince trees were planted. Red and black currant and gooseberry bushes were set out. Two varieties of grapes were also grown. A garden, in which potatoes, onions, carrots, cabbages, and turnips were cultivated, supplied sufficient vegetables for the needs of the family. The production of so much fruit meant that much of it must be preserved for later use. Some of the vegetables were stored in a cellar, while others were placed in a pit for use in the spring. It is interesting to note that the garden was always planted when the moon was becoming full, not when it was waning.

My father was subject to pneumonia, and in pioneer days, white horehound tea was thought to relieve this infection. So, white horehound bushes were planted in the garden. The leaves of the bushes were picked and then dried. To make the tea, a teaspoon of the dried leaves was placed in a large moustache cup, and three-quarters of a cup of boiling water was added. Then two tablespoons of brandy and two of honey were poured in. At that time this mixture was thought to be conducive to cure coughs, asthma, and pneumonia.

One or sometimes two cows were kept so that we could be assured of milk, cream, and butter. The milk was put in pails, and these were hung in the well to keep the milk cool. Hens were kept, and there were always fresh eggs and a chicken for the pot. A slaughtered pig was bought, and my mother would cut it up and cure the hams. The rest of the pork was cut into pieces and fried. To preserve them, they were stored in crocks between layers of lard. In addition, a quarter of beef was provided.

The ashes from the wood stoves and fats from the meat were saved to make soft soap. The ashes were placed in a wooden barrel, and water was drained through them, thus forming lye. Then the fat and the lye were boiled together in a big iron kettle. The resulting soft soap was strong and cleansing.

My mother always made her own salt-rising bread. When visitors came, she baked large round bannocks and then toasted them in front of the coals in the wood stove in the kitchen. The toasted bannocks were spread with butter and black current jam and were, indeed, a dish for the gods.

With whatever time my mother had left from her various activities, she knitted mittens and socks. She lived a regular life, and always enjoyed three substantial meals a day. She read "The London Advertiser", "The St. Thomas Journal" and "The Family Herald and Weekly Star". She retired about the same time each night after reading a chapter of the Bible. Every Sunday she attended church carrying her lantern with her to the evening service.

Sorrow came to my mother as it does to everyone. My father passed away in 1886. One son and two daughters died of Tuberculosis. My mother accepted these losses, and did not brood over them. Nevertheless, she was sympathetic to the troubles of others, and always lent a helping hand.

As the railroad had by-passed Iona, the population of the village dwindled, and the sons and daughter who survived gradually left home to seek their fortunes elsewhere. My mother remained in the home and though alone, she was not lonely. She was endowed with a huge amount of common sense, had a keen sense of humour, was practically minded, and always accepted things as they were.

She possessed great courage, and felt competent to cope with any situation that might arise. She had abundant health, often saying that she did not know what it was to have a headache, nor, "what these nerves are about which people are always complaining." She enjoyed life, had a great interest in young people, and was never critical of others. Her mind moved with the times, and she thought that each age in history of the world was better than the one before.

My mother was interested in the movement to give women the suffrage. She sympathized with the women who had struggled to obtain the vote, and, when this was granted, she always exercised her franchise. She cast her last vote when she was one hundred years old.

As time passed, she spent the winters in St. Thomas and the summers in Iona. While in St. Thomas, she lived with my sister and me. It was typical of my mother that, after my sister's death, she accepted the responsibility of making a home for me. She was now ninety-seven years of age.

On her one hundredth birthday telegrams of congratulation were received from the Governor-General, the Duke of Bessborough, and the Prime Minister, Mr. MacKenzie King. Her descendants gathered round to honour her, to tell her how proud they were to be members of her clan, and to assure her of their love. On this day, she reaffirmed her Christian faith, stating her belief in the power, the wisdom, and the love of the Almighty for His children. She said, "I have never been down-hearted in my life, and I am not now. I do not know what I shall yet have to bear, but I am not going to complain. Nothing bad can happen to me if I have faith in God."

As the party proceeded, my brother proposed a toast to "Mother". In replying, she looked at her sons and quoted the last stanza of Robert Burns, "Lament For James, Earl of Glencairn".