

## THE FAMILY OF MARK BROWN

Natives of Yorkshire, England.  
written by K. McKinnon, June, 1961.

Mark Brown, youngest child of Hannah Belle and Joseph Brown was a native of Yorkshire, England, born November 2 in the year 1823. In 1846 he married Sarah Dyson (born April 5, 1820, died February 4, 1905) and brought her and their two eldest children to Canada with him about the year 1850, settling in the St. Thomas area. He was a shoe maker of fine shoes by trade. A God fearing man, he brought his family up in the Christian life, from which they never departed.

He resided at Talbotville for a number of years around 1875-80, living in the house that was standing on the lot where now is the Greyhound bus depot. It has recently burned down. Mark Brown died in the year 1895, the result of a fall on the ice, when he struck the back of his head. There were eight children in this union.

### Martha Dyson

Born December 1847, died 1923, married John Kilpatrick. They were farmers in Yarmouth township. There were three children, Robert, William, and Mark, all deceased at time of writing, who operated Kilpatrick Brother's hardware store, located in store now operated by Loomis', 353 Talbot Street, St. Thomas. John Kilpatrick died and Martha later married Richard Robins, again being left a widow she married John Bassett who outlived her to pass away in his 97th year at 5 Scott Street where the couple had made their home.

### Hannah

Born July 1849 died April 11, 1939, Hannah married John Calcott. John was a lumber miller by trade and owned and operated his own mill on the corner of the Wellington Road two miles directly east of Talbotville. He also turned a number of small ornaments on his lathe, two of which are still treasured. There are goblets, made of cherry wood and may be seen, one at the home of his granddaughter Mrs. Margaret Murray, 351, Wortley Rd. London and the other at the home of Mrs. K. McKinnon, Talbotville. Three children blessed this union, John, Manley Dyson who bought the general store in Talbotville in 1925 and now makes his home in Guelph, and twins, Marion Winston and Morley Winston, deceased at time of writing.

### Elizabeth

Born December 1851, died 1921, married William Henry Baker from a well-known Littlewood family. They made their home in that area until retiring to Byron St., London. There were four children Roy, Fanny, and Blanche who have passed away and Willhelmien who lives in London



### George Washington Brown

Born October 1853, married Janet Cameron in 1879 in the First Methodist church St. Thomas, and resided at 32 Wellington St. He operated a hardware store later selling to Kilpatrick Brothers. He moved to Victoria, B.C. to live out his declining years, celebrating his Golden wedding six years prior to his death in January 1935. George and Janet had four children, Mable, Clara, Ralph, and Mark. The latter still living at time of writing.

### Harriet Anne

Born September 1855, died March 1949. Harriet married Daniel Boughner, a member of a well known Talbotville family. Prior to moving to Manitoba for her health, they farmed on the farm now occupied by Stuart Fife, three-quarters of a mile north of the village. There were three children, Ernie, Jeanette, and Lillian. Jeanette married Alex Travers, a member of another well-known Talbotville family. They also spent a period in Talbotville in the house occupied by James Travers in his later years. All the members of this family have passed away.

### Joseph

Born January 1858, died May 1863 aged five years, three months, three days.

### John Thomas

Born November 1859, died November 1944. John was a farmer and married Nellie Fallen. They resided at Frome till they sold their farm and moved to Talbotville to live out his years of retirement. Nellie died in 1930. Later John married Mrs. Ada Young who outlived him. Out of his first marriage there were three children, Chester and George who are Southwold farmers and a daughter, Ruth who predeceased him in 1925. John is laid to rest in the old St. Thomas cemetery in the Brown family plot where his parents and grandparents are also buried.

### Sarah Jane

Born December 7, 1861. Sarah married Allen Andrew Moore, son of Whitson Edward Moore and Catharine Stewart of Frome on April 15, 1897. They farmed at Frome until they retired to Talbotville in 1920. In the spring of 1928 they moved to Manitoba where Allen died in May 1937. Mrs. Moore returned to Ontario and passed away April 1948. She is also buried in the old St. Thomas cemetery in the Brown family plot. Of this union was one daughter, Kathleen who married William Carmichael McKinnon, January 1935. Three children, James Allen Douglas, Dorothy Isabelle, and Barbara Esther were born in Dauphin, Manitoba. A fourth child Malcolm Derek was born in Ontario. Mrs. McKinnon moved to Talbotville in June 1955 with her family. Dorothy was married in Talbotville United Church to Christian Van Bree, June 28, 1958. Douglas married Margaret Anne Greenfield in September of the same year in Central United Church, St. Thomas. At present the other two children are at home.

TALBOTVILLE ROYAL was named for the Royal family, which lived in and around Talbotville.

Mr. John Dodds' mother was a Miss Royal.

Mr. John Heard owned the farm Mr. and Mrs.

Helkaa live on, and built the house still on the farm.

## THE BOOTHMAN FARM

1959

The farm on which we live, and where my son and family are now living, was originally owned by Mr. Patrick Burns. Mr. Burns was a veteran of the Finian Raid, and he claimed that he buried his gold in an iron pot some where on the farm, but forgot where.

The farm of 200 acres faced the old road, and ran back to the next concession.

The first house was a brick house, but during Mr. Burns' possession, was destroyed by fire, and the present house was built by his son, John Burns.

The next owner was Mr. Norton, and then Mr. James Saywell, from whom we purchased it.

Mrs. Emma Boothman



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ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO  
CANADA

Dear Mrs McCormick

In reading thru the "Book"  
I feel a need is to try to get old  
photos of the Blacksmith shop, the old  
Tucker Store and the old "Hall" by the  
edge of the Creek. All are gone and should  
be preserved in your records. The Douglass  
(Haynes) family may have some of these. The Voadens  
may have some of the shop. Cannot say as to the  
store.

As time goes on they will become increasingly  
difficult to locate

Bram S



March 1st, 1955

FOR SUBMITTAL TO THE TWEEDSMUIR BOOK OF THE TALBOTVILLE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE  
and for use as they see fit:

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To attempt to set down information of historical value concerning the early years of this present century, without a handy stack of reference matter would be well nigh impossible. The memory is too uncertain at best.

Talbotville, "Five Stakes", on the line of the Road to the borders, and the halting place of lake traffic from the south, has always been of more than village interest. Three "taverns" in its palmy days, and the planking of the "North Street", are only two indications of that. For we can remember the odd timber heaving up in the road; and our memory is vivid of the northernmost hotel in gaunt-eyed ruin - its last occupant a well-known village character. Further, too, the size of these hostelryes, with their full two-storeys and many windows, attest to the commercial importance of our native hamlet.

Now in the days of the rocket-jet, the picture screen, yea the flood-lit farmyard, it causes a wrench, almost, to cast back into those more peaceful days of our barefoot youth among the grassy lanes and fields of Talbotville. The soft mellow night of spring, the glint of the spearmen's lanterns along the swollen creek, the pails of sap right into the village, the adventure to the "store" at the foot of our lane; the quiet Sabbath mantle of worship in the Sunday School just further on -- hearken us back as it were to the Elegy of Gray of school time.

And school! One room, a long disused bell, barren walls, blackboards at one time all around the room, a massive woodstove with its room length pipe to the chimney; simple lessons without frills; teachers earnest and disciplinarian - "boarders-in" and mingling in the homely village life. Perhaps it wasn't the college style we know today, but the graduates oft-times had something. For Talbotville turned out its men of mark, to ultimately go out to the far corners of the land. Its solicitors, its doctors, dentists, men and women of the professions and of business; Talbotville, too, can point with pride. For we have the Hunts, the Hicks', the Gilberts, The Boughners, The Travers' and Voadens, to name but a few who've carried the birth-sign of our lovely little corners out into their many activities.

But we'd say a word, too, of those more homey folk, the true villagers as it were, those good parent stock, of whom a trip to the town of but three miles away was an event to be planned for. Money was scarce, and the needs were simple. No story of Talbotville would be complete without mention of its "smithy-shop", its tiny cobblery with the old gentleman of skill and understanding; its well-digger and ditcher, its village "farm-laborer", yes, too, its community grave-digger. Talbotville, in its day was complete in its more homely wants and in its resourcefulness in having them supplied. Skills, yes, surprising skills in the needed trades seemed always available, -- Old William Smith, "the blacksmith" - we can see him now, standing at his forge, his right hand up on the long lever, slowly pumping the bellows, his long, patriarch-like face looking philosophically out the wide open door to the south,



## Bram. Saywell

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slow-voiced, but with the ever-ready fund of home-spun story, or just a common tale suited to the youngsters before him. How many's the times we secured his marvellously wrought out "hand wagon", the true product of the craftsman's art, and used it for some of those smaller tasks such as carting in the wood for the winter, loading up the bagged potatoes - jobs too small for the horse wagons and too large for just plain lugging!

Or the village carpenter, who happened to live a stone's throw from us, with his immaculate array of planes and sharp tools in his workshop. A glance into that sanctuary was a privilege. Another "Smith" he was, both by name and by nature. Or of the old shoemaker, as mentioned before, bent over his last in his tiny shop right by the path.

We should not forget that fine old English couple, living in their small cottage at the foot of our lane, Mr. and Mrs. John Frowd, with his neat garden plots, his ever-filled supply of cut wood so neatly stacked; and his willingness to help out the farmer needing an extra hand. They brought to this country - and retained - those fine old English traditions of honesty, the giving of good value, and the finer cultures that our younger and more rugged country at that time had not been producing so much.

Well do we remember the first "electric buggy" so aptly named by one of our school chums, going along the highway from London to the south, a sort of delivery wagon it seemed, and tearing thru the village at all of 12 or 15 miles an hour. Nor the first phonograph that the Knight brothers obtained and serenaded their less fortunate neighbors nightly across the quiet fields in the stilly summer air.

Farmers "changed hands" threshing, barn raising, especial jobs of clearing, with no thought of exact accounting or deductions for income and other tax purposes. The wonderful kindnesses and thoughtfulnesses in times of sickness or bereavement, were all extended and received as matters of common duties. Yes, life in Talbotville, as no doubt in hundreds of like communities at the time, had its quiet and unspoken satisfactions, the values of which, as time goes on, can never be counted up.

Perhaps in closing, a word of so should be said for our farm and our family. Not many years ago I noticed in two or three old St. Thomas weekly journals picked up in Chatham by a friend, the same advertisement, of a farm for sale in Talbotville by one Cusack, describing the lot number and the acreage, etc. Well, that was the farm my Father purchased for himself before becoming married. It would have been held in our family I suppose 20 years or more, during the time the four brothers and sisters grew up. Prior to that it was the old Milley Farm and was later obtained by Herbert Hicks, and now Henderson I believe. Before the days of modern drainage it had at the extreme east end a "swale" an acre or so of low land that was to the younger mind a veritable place of enchantment, with its frogs and water insects, its haunting place of the wilder birds, its water foliage and flowers - all oh so close and yet so inaccessible! Sad was the day when the decision was made to retrieve the acre or so, drain off the low spot and dry up the land. Gone were the birds, the protecting trees, the rank grasses and reeds, and the pond-like mirror of "something" one could never understand, even yet try to find out. Or can we forget the occasional Indian flint turned up in the garden field between our house and the creek bank; a dozen or a score were brought up from the soil over the years; did the Indians encamp there, or engage in a more mortal struggle; one will never know!

*Bramwell Saywell*

*Mark Smith?*

*Fred  
Clarence*



# Exhibition of Work by St. Thomas Smith in London

Dr. P. S. Dobson Speaker at Opening of Loan Exhibition of Paintings in Art Gallery

LONDON, Ont., Jan. 9.—Londoners last night by their presence and the loan of pictures they own once more honored W. St. Thomas Smith, LL.D., A.R.C.A., O.S.A., the marine and landscape artist of St. Thomas, whose greatness has been recognized by this city for nearly half a century. Seventy-one canvases are hung in the Williams' Memorial Art Museum and at last night's opening of the exhibition the life and art of St. Thomas Smith were outlined by Dr. Perry S. Dobson, of St. Thomas, an intimate friend of the painter.

Now in his eighties, Mr. Smith retains the keen intellect which characterized him as a young man when he won fame in Canada and Europe for his water colors depicting the turbulent waters of the sea and the colorful coasts of North England of Scotland and near-by islands. He used his right arm to paint until paralysis prevented its use. Instead of saying, "my painting days are over," he learned to paint, using his left arm, and Dr. Dobson told of watching the artist at work yesterday, as fervently enthusiastic over his painting as in his younger years.

Born in Belfast, Ireland, the artist moved to Beaverton, on Lake Simcoe, when an eight-year-old boy, Dr. Dobson recalled, and there he developed his love of the water. He studied art at the Ontario Art School in Toronto and it was while he was there that he received the name of St. Thomas. By this time his home was in St. Thomas and when another boy in the art class was also named Smith, the teacher dubbed William Smith "St. Thomas Smith," to distinguish him from the other. And so he remained.

## Directors in Art

He continued to live in St. Thomas and his wife was director of art at Alma College there. This position was also held by their daughter, who is now Mrs. J. M. Macgillivray, of Sarnia. Mrs. Fred Phelph, of this city, and Mrs. Ralph Ramsay, of Guelph, are also daughters.

St. Thomas Smith early developed the technique of painting on a wet paper, when doing water colors, to obtain his characteristic atmosphere of fog or mist, and he has continued this technique to the present, Dr. Dobson said. He has portrayed scenes in and around St. Thomas, including the Wabash station, in a deep fog given glow by lamps, and the Medway, as well as the landscapes and seascapes of Europe and the Maritimes.

On loan from residents of London and St. Thomas, from the London Life Insurance Company, the Ontario Loan and Debentures Company and the National Gallery of Canada, the canvases are superb display of many types of scenery and seascapes which have interested St. Thomas Smith. All are picturesque and many are pictures to be hung in beautiful homes to become part of fine living. Others are large canvases suited to a gallery or a large building. They all show the artist's in-

tense interest in the play of light on water—whether it be the great, swelling tides of the sea or the fine overcast of mist. He chose night light and sunset, morning and dusk, the green of storm, the thick black smoke of city shuttled by the persistent rays of a setting sun. People are mere daubs of paint, adding life to a few of the pictures, never dominating them.

Also on view are 54 illustrations by Clarence Gagnon, A.R.C.A., for "Maria Chapdelaine," a collection of heirloom laces and embroidery owned by Otway Hayden, of this city, and paintings by Fred King, a young Canadian artist.

The exhibitions will be on display for the next month to the general public.

## Leading Artist

In his address Dr. Dobson recalled that it was the University of Western Ontario which had the discernment to confer upon Mr. Smith the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1940. In the citation presented to Convocation on this occasion he was recognized as "one of the leading Canadian landscape and marine painters and as a resident of Western Ontario." Dr. Dobson gave an interesting biographical sketch of the eminent artist, referring to the fact that among his early teachers at the Art School in Toronto was Miss Julia Payne, of Talbotville, whom he later married. Some years after the death of Mrs. Smith, he married the sister of the well-known etcher, John Cotton, Minnie Mae Cotton, who was also an artist and who accompanied him on a number of trips abroad.

Referring to Dr. Smith's work, Dr. Dobson said in conclusion, "Autumn scenes pictures of Cornish rural life, peaceful shore vistas—these are lovely and extremely decorative and pleasing. But it seems to me that Dr. Smith's main contribution to the Art of his day is to be found in the great descriptive paintings of the sea which he loved, and of the life of hardy dwellers on the Northern Moors whom he knew so well. If you have ever stood on an ocean liner on the restless heaving bosom of the foggy North Atlantic, you must have longed for some language to describe its deep immensity. Dr. Smith had the sympathetic understanding of such a soul-stirring sight and has put into imperishable language the moods of nature which could in no other way be depicted. Others may paint the gay sun-lit white caps or the seething turmoil of breakers on the rocks, but he excels in the heavy roll of the immeasurable masses too full for sound or foam."

"Like his greatest works, St. Thomas Smith is strong, rugged, sincere. Full of the appreciation of other artists, he is never carping or critical. With a ready word of appreciation and encouragement, he has the soul of a great teacher and a real love for all who share with him a reverent devotion to Nature, the greatest teacher of all."