

THE LOST VILLAGES

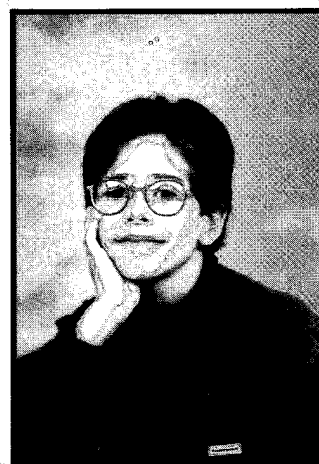
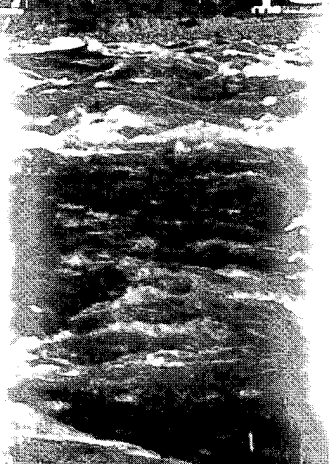
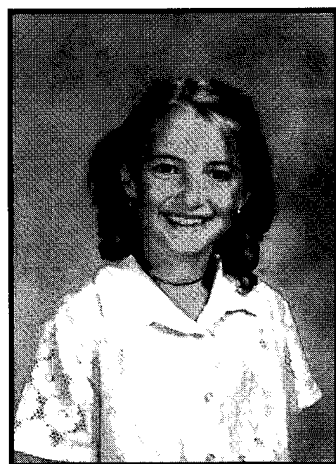
A Children's Guide



to the
**SEAWAY
STORY**



for the young and the young at heart



DR. JEANNINE ROY-POIRIER

**THE
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**FOR THE YOUNG AND
THE YOUNG AT HEART**

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AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book is written for children ; it is also intended for families, parents, grandparents. It is inspired by a love of family and of community - the community of Eastern Ontario which has been my home for my entire life. This is why I have always been moved by the Story of The Lost Villages, a true story of dramatic changes within real families and communities. This project was undertaken with the aim of bringing local history to life, of making it entertaining and fun. It also highlights some important social values : the joys of grandparenting, and our role as extended educators. As well, respect for each other as human beings and for all forms of life becomes a vital message. Finally, we, in this community have a rich history, one which we must share with our children, our families, in fact with the entire world. It is the children who will carry the torch for us, but they must be informed and given the opportunity to appreciate our historical wealth. This is our legacy which I will try to convey in words and music.

My sincere thanks and deepest love go to my four grandchildren, Natasha, Robyn, Paul-André and Grace, the "stars" of this book. Also, to my loving husband and dear friend Donat, who inspired me, encouraged and guided me with his knowledge, wisdom and expertise.

Finally, it is thanks to the Lost Villages Historical Society that the memories of these events go on. Their leadership is amazing, in fact, awesome. This is dedication supreme.

So please join us on our excursion of the Lost Villages.

The front cover :

Top left : **Grace**

Top right : **Natasha**

Bottom left : **Robyn**

Bottom right : **Paul-André**

What a beautiful summer morning ! Grand-maman has just finished her breakfast and is awaiting the arrival of her four grandchildren, Natasha who is 12 years old, Robyn 10, Paul-André also 10 and Grace 6. She lives in a large country home built in 1873, near Long Sault, Ontario. It is just across the road from beautiful Lake St. Lawrence.

A few moments later, the four children arrive with grand-papa who was picking them up for the day. After the usual hugs and kisses, she asks, "what would you like to do to-day ?"

Adventurous Robyn says, "let's go for a ride, it's such a beautiful morning."

Paul-André adds, "How about a refreshing swim ?"

Natasha says that she would like to see the ships. Grace nods her head in agreement.

"Sounds good to me," says grand-maman. "In fact, would you like to hear an interesting story, as we go riding, swimming and boat-watching ?"

"Yes !" reply the four children.

"Very well then, I will tell you the story of The Lost

Villages.”

“The Lost Villages !” exclaims Grace. “How can villages get lost ? I lose my toys at times, but I always find them.” The four children chuckle, thinking that they have something over their grandmother.

Grand-maman points to the lake across the road, “You see all this beautiful water ? Many years ago, this Lake St. Lawrence did not exist. It is a man-made lake, approximately 65 kilometres in length.”

“A man-made lake !” exclaim the four children. “What does that mean, grand-maman ?” asks Grace. Robyn adds, “How can a large lake be man-made ? I always thought that lakes are formed by nature.”

“Well, this is why I want to tell you about the *lost villages*,” replies grand-maman. “Perhaps once I will have told you this fascinating story, you will understand how all of this came about.”

“Is it a happy story, or is it sad ?” asks Grace. “In a way, it is happy, but in some ways, it is sad. I will explain.”

“Very well,” answer the children.

“Several years ago,” she continues, “in fact, quite some time before any of you were born, an important project took place in this region of Eastern Ontario. It was called the St. Lawrence Seaway Project. Because of very rough and turbulent waters, large ships could not navigate in some areas of the St. Lawrence River. Moreover, depths of only three to four metres of water were not sufficient for many ships coming from the sea. Important persons in the governments of Canada and the United States had a great vision. They wanted to build a wide and deep waterway that would make it possible for all ships to go through. The area, known as the International Rapids Section, was shared by both Canada and the United States. The most dangerous section of the rapids was located only a few kilometres from here , and it was called the Long Sault Rapids.”

“How exciting !” shouts Grace. “May we go there ?”

“Of course. Grand-papa knows this area very well. By the way, where are the governments of Canada and the United States ?”



“In Canada, I would say Ottawa,” proudly replies Paul-André. “I have been there many

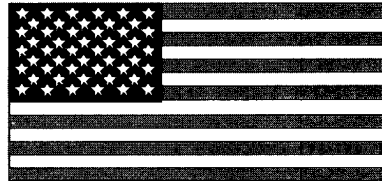
times with Natasha, my mother and father. We go to several museums and participate in music festivals held in the national capital. There is also a huge Canadian flag flying over the Parliament buildings.”

“Wonderful !” exclaims grand-maman, “and what about the United States ?” The children look at each other. They ponder for a moment.

Suddenly, Natasha smiles, and confident that she has the right answer, “Washington !” she cries out.

“Of course,” replies the delighted grandmother.

“Now, this is the American flag. In both Ottawa and Washington, government authorities made



many important decisions about the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Under the joint leadership of the Power Authority, State of New York, and Ontario Hydro, a second plan came on the scene. The Hydro-Electric Power Project was designed to bring more electrical

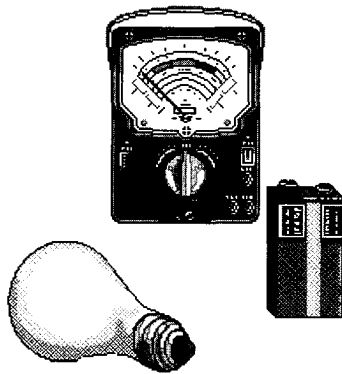
energy to our homes. Do you know what I mean by electrical energy ?”

“Sort of,” replies Robyn. “It provides the lights in our house. Without it, the nights would be very dark, and I would not be able to read and do my homework.”

“Right !” says grand-maman.

“You catch on very quickly.”

Suddenly, the children become very inquisitive and begin to wonder where their grandmother is leading them.



“What does all this have to do with our story of the *lost villages* ? Do villages actually become lost ?” asks Paul-André.

“Actually, yes”, says grand-maman, “they did disappear as one might say, and this is the sad part of the story.” She points again to Lake St. Lawrence. “It truly is a man-made lake. Before 1954, that is, before the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Hydro-Electric Projects were begun, all of this area was land. There was no water. In fact, this home where grand-papa and I have been living

for many years, was a farm house. Much of the lake was farm land. Our home was not moved. However, families who lived in six villages had to go to new communities."

"Are these the *lost villages* ?" asks Natasha.

"Right !" exclaims grand-maman. "What a bright girl you are !"

"And what were they called ?" continues Grace.



"Well, why don't we go for a car ride and I will show you where these villages once existed. Grand-papa will be happy to drive us there." She adds, " A Cornwall, Ontario native, the Honourable Lionel Chevrier was President of the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority from July 1, 1954 to April 1957".

Before leaving, the children are shown a diagram of the route which they will take from Cornwall to Iroquois, for their excursion. And off they go.

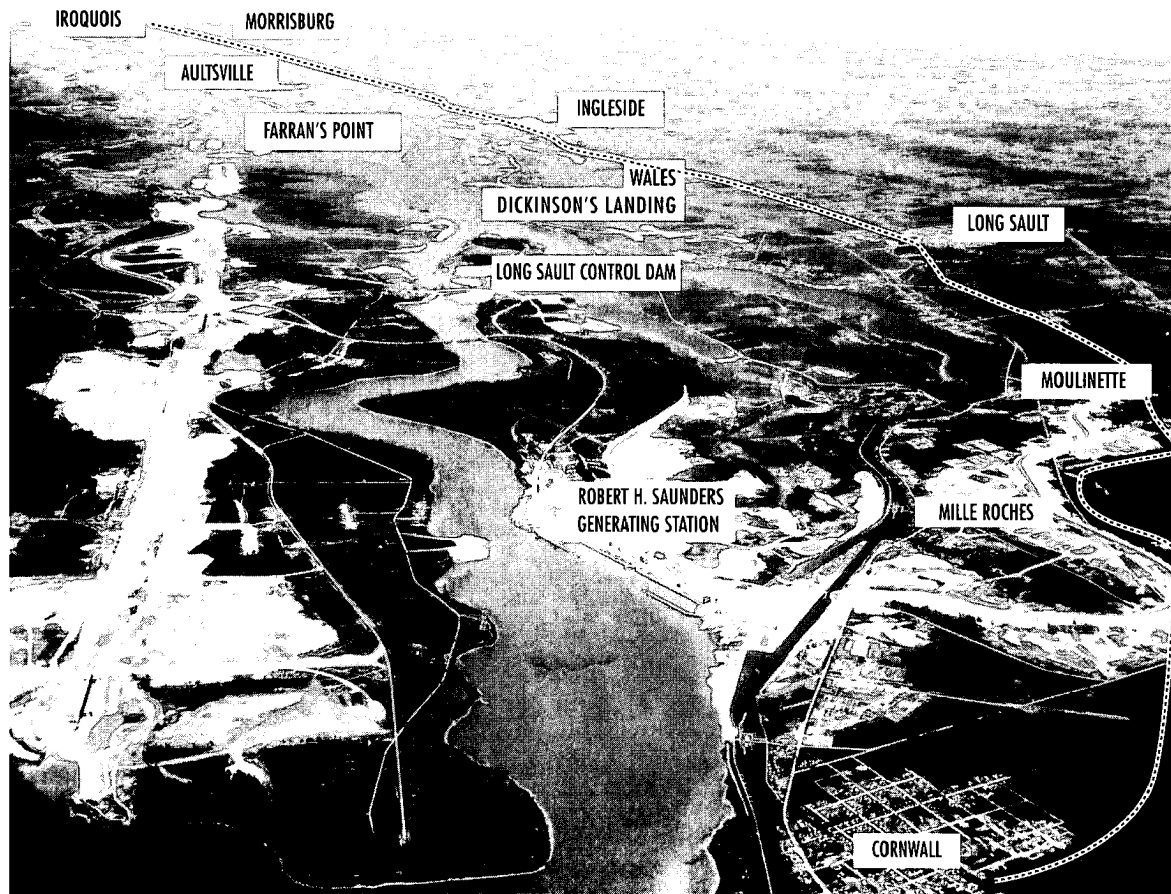


Photo Archives S D & G Historical Society

The excursion route which the family takes to visit the *lost villages*

“Are your seat-belts fastened ?” asks grand-papa, who is concerned about the children’s safety. Natasha, Robyn and Paul-André are in the back seat of the car. Little Grace is nicely snuggled in the front, between her two grandparents.

After looking around to make sure that everyone is safe and secure, grand-papa starts the engine and drives to the site of the Long Sault Control Dam. It controls the level of the water in the ‘power pool’, or simply, Lake St. Lawrence. Although the dam is located completely on the American side, it can be seen at a distance, by taking a side road leading to the lake. He then takes the children to the Robert H. Saunders Generating Station in Cornwall, and very briefly explains how electricity is generated.

“To create electrical energy, a large volume of water had to be concentrated in one area. Therefore, the Robert H. Saunders Generating Station was built. The water coming from the upstream side of the station falls into a large pool, forcing the turbines to rotate. The rapid motion of the water activates 32* generators, which in turn create electrical energy. From here, this energy is distributed to

**16 on each of the Canadian and American sides.*

the transformers and the transformer stations located north of the highway. All of this sounds quite technical," he explains, "but let us compare it to a windmill. Just as the wind turns the sails of the windmill, the force of the water turns the turbines, located in the large pool. In some parts of the world, say in Holland, electricity was, once upon a time, created by the force of the wind and windmills."

Grand-papa then turns the car to the west towards Long Sault, Ingleside and Morrisburg. On the way, he will show all the places where the villages once existed : Mille Roches, Moulinette, Dickinson's Landing, Wales, Farran's Point and Aultsville.

"Will we see the villages ?" asks Paul-André.

"We will not see the villages ; many metres of water now cover them, in some areas as many as 30," explains grand-maman, "and this is why we call them the *lost villages*. They no longer exist."

"But how did they disappear ?" continues Paul-André, who is becoming more and more curious.

"Well, this is a long story," replies grand-maman.

“First of all, much of the land had to be expropriated, that is, ordering the people off the land. It is like telling your parents that you can no longer live in your home.”

Natasha asks, “But who owned the land and these homes?”

Grand-maman explains, “Since 1783, most of the land in the *lost villages* was owned by United Empire Loyalists, people who during the American War of Independence, preferred to remain loyal to England and to the British monarchy.”

“But you say that the United Empire Loyalists owned the land since 1783. To whom did it belong before their arrival?” reasons Natasha.

“Actually,” explains grand-maman, “most of the land was not really developed. Before 1783, Aboriginal people, the natives, inhabited this entire country and continent, long before European and Loyalist settlers came to this area. Respectful of their natural surroundings and spiritual values, they lived in close harmony with the animals, the trees, the plants, the moon and the stars. Then, the French who discovered the lands around 1613 or so,

came to this region, often by canoe, especially through the very rough waters of the Long Sault Rapids. Some stayed in the area. Later, in 1783, the Loyalists moved north to what is now Quebec (Lower Canada) and Ontario (Upper Canada). In July of that year, the King of England, George III claimed most of the lands and the forests, and gave it to the newcomers. The Loyalists then cleared the land and built homes. Over the years, many homes were built, and villages came into existence, among them the six *lost villages*."

While driving along, grand-papa explains that the people who lived in Mille Roches before the flooding, were moved to the new town of Long Sault. As they drive by Long Sault, he points to Mille Roches Road, a reminder of the *lost village* of Mille Roches.

Long Sault is one of two new communities which were created to accommodate the people who had to move. Mille Roches was quite a prosperous town of 1200 at the time, with a quarry, a powerhouse and a paper mill, as well as canals and locks, which gave access to larger ships. Its name, meaning a thousand rocks, tells of the

French presence in the area.

At approximately two kilometres west of Mille Roches, existed a second village, known at the time as Moulinette. Grand-papa tells the children that its name may also have been borrowed from the French language, 'petit moulin', meaning little mill. The town is said to have had several mills: shingle, saw, grist and woollen. However, he adds that some people believe that the name originated from the word 'moulinet', meaning a winch, a device used by the French to manoeuvre their bateaux over the dangerous Long Sault Rapids. Grand-papa then explains that a very prominent man, Adam Dixson and his family were among the first of the Loyalists to arrive in this area. Mr. Dixson was wealthy, but also very generous. "Generosity is very important in life," emphasizes grand-papa. "In fact, Mr. Dixson made large contributions of money and land for the construction of Christ Anglican Church. This church is now at Upper Canada Village."

Grand-papa mentions that Mr. Dixson had also contributed to the building of a dam to Sheek Island, as

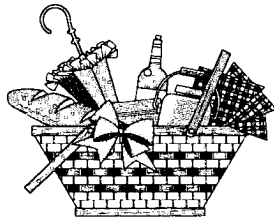
well as part of the Cornwall Canal.

While passing by Long Sault, he points to Moulinette Road, then takes the children to Moulinette Island, surrounded by the beautiful waters of Lake St. Lawrence. To do so, he goes over a bridge towards the Long Sault Parkway. He explains that families who had cottages on the shores of the St. Lawrence River before the flooding of the Seaway, were given waterfront property on this island. Its name comes from the *lost village* of Moulinette.

At this point, the children become increasingly interested about why these families had to move in the first place. Many thoughts were going through their minds : why did families in Mille Roches and Moulinette have to move to Long Sault ? Did Long Sault exist before the *lost villages* ? How were the families moved ? Did they have any choice ?

By then, everyone is becoming hungry, so grand-maman suggests that they go to the Long Sault Parkway, choose a picnic table and have lunch. The grandparents had prepared a basket , full of sandwiches, vegetables,

fresh fruit, plenty of juices and fresh cold water.



So, off they go to the picnic area. The story continues.

“Were the people happy about moving?” asks Robyn.

“Some were, but most were not,” replies grandmaman. “Since many of the families were United Empire Loyalists, who had been given the lands way back in 1783, they had deep roots and feelings linked to their homes. Also, they were afraid that the governments would not give them fair compensation, that is, enough money to begin their lives in a new environment. Some chose to sell their homes and lands, while others requested that their existing homes be moved to the new village of Long Sault. There is also another reason why the Loyalists resisted moving, and that is called heritage. Since the land had been given to them by the King of England, they felt a deep attachment to it and to the homes they had built. They had suffered many hardships in leaving the United States and moving north, to what is now Canada. We all have a heritage, namely, something which has been

transmitted or given to us from the past. Most persons tend to be very proud of their heritage.”

While they were having their lunch, grand-papa felt that it would be an appropriate time to explain to the children, how the houses were moved to the new community of Long Sault.

“First of all, roads and streets had to be built, also churches and schools. The children had to continue their education, and so, building schools was a priority. For the people who preferred to sell their homes and go to more modern ones, new homes were constructed in the new village of Long Sault. But, for many who wished to continue living in the same home, the authorities arranged to bring in two house-movers.”

“House-movers !” exclaims Paul-André.

“Yes, house-movers”, replies the enthused grandfather. “Actually, these enormous machines were strong enough to transport large homes to their new sites, in the villages of Long Sault and Ingleside.”

“Did you see them ?” asks Robyn, her eyes shining brightly.

“Oh yes,” he answers. “ The larger one of the house-movers was so big, that its tires were about three metres high. It had a heavy steel frame, with sides that looked like arms. These arms would wrap around the home, lift it up and carry it to its new location.”

Grand-papa shows the children a picture of a house-mover.

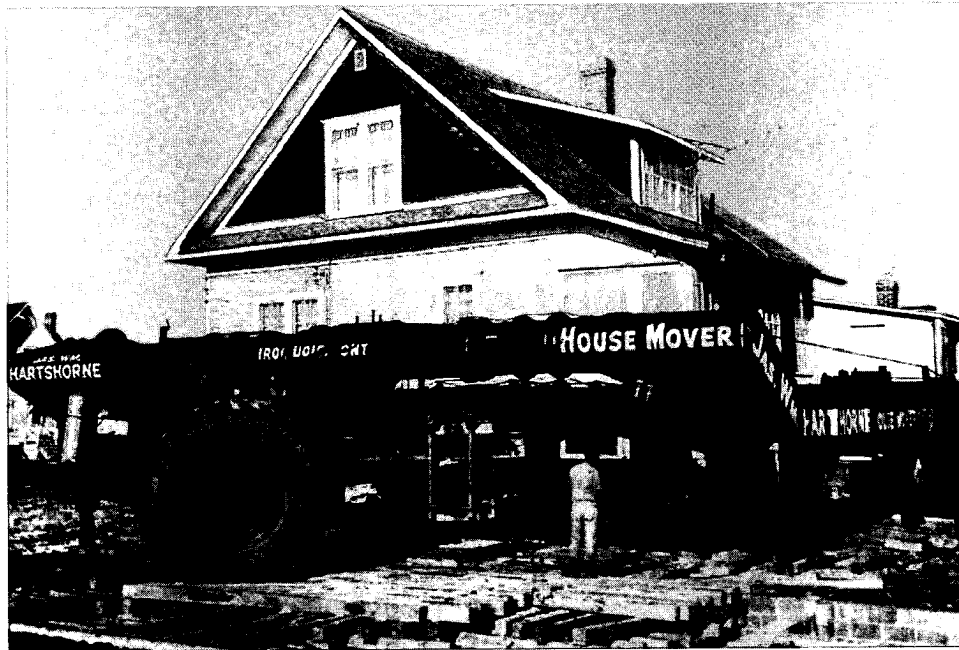


Photo Archives S.D. & G. Historical Society

“That must have been exciting to see !” cries out Grace.

“In fact, the people did not even have to remove a thing from their homes.” adds grand-papa. “The dishes, everything was left in place, and once the home was moved, the people simply came in. It was an amazing feat.”

He continues to explain that the house-moving operations brought about the creation of the village of Long Sault.

“Well, shall we go on ?” comments grand-maman, who is eager to continue with the excursion during daylight. Everyone pitches in to pick up the paper cups and clean up the table, on which they had their picnic. “It is important to keep our parks attractive for all to enjoy.” The family returns to the car.

“Dickinson’s Landing is the next *lost village* we will discover during to-day’s excursion. It is said that a man, bearing the name Barnabus Dickinson, came to the place in 1811. He operated a successful stagecoach line between Montreal and Kingston. The busy village was very

attractive, overlooking the majestic St. Lawrence River. Mr. Dickinson's name was adopted, and the area became important for its tavern-hotels and trade shops. Approximately 200 people lived in Dickinson's Landing, when the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway began."

"So, these people had to move as well," reasons Natasha, "and did they go to Long Sault?"

"No, the people in Dickinson's Landing and the next three *lost villages* were moved, mainly to Ingleside."

Grand-papa then brings the children to a pretty site, called Woodlands. It is now a great campground and picnic area.



"Many families come camping in this park every summer," comments grand-maman. "It is a favourite tourist attraction. Around this area, once existed a one-

room school house, known as Santa Cruz Public School No. 2. I attended a one-room school house, when I was a

little girl."

"You did !" exclaims Grace, in astonishment. "What was it like ?" she asks.

"Well, it was interesting and certainly had some advantages," replies grand-maman. "Perhaps I could tell you about this some time in another of my stories."

Grand-papa brings the car back onto the main road and goes to the site of another *lost village*, called Wales. It apparently was given its name, following a brief visit to the tiny village by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Memories of this village are said to be linked to the St. Lawrence Valley Union Cemetery, facing Wales Road.

"By the way," interjects grand-papa, "moving was not restricted to houses. In fact, many people were concerned that their deceased loved ones would be covered by water. Arrangements were made to have the tombstones moved to the new cemetery. In some cases, even the bodies were exhumed, that is, dug up and moved as well. The new cemetery is very picturesque, as it overlooks Lake St. Lawrence."

They then arrive at a fifth *lost village*, called Farran's

Point. A lieutenant in the King's Royal Regiment, Jacob Farrand received a large grant of land, as did all of the other United Empire Loyalists, who made their homes in this region. The land is now flooded, but the lieutenant's name is remembered through Farran's Point, a waterfront camping area, just opposite the village of Ingleside.

As the family was passing by Ingleside, grand-papa slows down the car. He wants the children to have a good look.

"We lived here at one time !" cry out Robyn and Grace. Robyn continues, "It is very interesting to learn how Ingleside came to be. Now, I feel that much wiser, knowing something about the local history."

"This is not only local history," explains grand-maman. "The St. Lawrence Seaway Story is so important to the Canadian people, that it is recognized as part of our national history. In fact, millions of people from all over the world came to this area, between 1954 and 1958, to see for themselves what was happening here. And this is why the Lost Villages Story must be known to everyone."

"Is this a good spot for swimming ?" asks

Paul-André, reminding his grandparents, that a swim is on the day's agenda.

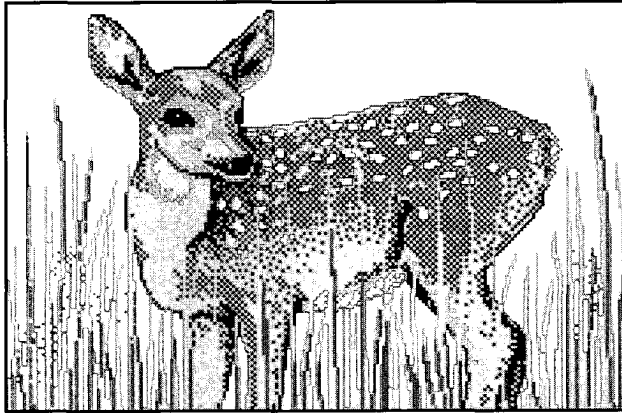
"I believe that it is. Perhaps we can check it out," says grand-maman.

"Yes, it is an excellent spot for swimming. I have been here many times," adds Robyn.

The last *lost village* of the excursion is Aultsville, once located in the area of the Upper Canada Migratory Bird Sanctuary. The town had many lovely brick homes, thanks to the Elliott pottery and brick yard. Clay found in the riverbank of the St. Lawrence was used for this industry. The small industrial park also had a cheese factory. This *lost village*'s name comes from the ancestors of Samuel Ault, a member of Canada's first parliament in 1867.

The children of course love the Bird Sanctuary. They are amazed at seeing the geese and a variety of birds flapping their wings in the water. They are envious of their feathered friends, who obviously, are enjoying a refreshing swim. On their way back from the Bird Sanctuary, what do they see ?

“Look, a deer !” exclaims Grace.



It was prancing along among the brush and suddenly, it stopped. The children are very happy, especially

Grace, who is very fond of animals. It is a pretty deer, with fur of golden brown and white spots on its back.

Grand-papa comments that the deer are protected here and that hunters cannot chase nor harm them. “This is a conservation area.” He tells the children that the deer are free to roam around as they wish. The children laugh ; they are happy to see a wild animal in such a beautiful and natural setting. They had seen small deer at a petting zoo, but never in a forest. What an experience !

Grand-maman decides to test the children on their knowledge of history. “Does the year 1867 remind you of an important event in Canadian history ?” she asks. The

children think carefully.

“Of course,” replies Natasha, “it is the year of Confederation, when Canada became a nation, and I am proud to be a Canadian.”

“Yes, we all are,” adds grand-maman, who is pleased that Natasha remembered this important date in our national history.

Finally, they arrive at the town of Morrisburg. Most of the village is the same as it was before the flooding. Only one-third of the east portion was affected by the St. Lawrence Seaway. There now exists a new commercial area, at a shopping plaza.

“Who wants an ice-cream ?” suggests grand-papa.

“Great idea !” shout the children, happy that their grandfather has made this offer. They drive up to a small ice-cream parlour and select a variety of brands : chocolate for Paul-André, strawberry and peach for Robyn and Grace, hazel nut for Natasha. What a nice treat on a hot summer day !

Finally, they drive to Iroquois, named so, since the native Iroquois once inhabited the area before the coming

of the Loyalists. The family goes to the Iroquois lock, where a large ship happens to be passing through.

“Well, this completes the story of the six *lost villages* of Mille Roches, Moulinette, Dickinson’s Landing, Wales, Farran’s Point and Aultsville,” says grand-maman.

“But, we did not see the rapids,” exclaims Grace.

“We must go there,” agree both grandparents. Off they go to where the Long Sault Rapids* once existed. Since this is such an important stop, they all get out of the car.

“We can’t see the rapids !” shouts Grace.

“Of course not.” explains grand-papa. “They are now under 30 metres of water. During the construction of the Seaway and the Hydro projects , the rapids had to be dried up.” Grand-papa then shows the children some pictures.

**Long Sault signifies “long saut” in French, meaning a long jump. To avoid the rapids, early explorers had to carry (porter) their canoes and equipment by land for approximately one-half a kilometre. Hence the word “portage”.*



Photo : Archives S.D. & G. Historical Society

**Picture of the rapids as they existed before the
construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway.**



Photo Archives SD & G Historical Society

**The same area after the water was diverted, showing the
immense rocks which made navigation impossible.**

He recalls many fond memories of his childhood, one of them seeing the unique Rapids Prince going through the rough waters, with passengers aboard. He tells the children of hearing the people scream, as the ship made its way through the famous rapids.

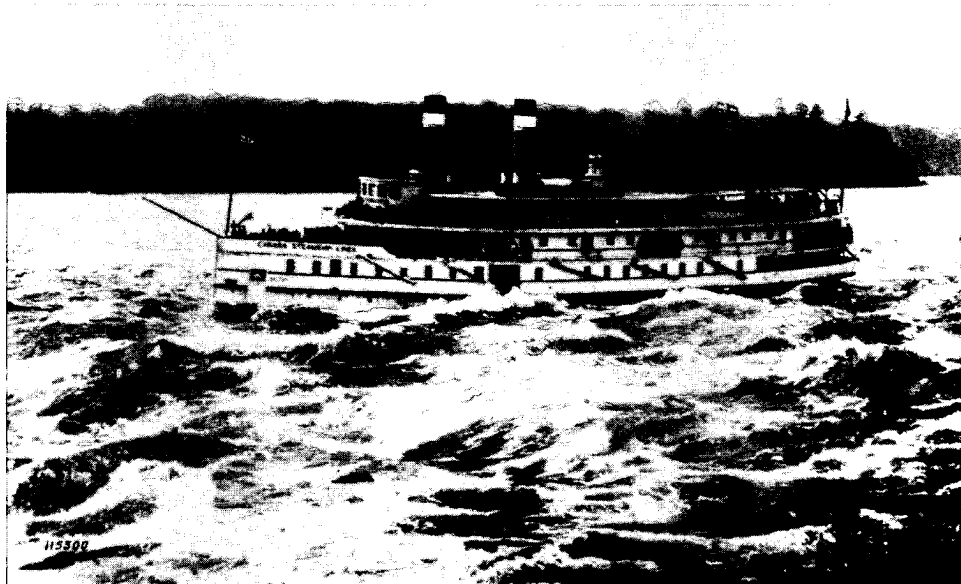


Photo : Archives S.D. & G. Historical Society

The children are all amazed at the pictures, asking their grandfather if he had been one of the passengers. He replies that he did not have the opportunity, but he wishes now that he had.

“All of this is now part of our precious history,” he goes on to explain.

“Do you have other memories to recall, grand-papa ?” the children ask.

“Actually, yes,” he replies. “I will always remember July 1 of 1958. It was Inundation Day, on which the flooding of the land took place. It was also what we now call Canada Day. The cofferdam, which had been holding back the water was filled with explosives, dynamite. Have you ever heard dynamite explode ?”

Paul-André is quick to answer, “Yes, and what a bang it makes !”

Grand-papa continues : “The cofferdam was blown up. KA-BOUM ! At first, a bit of water trickled, and as it slowly moved on to the ground, small animals scampered away. The birds were desperately flying overhead ; they were trying to protect their little ones. But it was too late, as the water was

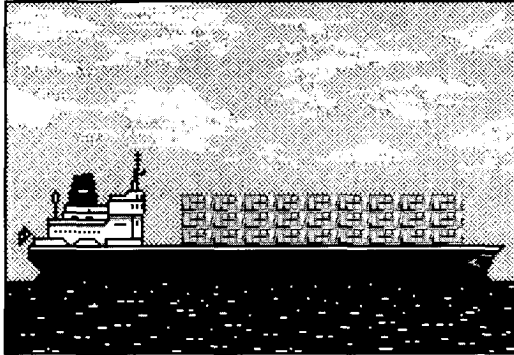
quickly approaching. Thousands of people were there. Some stood in amazement. Others knew that the lands which had been part of their lives, would be gone forever. Many were crying. Some could not even bear to look. In four days, most of the area was flooded."

As he turns towards the children, he could see the sad expressions on their faces. Wanting to change the mood, he smiles and says, "this was the birth of Lake St. Lawrence. It is now part of our heritage and we must be proud of it. Now, do you understand why we say that the lake was man-made?"

"Yes, now we understand," answer the four children, with a sigh of relief.

It is now time to go for a swim. The family heads to the closest beach. Everyone is happy at this point to get out of the car and run. The children go to the dressing rooms and don their bathing suits. Within minutes, they are in the water, splashing and swimming. They remain within the guarded area, and of course, both grandparents have joined the children in the water. They watch over them carefully. These grandchildren are now their greatest pride and joy.

Suddenly, at a distance, Natasha points to a large ocean vessel passing through the Seaway channel.



Grand-maman is pleased to indicate to her grandchildren that there is a happy side to the Lost Villages Story. Because of the St. Lawrence Seaway, large ships from other nations, are now able to travel from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes, including American ports. She explains that this would not be possible, if the St. Lawrence Seaway had not been built.

Another benefit, she adds, is that the new Lake St. Lawrence now provides extensive park land, which is used for recreation and tourism. The campsites, the beaches, the picnic areas and viewing sites attract thousands of visitors to the region each year.

“And what about Upper Canada Village ?” asks inquisitive Natasha, who has been there on other occasions.

“Of course, Upper Canada Village is a very important

educational and cultural component of the Parks of the St. Lawrence. Everyone is very proud of this living museum. We must return there soon.”

“Yes, yes !” shout the children, jumping in the water and splashing each other. Grand-maman stresses how fortunate we are that everyone can enjoy the waters of the great Lake St. Lawrence, and its beautiful beaches.

“All of this is heritage land,” she explains.

“What does that mean , heritage land ?” inquires Robyn.

“I am glad that you asked. How brilliant of you to want an explanation on this.”

“Heritage means something we inherit, simply, something which is given to us. As a result of the flooding, the lands which now border man-made Lake St. Lawrence, were given to all of us to enjoy, regardless of our roots or ancestral backgrounds. That includes everyone, United Empire Loyalists, French, Aboriginal people. . .”

“Who gave us these lands ?” asks Paul-André.

Grand-maman explains, “The Honourable Leslie Frost, premier of Ontario at the time, declared that, ‘these lands will be dedicated to the preservation of their historic past and to the

educational and recreational enjoyment of present and future generations.' Everyone can walk on these lands, touch the water, have picnics."

"And what about the deer, the birds, the small animals?" asks Paul-André.

"Good point, Paul-André, how perceptive you are! Actually, the animals are dependent on the water for their survival. Human beings must learn to be respectful, not only of each other, but also towards all forms of life."

To close on a regal note, she adds, "Queen Elizabeth II officially opened the St. Lawrence Seaway on June 27, 1959. It was a memorable occasion."

"Shall we go back home?" suggests grand-papa. "It has been a long day and we are all a bit tired."

The children agree. They feel that they have learned an important lesson about the past, about Canadian history. The Lost Villages Story is now one that they will remember all of their lives. On the way home, the children sing a melody which grand-maman has written for the occasion. They ask others to join in and enjoy the excursion. It has been a happy day for everyone.

*♪ Please
Sing Along ! ♪*

Lost Villages Song

words and music by
Jeannine Roy-Poirier

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line is in a single treble clef. The lyrics are: "Let's tell a lit - tle sto - ry what will it be to - day? Why not a bit of his - try while we learn and".

Vocal

Let's tell a lit - tle

Piano

sto - ry what will it be to - day?

Why not a bit of his - try while we learn and

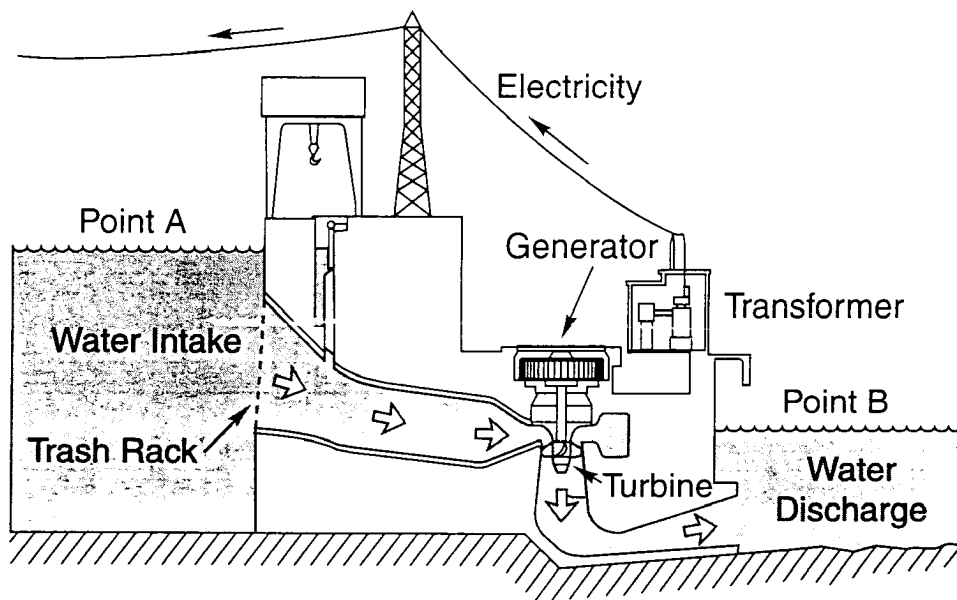
play. Come with me to the vill - a - ges

And walk hand in hand; we pro - tect our

her - i - tage, our home and ra - tive land.

The image shows three systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a vocal line in a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'play. Come with me to the vill - a - ges', 'And walk hand in hand; we pro - tect our', and 'her - i - tage, our home and ra - tive land.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

Hydro-ELECTRIC GENERATING STATION



**This diagram shows the 30 metre drop between the upstream end of the river (Point A) and the water discharge (Point B). It is the force of the water which creates electrical energy.*

Ontario Hydro

