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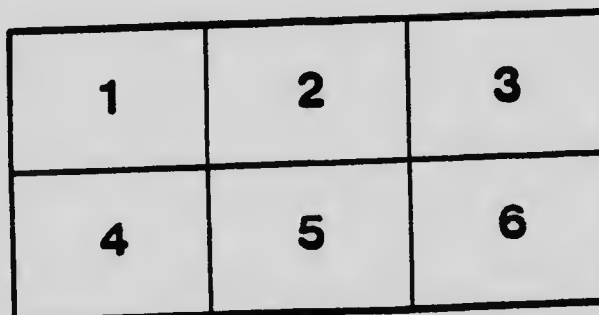
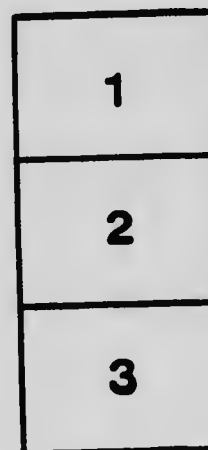
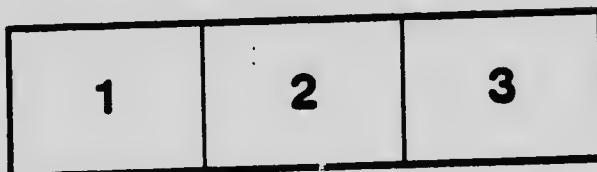
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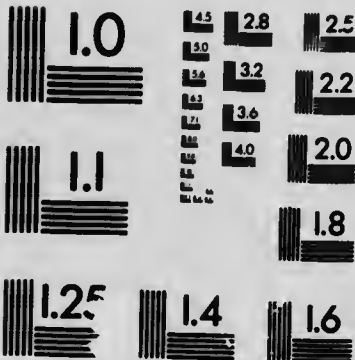
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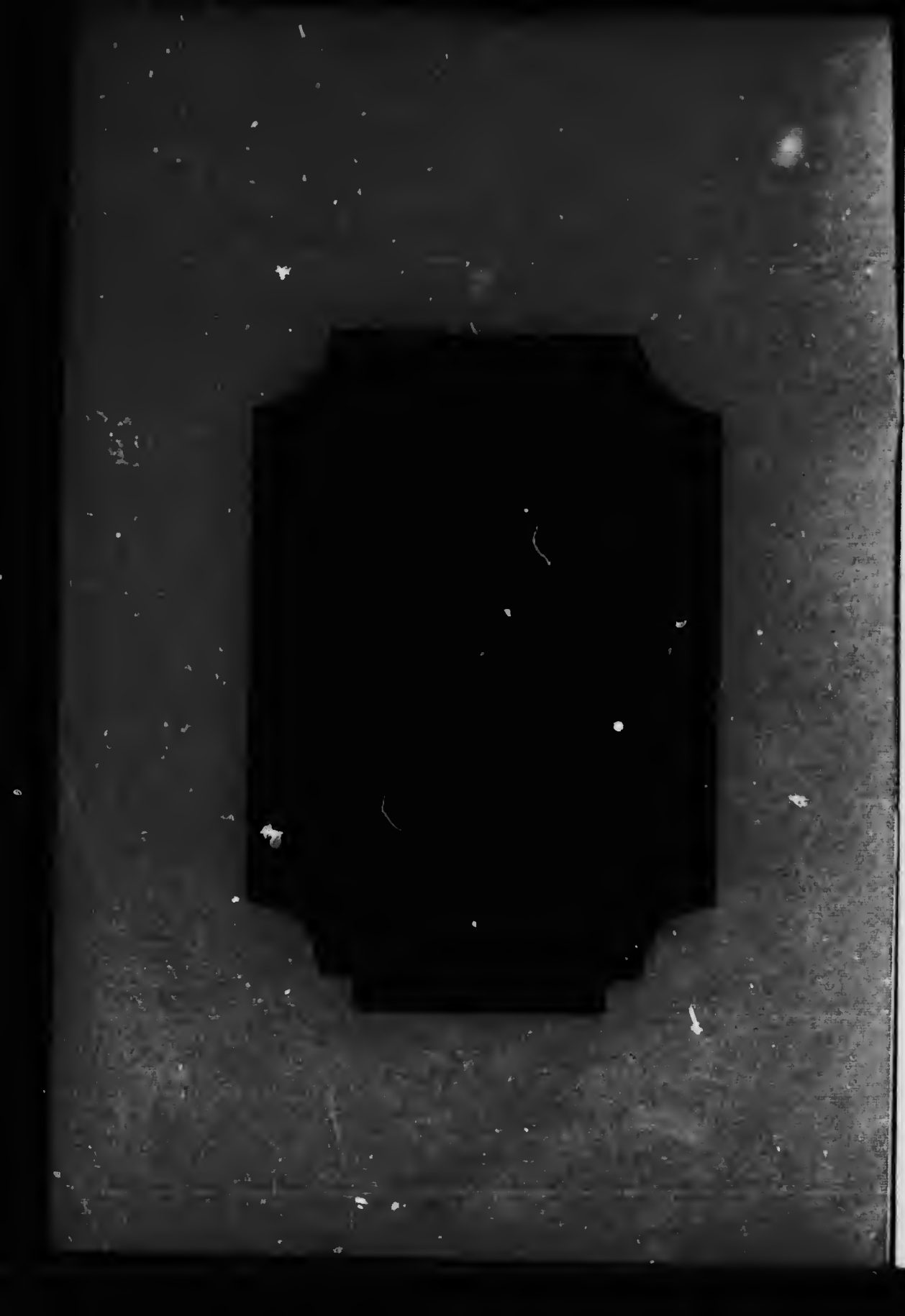
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The Legend of the Falls of the Spray of Pearls

Indian River, British Columbia



By Jane Parkin



The Legend of
the Falls of the
Spray of Pearls



*Falls of
"The Spray of Pearls."*



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The Legend of the Falls
of the
Spray of Pearls



By
JANE PARKIN

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA



Wigwam Inn.

The Wigwam Inn lies in the very heart of Indian River Park, and is but a stone's throw from the Falls of the Spray of Pearls. Built in rustic style with high gables, wide sun-shading eaves and a profusion of quaint log ornamentation in rail and trellis, the Inn matches its lovely surroundings and provides every comfort and charm for the visitor to one of nature's romantic beauty spots.

The Legend of the Falls of the Spray of Pearls



IN the early sixties in Renfrew, Scotland, Norman McNabb, a young architect, and Pearl, his bride, after six-months' honeymoon, began to think about settling down to home life. They had made a compact before being married that house or home would not be mentioned until they returned from their bridal tour. Now, being rested after their trip, came the question where to settle. Both being orphans they had no very close ties to hold them to the old country. Pearl's only companion was her old nurse, Martha Price, who had been with her mother for many years, and when Pearl's mother was dying she begged Martha never to leave her baby Pearl as long as she lived, and as she had plenty of money to leave them both, they would never want for anything.

While Norman and Pearl were on their honeymoon, they heard wondrous things about Canada and the Great North West, the Canadian Rocky Mountains and British Columbia. As they both loved the outdoor life and cared nothing for society, they decided to go to Canada and travel until they found their ideal spot; Norman to start first and locate a place, and Pearl and Martha to follow later, both promising to write each other as often as possible, and Norman to tell her all about the journey and to describe all the notable landmarks so that if she should come to him alone she would know the way perfectly, for at this time Canada was very sparsely settled, Norman never dreaming of the many dangerous places and wild animals he would encounter on the

latter end of his journey. After making all arrangements for his long trip across the continent came their last evening together; Pearl had been pretty brave until now, but she would not give in that she was feeling blue. They had exchanged keepsakes, Norman giving Pearl a beautiful string of pearls with a medallion containing a miniature painting of himself, which he had especially painted for her, the pearls and medallion being an old heirloom belonging to his mother's family. Pearl went into raptures over her treasure, and Norman, placing it around her neck, called her his Beautiful Star of Heaven, for her eyes were such a heavenly blue and her golden hair hung in such a wavy cloud around her, falling far below her waist and making her look so ethereal. Pearl gave Norman a gold locket and chain, which was one of the first ornamental treasures of her girlhood, the locket containing a photograph of herself taken shortly before her marriage. Each promised to wear the keepsake as long as the separation lasted and to guard them sacredly.

Norman promised again to write from every convenient mailing place and instructed her that, failing to hear from him in the length of time agreed upon, she should start out and follow the route which he had mapped out, but to be sure and not start until the agreed time had elapsed. So when goodbyes were said and Norman had sailed away on the big Atlantic steamer, Pearl began to feel very lonely until she received Norman's first letter, mailed in mid-ocean, transferred from one steamer to another. Then came many letters describing his journey from place to place.

After landing in Canada he made all necessary purchases for his long journey across country. The railroads were only built part way to the mountains in those days, and he had to travel over vast prairie country for miles, sometimes walking and sometimes riding a shaganappy, or Indian pony, past huge fields

of grain waving with the breeze, which looked just like a vast ocean, and almost made one dizzy; then on again through the tall poplar trees to the foothills, over the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia.



The Tokens

Norman had many dangerous places to travel through, because Indians were quite hostile in many parts of the country. They did not like the white man coming and taking their lands. But Norman seemed to escape in some manner, although at times things looked pretty dangerous for him. There always seemed many pony paths between the tall trees, and after riding and walking for many days, securing

a guide whenever he could, or making a friend at the Forts or Hudson's Bay Posts, which helped him along greatly, he found no spot he cared to settle on. After a good night's rest, as he was about to prepare breakfast for his horse and himself, he saw a very wide trail over a huge mountain and decided to follow that, his guide having left him the night before to return to his camp. After getting all traps together they started for this trail, and travelling on until late in the afternoon, Norman thought he saw smoke through the tree tops, and hurrying his pony into a trot and going, it seemed, for many miles along the ledge of a mountain, his pony, startled by some strange noise, stumbled and fell, throwing Norman over its head and on to the rocks at the edge of a steep ravine, and spraining his ankle.

The pain was so great he could not move, and he was beginning to feel as if he did not care. Closing his eyes, he lay there for some time thinking of Pearl. Suddenly he was startled by a sound like a fall, and the screams of a child near by. Following the sound he dragged himself along the rocks below, and managed to crawl down to the child and discovered that the little fellow had broken his leg.* Taking him in his lap he shouted as loudly as he could for help, forgetting his own pain. Shortly there came running up the ravine several Indians, and upon seeing a white man they instantly drew their bows and arrows, but upon seeing the child was their chief's son and that both were injured, they drew near, and Norman told them in the best way he knew how that his pony had stumbled and thrown him, and hearing the child's cry, he had gone to its rescue. Instantly there was a great change in their manner towards Norman. They carried the child and Norman gently to the camp, and the chief bade him welcome to his wigwam. The chief's klootchman, who was called Bluebird, attended

* The impress of a child's foot can be found in a crevice of solid rock in the small ravine or canyon to the left of the Falls of the Spray of Pearls.

to Norman's ankle while the medicine man of the tribe set the limb of the child.

Bluebird was very attentive to Norman; in fact the whole tribe who were camped there were very grateful to him for helping their little chief, and each one wanted to do something to show their gratefulness. Bluebird was very curious about the locket Norman wore around his neck and wanted to know all about it. He explained to her that the picture was his wife, or kloodchman, as he had to put it to make her understand, and he told Bluebird her name was Pearl and that sometimes he called her his Beautiful Star of Heaven. Then he told her how they used to sing together in the evenings.

Norman's sprain was quite severe and it was several days before he could leave his bed or use his foot. During this time he learned much of the Indian language, and before long had completely mastered it. The chief's son and he were close companions, and very friendly, and Norman began to teach the little fellow to speak English. The old chief seemed very proud of his son, and when Norman told the chief that he came to seek a new home, the chief told him to take all the land he wanted and wherever he liked, for it was theirs to give, and they wished him to stay among them.

When Norman was able to go outside the tent he was simply amazed at the glorious sight, for there before him was a gentle slope down to the water's edge with the lake or lagoon just like a huge bowl of water surrounded with mountains, then looking up a huge canyon with all its wild grandeur. There was a glorious walk up to a very high cliff from which you could follow the trail over the mountains as far as the eye could see.

Norman thought he had indeed found his ideal spot. He chose a piece of land close to the water and built a rustic cabin. The Indians looked on with pride and wonder. They called Norman their white

chief and would not let him fell a tree himself. They were always ready to serve him and help him at every turn, and never tired of waiting on him, and when he had the cabin completed he called it the Wigwam Inn, intending that anyone travelling over the mountains coming that way, could rest and refresh themselves there.

Norman built a fine fireplace of roughly-hewn stones. The Indians did not understand it and Norman explained to them that at his home, far, far away, they had them in nearly every room in the house. He built a fire and bade the Indians welcome to his Wigwam Inn, and the klootchmen of the tribe brought beautiful fur-skins of all kinds, including mountain goat skins, as white as snow, and the pelts tanned as soft as velvet. They also made a beautiful white robe from rabbit skins cut in half-inch strips and netted together like a fish net, which brought the fur out on both sides and looked like one whole skin, but you could run your fingers through it anywhere. It was as soft as a down comforter, and was for the rustic couch Norman had made for Pearl. They also brought baskets of all kinds and shells and curios, and some of the Indians even trading their curios with Indians further north, so as to bring something rare, each one doing his little bit to help beautify the place, making it a perfect picture inside and out.

Norman built all kinds of rustic seats, flower pots and boxes, and when filled with ferns and wild flowers they gave the place a most artistic finish.

Norman told the chief all about Pearl and her coming to him; also that if she did not hear from him in a given length of time she was to start on her journey and follow his instructions. The chief gave Norman an amulet (charm) to send to Pearl for her to wear that she might be protected while on her way, and guarded and guided, the charm being held in great reverence by all tribes, no matter how hostile at other times to each other.

Norman felt that Pearl would be perfectly safe, for she was a good horsewoman, also a crack shot with the rifle, and was used to riding and hunting. Everything being complete Norman only waited a chance to get his letter away to Pearl, telling her to start, and at what point he would meet her.

In the evenings Norman would sit on those high rocks looking at the trail and picturing Pearl coming along on her pony. He would sing the songs they used to sing together and picture the rapture in her face when he would show her the lovely and artistic home. While he was sitting there one evening for his usual smoke, so high up that he looked from below as if he almost touched the sky, his rifle, which was across his knee, slipped, and as he tried to regain it as it was falling, he lost his balance and fell over the cliff and was almost torn to pieces on the sharp rocks on his downward fall into the canyon below.

The Indians were horrified and felt very sad at the loss of their white chief. They gave the remains a burial after the Indian custom, high up in the tall fir trees. The chief's son was inconsolable, for he had been the constant companion of Norman and had learned to read and write and speak the English language, also he had learned the rudiments of architecture, as much as his childish brain could grasp, and Norman had been very proud of his pupil.

The chief was at a loss how to inform Pearl of their great bereavement, and, after thinking things over, decided it was best to await her coming, as Norman had told them she would come if she did not hear from him advising her to start. It would be many weeks before they expected to see her, but the chief knew of the great love they had for each other and felt sure she would come.

He and Bluebird, after some time, were beginning to feel very anxious, when one bright moonlight night they heard the whinny of a pony, and making their way to the trail they saw a woman lying over a tired

pony's back, apparently asleep. They immediately thought of Pearl, and ran to her assistance. She was completely worn out with her long journey alone, for poor old Martha Price had died a few weeks before Pearl left on her journey. She was also disappointed that Norman had not met her at the place mentioned by him, and the wild animals frightened her more than anything else. As the chief lifted her from her pony she collapsed completely and old Bluebird, taking her in charge, placed her on the beautiful couch covered with skins as soft as down and as white as snow. She did indeed look to be a Beautiful Star of Heaven. It was many weeks before Pearl was conscious of her surroundings because of brain fever. She was always asking for Norman. Bluebird would look at her and shake her head and say, "Beautiful, Beautiful Star of Heaven."

Bluebird was very anxious to see into the pendant on the string of pearls, but she had heard of the exchange of keepsakes from Norman, and she respected his confidence and would not look inside until Pearl was well enough to show her the contents. Although she knew it was Norman's picture inside, Bluebird longed to see his boyish face again.

Pearl was getting stronger every day and kept asking for Norman, and they told her he had gone to the hunting grounds and that she would soon hear from him. Pearl did not understand the true meaning about the hunting grounds. They were waiting until she was stronger before telling her he was dead.

When Pearl was able to go out for a walk a young klootchman and the chief's son always accompanied her. They would take her up to the high cliff and show her where Norman used to sit and smoke his pipe, while he pictured her coming along the trail on her pony. Pearl was getting very anxious and kept asking why her husband did not return. One day while sitting upon the high cliff Pearl happened to glance down the ravine after a little squirrel, and her

eyes became rivetted on some object. She picked it up. It was the locket and chain she had given Norman and the chain was broken. For a moment she stood, then with one piercing cry fell backward, her head almost hanging over the edge of the cliff, one hand clasping the pearls at her throat. At a cry from the chief's son the Indians and their klootchmen came running to her assistance. At a glance they saw that her soul had taken its flight, and as they gently lifted her beautiful form the necklace broke and the pearls went rolling over the cliff, bouncing on the rocks deep down into the canyon below. It was getting quite dark so the Indians thought they would look for the pearls in the morning. Before leaving the canyon they looked up again at the spot where their white chief and his klootchman used to sit, and there in the heavens shone a most brilliant star, and the chief told his tribe that was Pearl, Norman's Beautiful Star of Heaven.

In the morning when the Indians went to look for the pearls they were amazed to see flowing over the cliff a small stream of water, bouncing in the sunlight on the rocks below, just like beads falling one after the other off a string, and the chief once more called his band of braves, and they named it the Falls of the Spray of Pearl. And when Bluebird laid Pearl's body on the beautiful white robe, all she could say was, "Beautiful, Beautiful Star of Heaven." They gently folded her in this snow-white robe and buried Norman and Pearl side by side in a cave behind the falls, after the English custom of burial, and for many years Bluebird would tell the story over and over again to her children and grandchildren, and so it has been told from one generation to another, and to this day you will find at the head of Burrard Inlet, Vancouver, B.C., Norman's ideal spot, and the Falls of the Spray of Pearls.





The scenic surroundings of the Wigwam Inn are unique among holiday resorts. Sheltered by the mountains on either side of the lagoon, the grounds around the Inn are trailed with winding footpaths leading along the shore-line and back to the foot of the sentinel hills. Rustic bridges, summer houses, bordering foliage and a hundred and one unexpected nooks and vistas unfold to view with each passing bend and blend the scene with varied charm.



To those seeking real rest and recuperation there can be nothing more delightful than the quiet summer evening hours spent on the broad verandahs surrounding the Wiguam Inn. From this retreat, overlooking the water and snow-capped, forest-clad mountain slopes, the scene, as the sun sinks behind the higher peaks, flooding the water and hillside with myriad tints of purple and gold, is one of indescribable loveliness.

Information and folders, etc., describing this famous Hotel will be gladly furnished by the

HARBOUR NAVIGATION COMPANY LIMITED

Gore Avenue Wharf, Vancouver, B. C.

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