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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND		
MAGAZINE		

VOL. III.

MAY 1901.

No. 3.

Orwell,—Continued.

BESIDES the late John Fletcher, of Orwell, there was another good man for whom I had the greatest respect, that was the late John Henry Enman. Mr. Enman was a quiet, honest, upright man, a man of deep piety and was highly respected by his Presbyterian neighbors.

Donald Ban McLeod, the grand father of Rev. D. B. McLeod, of Charlottetown, was another worthy man; his farm was next to the big church on Murray Harbor Road. His house was always a very hospitable one, and he a kind-hearted man. His youngest son Roderick succeeded him in the estate. I believe Roderick is still living—a hale, hearty old gentleman, following the footsteps of his late father.

I might mention the name of John McPherson, a man of a noble, generous heart and John A. McLeod a man of taste and perseverance.

There are other illustrious sons of Orwell such as the Martins, the Macdonalds, the Gillises, the Musics, the Campbells, the McKinnons and the Nicholsons. But time and space would fail me to go into details about the history of each family.

I should have placed the name of D. A. McKinnon, the