

Brought Together By The "News"

HOW PRIVATE LANG MET AGAIN, AT THE GRANVILLE, SERGEANT MOWAT, WHO HAD SAVED HIS LIFE AT YPRES.

Away up on the fifth floor of the Granville Sergt. Mowat acts as Ward Master. On the ground floor, in Ward 1., "Shorty" Lang has been a patient for many weeks. These two might have been separated as the poles for all they knew of each other's existence under the same roof. Three weeks ago "Shorty's" photo appeared in the *Canadian Hospital News*. Sergt. Mowat saw it, and saying to himself, "I know that boy," hurried off to Ward 1. "Shorty" looked up at the burly Scotch Sergeant and said, "I ought to know you. You're the fellow who saved my life." And this is the story of the front line we extracted from them. Private



Sergt. Mowat

Lang was at work in an advanced machine gun post, thirty-five yards from the German trenches when a rifle grenade landed among the little crew, killing one and wounding three. Lang's legs were badly injured below the knees, and he was bleeding profusely. Sergt. Mowat was in charge of a bombing platoon not far away, and someone ran to him for assistance, since he was known to be expert in First Aid. No time was to be lost. No utensils were at hand. Hastily tearing off his own suspenders, the Sergeant used the two braces as tourniquets for the boy's limbs, sent back for large dressings and bound up the quivering flesh. When the bombing party was relieved his men carried the youngster back for medical attention.

The two men met at the Granville months afterwards; one of those happy coincidences of the Great War. "I remember the incident so well," said Sergt. Mowat, "it was on the 26th April, 1916, in the Ypres Salient, on a clear moonlight night, about nine o'clock." Sergt. Mowat has been wounded, and during his convalescence has done most efficient hospital service, but is keenly anxious to get back to the front, to which he is returning shortly.