

#### FUNERAL OF MASTER ROBERT SILVERWOOD.

The remains of Master Robert Silverwood, who died at the hospital of typhoid fever on Friday last, were interred at the Wagga Cemetery on Saturday afternoon. If anything were wanting to emphasise the respect and esteem in which the deceased was held, and to show sympathy with the bereaved parents, it was to be found in the large procession which followed the remains to the grave. On every hand there were signs of deep regret at the untimely decease of so popular a youth. A number of the prominent members of the M.U. I.O.O.F. attended the funeral, Ald. Silverwood, the father of the deceased, being one of the Trustees of the Order. The Borough Council was represented by Aldermen Williamson, Arnott, Hudd, Cooke, and Mr K. Embien (Council Clerk), and the chief mourners were Mrs Silverwood and the immediate relatives. Alderman Silverwood, as is known, is an inmate of the hospital suffering from typhoid fever. The floral tributes to the memory of the deceased were very handsome, and the lengthy character of the cortege bespoke the desire on the part of prominent townspeople to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of a youth of such undoubted promise. The service at the cemetery was very impressive. When the procession halted in front of the gates and the coffin had been placed on the shoulders of the bearers, eight boys, members of the choir of St. John's Church, clad in white surplices, formed up in front, headed by Mr. F. C. Barry, the organist and choir-master. Immediately preceding the coffin was the Rev. G. A. Carver, vicar of St. John's, who read the beautiful ritual of the Anglican burial service in a most impressive manner. During the procession from the gates to the grave the choir boys sang "Brief life is here our portion," and when the vicar had pronounced the Benediction they approached the grave and over it sang, "When our heads are bow'd with woe." It was truly an impressive scene, and one likely to be remembered. Round the grave were grouped the chief mourners, the clergyman in his vestments, the choir boys in their surplices, whilst their clear and well trained voices broke the stillness in this their last tribute to a departed comrade. The deceased had been one of the original members of the choir and was a general favorite. The sad ceremony over the procession was formed in reverse order and thus slowly wended its way to the gates. The whole of the arrangements for the funeral, which moved from the hospital at 2.30, were in the hands of Mr A. Cruickshank, and were very complete.