

MRS ELLEN JONES.

An old and respected resident of Waterloo, in the person of Mrs Ellen Jones, died at the Ararat Hospital on the 2nd inst., from pneumonia. Deceased was the wife of Mr T. Jones, and 59 years of age. She leaves a family of eight sons and two daughters. The body was taken to Waterloo for burial in the local cemetery, the funeral being largely attended. The deceased was the mother of Mrs Lloyd, of Barkly street, Ararat.

IN MEMORIAM.

JONES.—In sad and loving memory of my dear wife and our darling mother, who passed away at Ararat, January 2nd, 1919.

Time may pass and bring its changes,

Fresh with every coming year;

But your memory shall be cherished
In the hearts that loved you dear,

Sweet rest.

—Inserted by her loving husband, Thomas, and children, Rose, Tom, Jack, Charl., Harrie, son-in-law, Jim, and daughters-in-law, Nell and Evelyn.

JONES.—In sad and loving memory of our loving mother, who passed away at Ararat on the 2nd January, 1919.

In the old home you are fondly remembered;

It's sweet to speak your name;

If we had one wish, it would be

You were in your old home again.

—Inserted by Arthur, May, Reg and Dudley (grandchildren).

JONES.—In loving memory of our dear mother, Ellen Jones, who died at Ararat, Jan. 2nd, 1919.

The rose that is rarest and fairest

Is the rose that is killed by the frost;

The mother that to us was the dearest

Is the one we have loved and lost.

—Inserted by her loving son and daughter-in-law, Norman and Angie.

JONES.—In loving remembrance of our dear mother (Ellen Jones), who passed away at Ararat, 2nd January, 1919.

In dreams I see my mother's dear face,

And kiss her still, cold brow;

But in my aching heart I know

I have no dear mother now.

I will never forget you, mother, dear,

For true love never dies;

The dearest spot on earth to me

Is where my darling mother lies.

—Inserted by her loving son and daughter-in-law, Walter and Maggie, and grandchildren.

JONES.—In loving remembrance of our dear mother (Ellen Jones), who passed away at Ararat, January 2nd, 1919.

We watched beside your bedside, dear mother,

We watched you night and day;

Although we watched you closely,

We could not make you stay.

Her life was all love and labor.

Her heart for her children beat true;

She cheerfully did her duty—

What more could a mother do?

She has only crossed the way,

Into a brighter and more perfect day.

—Inserted by her loving daughter and son-in-law, Jessie and A. McNish, and grandchildrer (Wonthorai).