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"Editor TORCH,"

St. John, N. B.

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## TORCH.

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES,..... Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 20, 1878.

## ABOUT CITY TAXES.

The Assessor's figures this year show:

Real Estate valuation (East Side), \$10,253,300  
Personal " " " 7,398,100

A loss on realty since last year's assessment of \$350,000, and on personalty, in same period, of \$1,399,100.

Income valuation, for 1878, is \$1,921,600, or \$30,360 less than last year's.

The number of individuals assessed this year is 6240, as against 5856 last year—an increase of 384.

It might be concluded from these figures that the loss, by the fire of the 20th June, 1877, was over-estimated; or that the assessed value of the realty and personalty of the citizens was either under-estimated last year, or over-estimated this year. It is probable, however, that a careful valuation of the buildings put up since the fire, would reconcile these seeming differences, and show that none of these figures are very much out of the way. The total assessment on the east side for this year is \$250,299.35, or \$35,686.49 more than last year's. About \$30,000 of this increase is special and peculiar to the present year, and, with economical management on the part of the Common Council, may be dispensed with next year. But it is altogether probable that the fire, and new work since undertaken, will increase the permanent annual assessment about \$10,000 a year.

When it is to be remembered that this increase of taxation has to be levied on a valuation of realty, personalty and income, \$1,779,400 less than that of last year, the necessity for the utmost economy, in the management of civic affairs, will be easily seen. The need of husbanding and making the most of all sources of city revenue, is equally apparent.

GOOD WORDS FOR "TORCH."—For the many kind and eulogistic notices in public, as well as for the numerous cheering "good words" by private letters from journalistic fraters across the line, we feel deeply indebted, and, whether the TORCH, fanned by favoring breezes, sails along prosperously o'er the turbulent journalistic sea, or goes down in the whirlpool of impetuosity, "unwept, unhonored and unsung,"—we shall not soon forget the kindly sympathetic words of good cheer which have come to us so spontaneously from our many newly made, though unseen, friends in the United States. As brother Eugene Field so forcibly expressed it at the close of a friendly letter received from him the other day, "Let us shake hands across the continent" and be indissoluble friends.

Brethren,—especially friend Gillespie who gave us such a highly flattering notice in the last *Stamford Advocate*—we thank you sincerely for your kindness, and trust that you may all enjoy many years of happiness and prosperity in this life and unending bliss in the great hereafter.

Where the "devil" ceases grumbling,

When for "copy" he's in quest;

Where the "wicked cease from troubling,"

And the editor's at rest.

THE PHONOGRAPH.—During this week Mr. THAYER has given us a chance of examining this remarkable product of modern science. It is difficult for any one who has only read about it, to realize the simplicity of the mechanism of the Phonograph.

An iron cylinder, scored with a screw thread, and revolving on axles set in standards, is its writing desk; a sheet of common metallic foil neatly spread on the cylinder, its writing paper; and a steel needle, about an eighth of an inch long, its pen. This needle, attached to a spring, is placed under the mouth-piece of the machine so that its point enters the thread on the cylinder. The mouth-piece, is shaped like that of a speaking trumpet. On its underside is a thin iron plate, in the centre of which, and over the needle, is a small hole. Between the needle and the hole is a bit of rubber. Your voice, instead of your hand writes, on the Phonograph. Speaking sharply and distinctly into the mouth-piece you vibrate the iron-plate, causing the needle to indent the foil, and, as the cylinder is revolved, these indentings record the vibrations, or write down the sounds. To make the machine speak, you have to get back from these impressions the aerial vibrations which made them. To do this you have only to revolve the cylinder, so as again to pass the indentings under the needle—as the point passes over the impressions the plate vibrates, as when moved by the voice. It consequently gives back the vibrations, which previously fell on it, and so echoes what you said to it, word for word, tone for tone. If the foil were taken a thousand miles away, or kept for twenty years, and again placed in the Phonograph, it would echo you, as exactly. Instrumental sounds are repeated as readily as vocal.

Mr. Thayer and his assistants treat their visitors courteously and readily answer all sorts of questions about the talking machine. Y. M. C. A. Hall should be a popular resort while they are here.

"AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT."—*Grip* illustrates the Orange procession question by a cartoon. Mayor Beaudry, whose head is adorned with an ass's ears—is represented as holding in one hand his proclamation giving full liberty of riot to his friends and special constables, and with the other hand clinging to the skirts of Pope Leo XIII. On the other side of the picture is the British lion—clad in military uniform—and with the deed of the island of Cyprus, sticking out of his coat-tail pocket. The British lion, says to His Holiness—"I am the Leo, who governs Canada." Over the picture, is inscribed the legend:

"The British Constitution protects every citizen in the exercise of his legal rights. Party processions, &c., may be prohibited by LAW; but must not and shall not be put down by MOB VIOLENCE."

DOMINION POLITICS.—The Hon. S. L. TILLEY'S resignation of the Governorship has been accepted and Mr. TILLEY has commenced his canvass. At a Convention representing the various sections of the City and County, and held in Gardiner's Building on Monday evening last, Messrs. A. L. PALMER and GEO. E. KING were nominated to represent this constituency in the next Parliament, in opposition to the present Government. The meeting on Monday evening—was large, influential and enthusiastic. Mr. KING is already canvassing. Mr. PALMER'S professional duties, as Counsel for the OSBORNES, will keep him out of the field, for few weeks.

MESSES. DEVEEER and BURPEE have been "seeing their friends," and Mr. WELDON, is also preparing for the battle.

It is expected that the fight will be a square one—the electors, on both sides voting the whole ticket. The PREMIER and Mr. CARR-WRIGHT may come, and orate before the campaign is ended.

A COURTEOUS REJOINER.—A party of New York gentlemen, interested in aquatics, drove out on Tuesday afternoon to see the rival scullers. On arriving at McGowan's they were informed that Hanlan and his trainer had gone for a walk in the direction of Rothesay. Driving up the road they met Messrs. Hanlan and Scholes returning, and wishing to have a men's conversation, Mr. W., who was driving stopped the barouche, and said politely, "Mr. Hanlan, I should like the pleasure of shaking hands with you." The sculler replied gruffly, as he kept joggling along, "I ain't shaking hands to-day—my right arm's too sore." The reply may have been "cunning," but it was hardly courteous. He evidently thought so, a reflection, for when the barouche passed him again on the way back, he apologised for his abrupt manner, saying that he "never came about shaking hands when he's trainin'" Stopping at Goddard's a few minutes they were introduced to Ross, who did not appear too afraid of their handlon' his paws, judging from the hearty shake he gave them.

We direct attention to the Masonic Picnic and Bonnet Hop, under the banners of 'on Lodge, at Sussex, on Wednesday, the 14th inst. It will be a pleasant trip, and should be well patronized.