

BAN TER

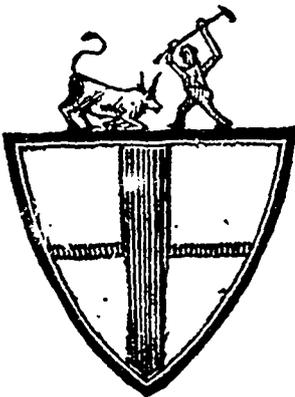
VOL. I.

HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 15, 1874.

NO. 8.

BANTER BROUGHT TO BOOK.

The Blank Coat of Arms.



The regular reader of our comical sheet will be surprised to learn that the fate of No. 7 was not what was anticipated. Instead of being hailed with open arms and cordial cheers by all Halifax, a little coterie of the Aristocracy were dissatisfied. At a moment when we hoped to have their unanimous support in our efforts to elevate the class even higher than they have hitherto stood in the estimation of sur-

rounding clubs and rings, we have not been appreciated. A check has been given us by verbal message instead of a cheque by way of approval, with an order for a dozen copies of BANTER annually. It was in this wise.

Seated in our Sanctum so remote from sublunary cares as was supposed, and as far as possible from the Lunatic Asylum, but rather near, we must confess to the Penitentiary, viz., the little house near the Tower woods, a Bachelor gentleman from Inglis street sought us out and proved to be an old acquaintance of our school-boy days. Without being personal, for obvious reasons, we may describe him as Mr. Blank, a very fair specimen of the Aristocratic element of the city for which our A. I. coat of arms was heralded in a previous issue of B. He will, doubtless, be recognized by many by his cultivated locks, as curly from nature as an ad-hoc Judges wig is made by the art of the African Barber, who makes his living by dying other peoples hair. His hat sat upon it with a jaunty air, until he took it off on introducing himself; his calf-boots were exquisitely fitted, his pants of the latest style, introduced by Baker and Johnson, known as the stove-pipe fashion, his gloves of size No. 7, lady's, and his cane from the 25c. lot exhibited by Colford, & Co. To be brief, he may be said to belong to that happy section of society, who toil not, nor spin, whose only anxiety in life is to stand well at the club—to give recherche dinners to a chosen few at his Bachelors Hall—to spend his leisure at the reading-room or gazing at the passers-by from the club windows, while he takes his glass of sherry and a Moir's biscuit by way of lunch, and, as preparative to a sumptuous dinner, to take a

constitutional walk without a companion, looking into the shop windows to admire the new styles and pretty bonnets, and to think how well a lady's pretty face might look in one of them when he may solicit her consent to have him and it, to set her heart upon.

The result of the interview after a courteous greeting may be given colloquially.

Blank.—I have called upon you, Mr. BANTER, to make a request—to ask a question or two—to say, in fact, that there is a wide spread feeling in the Aristocratic circles with regard to *Banter*.

Ban.—Very glad to it hear Mr. B., you know the Banter company are doing all they can to elevate that abounding class of our population, by finding their coats-of-arms where they have been lost, or forgotten, and by heralding their merits, determined to put an end to that erroneous but long prevalent impression that ours is only a Cod-fish Aristocracy or a Molasses nobility, that has nothing to stand upon but fish-flakes and the West India trade, but ———.

Blank.—Excuse me for the interruption, but you will not, I hope, be either jocose or angry. I want to ask you a serious question that affects the good or ill of every man in the community, I mean every man of eminence, every non-working man—every wealthy man—every man ——— in short.

Ban.—Ah, I perceive Mr. Blank. It's long since I learned the short catechism, but still I remember the answers. The chief end of man is ———.

Blank.—My dear Sir, don't dogmatize that way. I want to know now, to be plain, what your Banter Company are driving at? What ———.

Ban.—Why my good fellow, is it driving you mean. If you have come to invite me to take a drive in your dog-cart, I shall be most happy, as mine's not at hand, and I intend to go into the city as soon as I have finished penning this Heraldic notice No. 2, that ———.

Blank.—Ah, that's precisely what I wish to speak about. Allow me to say that I'm nominated by our committee, as a sub-committee of one, to call upon you for an explanation. They don't understand your intentions, in showing off our prominent citizens, or rather their forefathers, by describing their professions as you have begun in No. 7. Their Biography is uncalled for, and ———.

Ban.—Oh, excuse me Mr. Blank, uncalled for, do you say, ha! ha! Never more mistaken in your life my dear fellow.