

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED SUMMER?

THE business of getting into the swim . . . of being sun-tanned . . . of trotting about . . . from Grouse Mountain chalet to the Manoir Richelieu . . . of climbing mountain peaks or sitting on the sea sands . . . tang of pines or pungency of cod drying in the suns at Digby . . . Wherever you go, whatever you do . . . Mayfair will lead you . . . into pleasant places . . . into the sophistication of a gracious, buoyant life.

Summer, for Mayfair, means the gay resorts, the delightful garden parties, the sports of yachting, speed boating, swimming, tennis, polo . . . the brilliant, sun-tanned round of Society.

Get Mayfair on the news-stands the fifteenth of each month.

Peep into the future, with Mayfair. Here is what the next four months will mean for you:



AUGUST

Our Midsummer Number, vibrant with all that is stirring hereabouts in the good old summertime. The Gay Nineties were never gayier than 1930 will be. The garden parties, the animation of polo, yachting, motoring, tennis or golf, the fashionable life of our smartest summer resorts. In short, a scintillating revue of the people who go places and do things

SEPTEMBER

The harvest moon silvers life . . . and *Mayfair* mirrors it at its prettiest and merriest. The first thing you know the debs will be upon us for another season. Let's have done with summer's fashionable weddings and give heed to the oncoming autumn's happy days. The season is opening with renewed zest. People are returning to town . . . the parties are starting again. Life is awfully jolly

OCTOBER

The Paris Winter Collections . . . ah, here is important news for madame . . . and mademoiselle. Important, indeed . . . vital to tell the half of it. *Mayfair* returns from abroad . . . bringing le dernier cri of the haute couture . . . now we shall know what it is all about . . . authoritatively . . . from first hand sources. A year ago *Mayfair* was first in Canada definitely to tell the story of the new silhouette. We shall be equally alert for 1931

NOVEMBER

The debs . . . bless their fluttering hearts. Here is where we introduce them to you in all their bloom and excitement. The debs themselves . . . and the deb parties. What a whirl! We enter the season with a full knowledge that ere many weeks we shall be compelled to the rejuvenating resorts. But what of that . . . so long as it is merry while it lasts? London sends its clever fashions . . . Continental resorts beckon . . . joie de vivre!