

of man could make an *affaire-du-cœur* of giant lovers. The picture of a fair maiden, seven times the size of the damsels of to-day, plucking branches of a chestnut-tree to make a posy, would be grotesque if almost any one other than Mr. Wells had described it. Under his tactful treatment it is not grotesque. It is merely impossible. The pity is that it is all so purposeless.