

Plan to Ban Appeals To the Privy Council Is Suddenly Dropped

Drastic Clause Removed From Succession Duties Act Amendments Introduced in Legislature—Last-Minute Change of Heart by Cabinet Seen as Significant

MORE FUN THAN FRILLS AS EARLY SESSION OPENS

(By DOUGLAS R. OLIVER.)

(Staff Writer, The Globe and Mail.)

Somebody got cold feet; that's certain. The original draft of the Succession Duties Act amendments which the Hepburn Government has before the Legislature at the present time called, it is understood, for abolition of the right of Privy Council appeal on all Treasury matters. But the printed bill, as distributed in the House Wednesday, was minus this drastic provision. A hastily summoned and informal Cabinet meeting of Attorney-General Conant and barrister-members of the Government late Tuesday night is said to have produced the violent opposition that eventually overrode original recommendations.

All of which might or might not suggest that the oft-boasted disposition of the present Liberal Administration at Queen's Park to sever aged constitutional links and cut sharply away from tradition and ceremony may not be as serious or sincere as it is cracked up to be. True, Lieutenant-Governor Albert Matthews officially opened Wednesday's session without a Chorley Park in which to entertain, but there was, nevertheless, a measured, ringing note to his Throne Speech, and a quiet dignity to Speaker Norman Hipel's subsequent conduct of affairs which smacked cleanly of Mother of Parliament teachings and of things British. They effectively challenged increasingly handied opinion that fascism is at the door and Ontario may be shortly going to the bowwows.

More Fun Than Frills.

There was a lot more fun than formality at this hop-off of the

Twentieth Legislative Assembly. Premier Hepburn and Opposition Leader Macaulay furnished most of the entertainment with sly cracks about bicycle-courtin' days and the possible political motives behind the recent district grave-robbings. These two immaculately groomed and smooth-tongued gentlemen passed verbal bouquets across the House to each other with a careless, almost rapturous abandon utterly belying their inward feelings, and completely masking whatever prussic acid and thin-bladed knives they may have up their sleeves for future and less-co-operative occasions. Color was missing from the usually kaleidoscopic scene, except for the pinch-backed, stiffly creased post-war uniforms of the Governor's two aides; the daily purchased nosegay on the morning coat of Muskoka's Frank (Judge) Kelly,

and the rainbow string of medals that jingled upon the manly bosom of Colonel Fred Fraser Hunter with all the sensuous appeal of temple bells of Pesahawar and Wuzzi-Wuzzi in which he won "the bits o' hammered brass."

Bridge Game Broken Up.

Morning coats were almost as much at a premium as the once-customary, barked salute of attending 18-pounders, and were far less noisier. Because of the fact that Mr. Hipel had to be re-elected to a second term, and Hon. Colin A. Campbell, Sault Ste. Marie by-election victor, had formally to "take his seat," House proceedings were lengthier than usual, but directed by Clerk Alex Lewis, the mainspring who makes all this business go, they moved steadily to a satisfactory, sober, finale, witnessed in most casual fashion by crowded galleries and by at least a half dozen M.L.A.'s who had had to break up an important bridge game in a near-by lounge to be on hand for the first curtain.

Macaulay's Moods Changeable.

With the anticipated co-operation of Mr. Macaulay, the Government, as vouchsafed by Mr. Hepburn, hopes to wind up this emergency session sometime tomorrow. One can't be sure of that objective, however, because Mr. Macaulay's moods are subject to overnight transformations, and ever-mindful as he is of his strong-armed ejection from the House last year—an "achievement" to which he saw fit to refer Wednesday—he may keep the boys sitting until some one's Doomsday.

In any event, the legislators will

be paid \$20 a day for their deliberations—an expenditure from Old Man Ontario's purse that could be obviated by the simple process of adjourning the present performance over until mid-January or February and making the regular sessional indemnity do for both shows—and that payment is all to the merry, because October election costs still keep cropping up.

Genial Mr. Croll on Hand.

The once centre of Provincial controversy, Arthur W. Roebuck, did not attend, but his seat-mate-to-be, David A. Croll, was very much to the fore, his handclasp as friendly, his smile as infectious, as ever, and with nary a thought, to all outward appearances, of the

tempestuous sea into which they made him walk the plank last spring.

Cameras clicked incessantly after the affair was over, with green members posing in the best County Council fashion. The Premier and the Opposition chieftain draped arms about each other as if they believed in the old Frothblowers' slogan of "The more we are together the happier we'll be." About 4:20 p.m. the House was cleared and the moppers-up for the morrow were tossing brooms and sweepers about the place. Outside in the corridors a perennial groucher mumbled:

"It's a funny thing we can't have a tea party, too. The Tories are down there 'round the corner layin' it on in great style."