

and a minimum penalty of Two Hundred (\$200) Dollars is provided.

It is the intention of the Department at a later date to furnish all druggists with a copy of the regulations, together with a copy of the Opium & Narcotic Drug Act, with amendments to date.

Department of Health, Ottawa, July 28th, 1920.

### HARD LUCK.

I went to a ten-dollar doctor  
 With a thundering cold in my head.  
 He thumped on my chest, made a blood-pressure test,  
 And "Go get your teeth out," he said.  
 Despairing, I went to another  
 Distinguished and costly M. D.  
 He looked up my nose through a section of hose.  
 And "Go get your teeth out," said he.

I sought an expensive young surgeon  
 Who put an X-ray on my spine,  
 Wrote down the amount of my leucocyte count  
 And told me to say "Ninety-nine;"  
 And when he studied my tonsils  
 And tongue from above and beneath,  
 He said: "You must go to a dentist I know  
 And get him to pull out your teeth."

A specialist next I consulted,  
 A master of medical art,  
 And stripped to the bone while a portable phone  
 He fastened just over my heart.  
 He listened for six or eight minutes,  
 Then gulped in an ominous way  
 And murmured, "My lad, your condition is bad,  
 Those teeth must come out right away."

I shall leave all I have to my widow;  
 I know that it isn't a lot,  
 But she won't take it hard, for I'm only a bard  
 And a little is all I have got.  
 Three doctors have sagely assured me  
 That inside of a week I'll be dead,  
 Beyond the least doubt if my teeth don't come out—  
 And I haven't a tooth in my head.

—The Bloodless Phlebotomist.