



Freight Round Pro

PHILSFONTS.COM
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Freight Round Pro

Freight Round Pro is an ideal addition to the Freight Pro super series. Its smooth, friendly curves and uniform weight will make this family a favorite for food packaging, cosmetics and signage along with text and headlines for publications, ads and collateral.

Workhorses with style – Each of the ten Freight Pro families feature six precisely tuned weights with corresponding italics and extensive character sets including: small caps, ligatures, stylistic alternates, old style & tabular lining figures, contextual fractions plus support for over 40 Western and Central European languages.

AMERICAN CORNERSTONE
Freight Round Pro Light

The Velvet Fog
Freight Round Pro Semibold

WESTERN SWING
Freight Round Pro Book

Caveau de la Huchette
Freight Round Pro Bold Italic

BOTTLENECK SLIDE GUITAR
Freight Round Pro Book Italic

Pardon My Rhythm
Freight Round Pro Black

MILK COW BLUES
Freight Round Pro Medium Italic

HOTEL LOUISIANE
Freight Round Pro Black

East Texas Serenaders
Freight Round Pro Bold

BENNETTS LANE JAZZ CLUB
Freight Round Pro Light Italic

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Opera

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**Aspen
Whril**

**Aspen
Whril**

***Klutz
Cargo***

***Klutz
Cargo***

Light 9/11pt

MY FRIEND, MR. LEDBETTER, is a round-faced little man, whose natural mildness of eye is gigantically exaggerated when you catch the beam through his glasses, and whose deep, deliberate voice irritates irritable people. A certain elaborate clearness of enunciation has come with him to his present vicarage from his scholastic days, an elaborate clearness of enunciation and a certain nervous determination to be firm and correct upon all issues, important and unimportant alike. He is a sacerdotalist and a chess player, and suspected by many of the secret practice of the higher mathematics—creditable rather than interesting things. His conversation is copious and given much to needless detail. By many, indeed, his intercourse is condemned, to put it plainly, as “boring,” and such have even done me the compliment to wonder why I countenance him. But, on the other hand, there is a large faction who marvel at his countenancing such a dishevelled, discreditable acquaintance as myself. Few appear to regard our friendship with equanimity. But that is because they do not know of the link that binds us, of my amiable connection via Jamaica with Mr. Ledbetter’s past.

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In those days I was living in Jamaica, and Mr. Ledbetter was a schoolmaster in England. He was in orders, and already recognisably the same man that he is to-day: the same roundness of visage, the same or similar glasses, and the same faint shadow of surprise in his resting expression. He was, of course, dishevelled when I saw him, and his collar less of a collar than a wet bandage, and that may have helped to bridge the natural gulf between us—but of that, as I say, later.

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The talkative man had spoken enviously of crime. “The burglar,” he said, “is the only true adventurer left on earth. Think of his single-handed fight against the whole civilised world!” And Mr. Ledbetter had echoed his envy. “They DO have some fun out of life,” Mr. Ledbetter had said. “And about the only people who do. Just think how it must feel to wire a lawn!” And he had laughed wickedly. Now, in this franker intimacy of self-communion he found himself instituting a comparison between his own brand of courage and that of the habitual criminal. He tried to meet these insidious questionings with blank assertion. “I could do all that,” said Mr. Ledbetter. “I long to do all that. Only I do not give way to my criminal impulses. My moral courage restrains me.” But he doubted even while he told himself these things.

Light 14/16

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Book 9/11pt

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And now for the window, to make the burglary complete! Must he dare do that? Its position above the front door defined it as a landing or passage, and there were no looking-glasses or any bedroom signs about it, or any other window on the first floor, to suggest the possibility of a sleeper within. For a time he listened under the ledge, then raised his eyes above the sill and peered in. Close at hand, on a pedestal, and a little startling at first, was a nearly life-size gesticulating bronze. He ducked, and after some time he peered again. Beyond was a broad landing, faintly gleaming; a flimsy fabric of bead curtain, very black and sharp, against a further window; a broad staircase, plunging into a gulf of darkness below; and another ascending to the second floor. He glanced behind him, but the stillness of the night was unbroken. “Crime,” he whispered, “crime,” and scrambled softly and swiftly over the sill into the house. His feet fell noiselessly on a mat of skin. He was a burglar indeed!

He crouched for a time, all ears and peering eyes. Outside was a scampering and rustling, and for a moment he repented of his enterprise. A short “miaow,” a spitting, and a rush into silence, spoke reassuringly of cats. His courage grew. He stood up. Every one was abed, it seemed. So easy is it to commit a burglary, if one is so minded. He was glad he had put it to the test. He determined to take some petty trophy, just to prove his freedom from any abject fear of the law, and depart the way he had come.

He peered about him, and suddenly the critical spirit arose again. Burglars did far more than such mere elementary entrance as

Book 11/13pt

FOOTSTEPS! ON THE GRAVEL outside the house—and then the noise of a latch-key, the yawn and bang of a door, and the spitting of a match in the hall below. Mr. Ledbetter stood petrified by the sudden discovery of the folly upon which he had come. “How on earth am I to get out of this?” said Mr. Ledbetter.

The hall grew bright with a candle flame, some heavy object bumped against the umbrella-stand, and feet were ascending the staircase. In a flash Mr. Ledbetter realised that his retreat was closed. He stood for a moment, a pitiful figure of penitent confusion. “My goodness! What a FOOL I have been!” he whispered, and then darted swiftly across the shadowy landing into the empty bedroom from which he had just come. He stood listening—quivering. The footsteps reached the first-floor landing. Horrible thought! This was possibly the latecomer’s room! Not a moment was to be lost! Mr. Ledbetter stooped beside the bed, thanked Heaven for a valance, and crawled within its protection not ten seconds too soon. He became motionless on hands and knees. The advancing candle-light appeared through the thinner stitches of the fabric, the shadows ran wildly about, and became rigid as the candle was put down.

“Lord, what a day!” said the newcomer, blowing noisily, and it seemed he deposited some heavy burthen on what Mr. Ledbetter, judging by the feet, decided to be a writing-table. The unseen then went to the door and locked it, examined the fastenings of the windows carefully and pulled down the blinds, and returning sat down upon the bed with startling ponderosity.

“WHAT a day!” he said. “Good Lord!” and blew again, and Mr. Ledbetter inclined to believe that the person was mopping his face. His boots were good stout boots; the shadows of his legs upon the valance suggested a formidable stoutness of aspect. After a time he removed some upper

Book 14/16

HIS OUTLOOK WAS necessarily limited. The minute apertures between the stitches of the fabric of the valance admitted a certain amount of light, but permitted no peeping. The shadows upon this curtain, save for those sharply defined legs, were enigmatical, and intermingled confusingly with the florid patterning of the chintz. Beneath the edge of the valance a strip of carpet was visible, and, by cautiously depressing his eye, Mr. Ledbetter found that this strip broadened until the whole area of the floor came into view. The carpet was a luxurious one, the room spacious, and, to judge by the castors and so forth of the furniture, well equipped.

What he should do he found it difficult to imagine. To wait until this person had gone to bed, and then, when he seemed to be sleeping, to creep to the door, unlock it, and bolt headlong for that balcony seemed the only possible thing to do. Would it be possible to jump from the balcony? The danger of it! When he thought of the chances against him, Mr. Ledbetter despaired. He was within an ace of thrusting forth his head beside the gentleman’s legs, coughing if necessary to attract his attention, and then, smiling, apologising and explaining his unfortunate intrusion by a few well-chosen

Medium 11/13

GRAVE POSSIBILITIES FORCED themselves on his attention. Suppose they did not believe him, what would they do to him? Would his unblemished high character count for nothing? Technically he was a burglar, beyond dispute. Following out this train of thought, he was composing a lucid apology for “this technical crime I have committed,” to be delivered before sentence in the dock, when the stout gentleman got up and began walking about the room. He locked and unlocked drawers, and Mr. Ledbetter had a transient hope that he might be undressing. But, no! He seated himself at the writing-table, and began to write and then tear up documents. Presently the smell of burning cream-laid paper mingled with the odour of cigars in Mr. Ledbetter’s nostrils.

“The position I had assumed,” said Mr. Ledbetter when he told me of these things, “was in many respects an ill-advised one. A transverse bar beneath the bed depressed my head unduly, and threw a disproportionate share of my weight upon my hands. After a time, I experienced what is called, I believe, a crick in the neck. The pressure of my hands on the coarsely-stitched carpet speedily became painful. My knees, too, were painful, my trousers being drawn tightly over them. At that time I wore rather higher collars than I do now—two and a half inches, in fact—and I discovered what I had not remarked before, that the edge of the one I wore was frayed slightly under the chin. But much worse than these things was an itching of my face, which I could only relieve by violent grimacing—I tried to raise my hand, but the rustle of the sleeve alarmed me. After a time I had to desist from this relief also, because—happily in time—I discovered that my facial contortions were shifting my glasses down my nose. Their fall would, of course, have exposed me, and as it was they came to rest in an oblique position of by no means stable equilibrium. In addition I had a

Medium 14/16pt

AFTER AN INTERMINABLE time, there began a chinking sound. This deepened into a rhythm: chink, chink, chink—twenty-five chinks—a rap on the writing-table, and a grunt from the owner of the stout legs. It dawned upon Mr. Ledbetter that this chinking was the chinking of gold. He became incredulously curious as it went on. His curiosity grew. Already, if that was the case, this extraordinary man must have counted some hundreds of pounds. At last Mr. Ledbetter could resist it no longer, and he began very cautiously to fold his arms and lower his head to the level of the floor, in the hope of peeping under the valance. He moved his feet, and one made a slight scraping on the floor. Suddenly the chinking ceased. Mr. Ledbetter became rigid. After a while the chinking was resumed. Then it ceased again, and everything was still, except Mr. Ledbetter’s heart—that organ seemed to him to be beating like a drum.

The stillness continued. Mr. Ledbetter’s head was now on the floor, and he could see the stout legs as far as the shins. They were quite still. The feet were resting on the toes and drawn back, as it seemed, under the chair of the owner. Everything was quite still, everything continued still. A wild hope came to Mr. Ledbetter that the unknown was i

Medium 16/18pt

THE STILLNESS CONTINUED. What had happened? The desire to peep became irresistible. Very cautiously Mr. Ledbetter shifted his hand forward, projected a pioneer finger, and began to lift the valance immediately next his eye. Nothing broke the stillness. He saw now the stranger’s knees, saw the back of the writing-table, and then he was staring at the barrel of a heavy revolver pointed over the writing-table at his head.

“Come out of that, you scoundrel!” said the voice of the stout gentleman in a tone of quiet concentration. “Come out. This side, and now. None of your hanky-panky—come right out, now.”

Mr. Ledbetter came right out, a little reluctantly perhaps, but without any hanky-panky, and at once, even as he was told.

“Kneel,” said the stout gentleman, “and hold up your hands.”

The valance dropped again behind Mr. Ledbetter, and he rose from all-fours and held up his hands. “Dressed like a par

Semibold 18pt

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SUPERCONDUCTIVITY

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Semibold 30pt

Freightyards
AMBIVALENT

Semibold 36pt

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TOPSIDERS

Semibold 42pt

Midrange
SALTINES

Semibold 48pt

Bluejays
YODLER

Semibold 72pt

Gram
POKE

Bold 18pt

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Light Italic 9/11pt

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Light Italic 11/13pt

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A happy line that he had learnt from Wills’s “Mephistopheles” came into his mind as he crouched there. “I feel like a cat on the tiles,” he whispered to himself. It was far better than he had expected—this adventurous exhilaration. He was sorry for all poor men to whom burglary was unknown. Nothing happened. He was quite safe. And he was acting in the bravest manner!

And now for the window, to make the burglary complete! Must he dare do that? Its position above the front door defined it as a landing or passage, and there were no looking-glasses or any bedroom signs about it, or any other window on the first floor, to suggest the possibility of a sleeper within. For a time he listened under the ledge, then raised his eyes above the sill and peered in. Close at hand, on a pedestal, and a little startling at first, was a nearly life-size gesticulating bronze. He ducked, and after some time he peered again. Beyond was a broad landing, faintly gleaming; a flimsy fabric of bead curtain, very black and sharp, against a further window; a broad staircase, plunging into a gulf of darkness below; and another ascending to the second floor. He glanced behind him, but the stillness of the night was unbroken. “Crime,” he whispered, “crime,” and scrambled softly and swiftly over the sill into the house. His feet fell noiselessly on a mat of skin. He was a burglar indeed!

He crouched for a time, all ears and peering eyes. Outside was a scampering and rustling, and for a moment he repented of his enterprise. A short “miaow,” a spitting, and a rush into silence, spoke reassuringly of cats. His courage grew. He stood up. Every one was abed, it seemed. So easy is it to commit a burglary, if one is so minded. He was glad he had put it to the test. He determined to take some petty trophy, just to prove his freedom from any abject fear of the law, and depart the way he had come.

He peered about him, and suddenly the critical spirit arose again. Burglars did far m

Book Italic 11/13pt

FOOTSTEPS! ON THE GRAVEL outside the house—and then the noise of a latch-key, the yawn and bang of a door, and the spitting of a match in the hall below. Mr. Ledbetter stood petrified by the sudden discovery of the folly upon which he had come. “How on earth am I to get out of this?” said Mr. Ledbetter.

The hall grew bright with a candle flame, some heavy object bumped against the umbrella-stand, and feet were ascending the staircase. In a flash Mr. Ledbetter realised that his retreat was closed. He stood for a moment, a pitiful figure of penitent confusion. “My goodness! What a FOOL I have been!” he whispered, and then darted swiftly across the shadowy landing into the empty bedroom from which he had just come. He stood listening—quivering. The footsteps reached the first-floor landing.

Horrible thought! This was possibly the latecomer’s room! Not a moment was to be lost! Mr. Ledbetter stooped beside the bed, thanked Heaven for a valance, and crawled within its protection not ten seconds too soon. He became motionless on hands and knees. The advancing candle-light appeared through the thinner stitches of the fabric, the shadows ran wildly about, and became rigid as the candle was put down.

“Lord, what a day!” said the newcomer, blowing noisily, and it seemed he deposited some heavy burthen on what Mr. Ledbetter, judging by the feet, decided to be a writing-table. The unseen then went to the door and locked it, examined the fastenings of the windows carefully and pulled down the blinds, and returning sat down upon the bed with startling ponderosity.

“WHAT a day!” he said. “Good Lord!” and blew again, and Mr. Ledbetter inclined to believe that the person was mopping his face. His boots were good stout boots; the shadows of his legs upon the valance suggested a formidable stoutness of

Book Italic 14/16

HIS OUTLOOK WAS necessarily limited. The minute apertures between the stitches of the fabric of the valance admitted a certain amount of light, but permitted no peeping. The shadows upon this curtain, save for those sharply defined legs, were enigmatical, and intermingled confusingly with the florid patterning of the chintz. Beneath the edge of the valance a strip of carpet was visible, and, by cautiously depressing his eye, Mr. Ledbetter found that this strip broadened until the whole area of the floor came into view. The carpet was a luxurious one, the room spacious, and, to judge by the castors and so forth of the furniture, well equipped.

What he should do he found it difficult to imagine. To wait until this person had gone to bed, and then, when he seemed to be sleeping, to creep to the door, unlock it, and bolt headlong for that balcony seemed the only possible thing to do. Would it be possible to jump from the balcony? The danger of it! When he thought of the chances against him, Mr. Ledbetter despaired. He was within an ace of thrusting forth his head beside the gentleman’s legs, coughing if necessary to attract his attention, and then, smiling, apologising and explaining h

Medium 11/13

GRAVE POSSIBILITIES FORCED themselves on his attention. Suppose they did not believe him, what would they do to him? Would his unblemished high character count for nothing? Technically he was a burglar, beyond dispute. Following out this train of thought, he was composing a lucid apology for “this technical crime I have committed,” to be delivered before sentence in the dock, when the stout gentleman got up and began walking about the room. He locked and unlocked drawers, and Mr. Ledbetter had a transient hope that he might be undressing. But, no! He seated himself at the writing-table, and began to write and then tear up documents. Presently the smell of burning cream-laid paper mingled with the odour of cigars in Mr. Ledbetter’s nostrils.

“The position I had assumed,” said Mr. Ledbetter when he told me of these things, “was in many respects an ill-advised one. A transverse bar beneath the bed depressed my head unduly, and threw a disproportionate share of my weight upon my hands. After a time, I experienced what is called, I believe, a crick in the neck. The pressure of my hands on the coarsely-stitched carpet speedily became painful. My knees, too, were painful, my trousers being drawn tightly over them. At that time I wore rather higher collars than I do now—two and a half inches, in fact—and I discovered what I had not remarked before, that the edge of the one I wore was frayed slightly under the chin. But much worse than these things was an itching of my face, which I could only relieve by violent grimacing—I tried to raise my hand, but the rustle of the sleeve alarmed me. After a time I had to desist from this relief also, because—happily in time—I discovered that my facial contortions were shifting my glasses down my nose. Their fall would, of course, have exposed me, and as it was they came to rest in an oblique position of by no means stable equilibrium. In addition I had a slight cold,

Medium 14/16pt

AFTER AN INTERMINABLE time, there began a chinking sound. This deepened into a rhythm: chink, chink, chink—twenty-five chinks—a rap on the writing-table, and a grunt from the owner of the stout legs. It dawned upon Mr. Ledbetter that this chinking was the chinking of gold. He became incredulously curious as it went on. His curiosity grew. Already, if that was the case, this extraordinary man must have counted some hundreds of pounds. At last Mr. Ledbetter could resist it no longer, and he began very cautiously to fold his arms and lower his head to the level of the floor, in the hope of peeping under the valance. He moved his feet, and one made a slight scraping on the floor. Suddenly the chinking ceased. Mr. Ledbetter became rigid. After a while the chinking was resumed. Then it ceased again, and everything was still, except Mr. Ledbetter’s heart—that organ seemed to him to be beating like a drum.

The stillness continued. Mr. Ledbetter’s head was now on the floor, and he could see the stout legs as far as the shins. They were quite still. The feet were resting on the toes and drawn back, as it seemed, under the chair of the owner. Everything was quite still, everything continued still. A wild hope came to Mr. Ledbetter that the unknown was i

Medium 16/18pt

THE STILLNESS CONTINUED. What had happened? The desire to peep became irresistible. Very cautiously Mr. Ledbetter shifted his hand forward, projected a pioneer finger, and began to lift the valance immediately next his eye. Nothing broke the stillness. He saw now the stranger’s knees, saw the back of the writing-table, and then he was staring at the barrel of a heavy revolver pointed over the writing-table at his head.

“Come out of that, you scoundrel!” said the voice of the stout gentleman in a tone of quiet concentration. “Come out. This side, and now. None of your hanky-panky—come right out, now.”

Mr. Ledbetter came right out, a little reluctantly perhaps, but without any hanky-panky, and at once, even as he was told.

“Kneel,” said the stout gentleman, “and hold up your hands.”

The valance dropped again behind Mr. Ledbetter, and he rose from all-fours and held up his hands. “Dressed like a pa

Semibold Italic 18pt
Photodisintegrations
STEREOMICROSCOPY

Semibold Italic 24pt
Electromechanic
NIGHTCRAWLER

Semibold Italic 30pt
Fluegelhorns
AUTOMOBILE

Semibold Italic 36pt
Recumbent
TIMESHARE

Semibold Italic 42pt
Midterms
GOLDPAN

Semibold Italic 48pt
Brackish
WARBLE

Semibold Italic 72pt
Hosta
PACK

Bold Italic 18pt
Photodisintegration
STEREOMICROSCOP

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Host
PACK

Milk of Magnesia

Flying High

WITCH HAZEL

SKIN & HAIR CARE

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

HEALTH AND FITNESS

Freight Round Pro Light

Internet of Things

Code Ninjas

RICH MEDIA

DIGITAL COMMERCE

CHINA MOBILE LTD

SAMSUNG ELECTRONICS

Freight Round Pro Book

Self-driving cars

Electric Spaceship

DETROIT

LAS VEGAS

ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT SUPPLIER

APPLE CARPLAY

Freight Round Pro Medium

Power Cultivators

Wastewater Treatment

HYDRAULIC

TRUCK

AEROSPACE & DEFENSE

PARIS AIR SHOW

Freight Round Pro Semibold

First Energy

Rural Electric Cooperative

NICK'S UTILITY

EDISON

GOLTRY PUBLIC WORKS

BALTIMORE GAS & ELECTRIC

Freight Round Pro Bold

Stinky Tofu

Buttered Popcorn

NEAPOLITAN PIZZA

FAJITAS

PEKING DUCK

TEXAS PORK BARBECUE

Freight Round Pro Black

Fresh

The morning had begun badly. The coffee was cold and the bacon burnt. Angell Herald spoke to Mrs. Wiggins about it, and she had promptly given notice. In Mrs. Wiggins it was nothing new for her to give notice. She generally did so twice a week; but this was the third time during the current week, and it was only Tuesday. Angell Herald had been forced to apologise. He hated apologising—except to a client. Then there was an east wind blowing He disliked east winds intensely, they affected his liver.

On the way to the office he called in and had his hat ironed. He also bought a rose. He always buys a rose when there is an east wind, and he likewise always has his hat ironed; it mitigates the pinched expression of his features.

As he entered his office, he was conscious of not replying to Pearl's "Good morning." Pearl is Angell Herald's clerk, the only member of his staff. With somewhat ambiguous humour Angell Herald calls him "the pearl of great price," as every fortnight with painful regularity he asks for a rise—he never gets it. When Pearl is not asking for a rise, he is soliciting a half-holiday in which either to marry a friend, or bury a relative. Pearl is entirely lacking in originality. That is what makes him a most admirable clerk for an advertising man.

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Headline - Freight Big Pro Bold
Text - Freight Text Pro Book 14/16

Clever

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Text - Freight Macro Pro Book 14/16

Serious

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Text - Freight Micro Pro Book 14/16

Brilliant

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Text - Freight Neo Pro Book 14/16

Ultimate Rockstar

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Headline - Freight Sans Pro Bold
Text - Freight Macro Pro Book 14/16

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Headline - Freight Sans Condensed Pro Bold
Text - Freight Neo Pro Book 14/16

Industrious Terrific

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Optimum Embrace

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Headline - Freight Macro Pro Bold
Text - Freight Sans Pro Book 14/16

Headline - Freight Round Pro Bold
Text - Freight Text Pro Book 14/16

Phil's Fonts has been in the type business for over 30 years. The company evolved from one of the most well known and respected photolettering studios in the typesetting industry, Phil's Photo. Since 1990 Phil's Fonts has been distributing fonts from large and small foundries. The current selection offers over 100,000 fonts from type foundries and designers worldwide.

Phil's Fonts also specializes in creating custom typeface designs. Whether you need fonts for corporate identity, new products, magazine redesigns or for simple or complex licensing, Phil's Fonts can help solve your type issues.

GarageFonts was established in 1993 primarily as a vehicle to distribute some of the first typeface designs created for Raygun magazine. From the beginning, GarageFonts has been on the cutting edge of new typeface design, helping to change a once tiresome selection of typefaces into a new world of visual excitement. What started as a small library of trend setting designs has now grown to a varied collection of original, accessible text and display typefaces. GarageFonts has something for everyone.

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