

TYPES FOR TEXT

A SELECTION OF
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FOR BOOK TEXT

Sample text is from the first edition of
Anne of Green Gables by Lucy Maud Montgomery,
L. C. Page & Company, 1908.

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LINE LENGTH

23.5 Picas, 7	25 Picas, 153	12 Picas, 187
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ABBREVIATIONS OF OPENTYPE FEATURES AND FILE FORMATS

<i>Abbr.</i>	<i>Feature</i>	<i>Abbr.</i>	<i>Feature</i>
c2sc	caps to small caps	ordn	ordinals
case	case-sensitive forms	pnum	proportional numbers
dlig	discretionary ligatures	sinf	scientific inferiors
dnom	denominators	smcp	small caps
frac	automatic fractions	sup	superscripts
hist	historical forms	swsh	swash alternates
hlig	historical ligatures	tnum	tabular numbers
kern	kerning		
liga	ligatures		
lnum	lining numbers	<i>File Formats</i>	
numr	numerators	otf	OpenType CFF
onum	oldstyle numbers	pf	Type 1
		ttf	TrueType

23.5 PICA MEASURE

Alegreya

11/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic, Bold, Bold Italic, Small Caps
No features, but has glyphs for: dnom liga
lnum numr onum sinf sups tnum
otf

TOC

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Andada

9.75/15 x 23.5

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dnom frac kern liga lnum numr onum
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With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and the other

Baskervald

11.6/15 x 23.5

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otf

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Libre Baskerville

9.13/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic, Bold
dlig frac kern liga ordn sinf sups
otf

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10.7/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic, Bold, Bold Italic
Has glyphs for: dnom liga numr subs sups
otf ttf

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Bookman Light

10.25/15 x 23.5

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Light, Light Italic, DemiBold, DemiBold Italic
pfb

TOC

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Century Schoolbook L

10.3/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic, Bold, Bold Italic
pfb

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Charis

10/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic, Bold, Bold Italic
c2sc kern liga smcp
otf

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With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard,

Cormorant Medium

12.5/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Bold, Light, Medium, Italics, Small Caps
c2sc case dlig dnom frac kern liga lnum numr onum
ordn sinf smcp subs sups tnum
otf

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Crimson

11.5/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic, Semibold, Semibold Italic, Bold, Bold Italic

c2sc kern onum ordn pnum smcp

Glyphs for: liga sups subs

otf ttf

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DejaVu Serif

9.25/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic, Bold, Bold Italic
dlig kern liga
ttf

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[TOC](#)

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With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and the other with prim Lombardies. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen, for Mrs. Rachel would have seen it if there had been. Privately she

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From *Anne of Green Gables* by Lucy Maud Montgomery. L. C. Page & Co., 1908.

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Roman, Italic, Bold, Bold Italic
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TOC

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Roman, Italic, Medium, Medium Italic
c2sc frac kern liga onum smcp swsh
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TOC

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Sorts Mill Goudy

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Latin Modern 10

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Roman, Italic, Demi, Bold, Bold Italic, Small Caps
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TOC

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Linden Hill

12.3/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic

c2sc frac kern lnum onum ordn pnum

smcp sups tnum

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Roman, Italic, SemiBold, SemiBold Italic, Bold
c2sc dlig frac hlig kern lnum onum pnum
sinf smcp sups tnum
otf ttf

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Lora

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Roman, Italic, Bold, Bold Italic

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Roman, Italic, Bold, Light, Extra Light, ExtraBold, Cursive

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Has glyphs for: onum sups

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TOC

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With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and the other with prim Lombardies. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen, for Mrs. Rachel would have seen it if there had been. Privately she

Nimbus Roman No. 9

10.75/15 x 23.5

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Roman, Italic, Medium, Medium Italic

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With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and the other with prim Lombardies. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen, for Mrs. Rachel would have seen it if there had been. Privately she

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With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and the other with prim Lombardies. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen,

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With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard,

E. B. Garamond

12/16 x 25

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numr subs sups tnum
otf ttf

TOC

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Fanwood Text

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Roman, Italic

c2sc case frac kern lnum numr

pnum smcp subs sups

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TOC

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Gentium Book Basic

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Sorts Mill Goudy

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Roman, Italic

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lnum numr smcp subs sups
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TOC

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Linden Hill

12.3/16 x 25

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Roman, Italic

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Roman, Italic

c2sc case liga lnum onum pnum

sinf smcp sups tnum

otf

TOC

CHAPTER ONE

MRS. RACHEL LYNDE IS SURPRISED

Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped down into a little hollow, fringed with alders and ladies' eardrops and traversed by a brook that had its source away back in the woods of the old Cuthbert place; it was reputed to be an intricate, headlong brook in its earlier course through those woods, with dark secrets of pool and cascade; but by the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door without due regard for decency and decorum; it probably was conscious that Mrs. Rachel was sitting at her window, keeping a sharp eye on everything that passed, from brooks and children up, and that if she noticed anything odd or out of place she would never rest until she had ferreted out the whys and wherefores thereof.

There are plenty of people, in Avonlea and out of it, who can attend closely to their neighbours' business by dint of neglecting their own; but Mrs. Rachel Lynde was one of those capable creatures who can manage their own concerns and those of other folks into the bargain. She was a notable housewife; her work was always done and well done; she "ran" the Sewing Circle, helped run the Sunday-school, and was the strongest prop of the Church Aid Society and Foreign Missions Auxiliary. Yet with all this Mrs. Rachel found abundant time to sit for hours at her kitchen window, knitting "cotton warp" quilts—she had knitted sixteen of them, as Avonlea housekeepers were wont to tell in awed voices—and keeping a sharp eye on the main road that crossed the hollow and

wound up the steep red hill beyond. Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula jutting out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence with water on two sides of it, anybody who went out of it or into it had to pass over that hill road and so run the unseen gauntlet of Mrs. Rachel's all-seeing eye.

She was sitting there one afternoon in early June. The sun was coming in at the window warm and bright; the orchard on the slope below the house was in a bridal flush of pinky-white bloom, hummed over by a myriad of bees. Thomas Lynde—a meek little man whom Avonlea people called “Rachel Lynde's husband”—was sowing his late turnip seed on the hill field beyond the barn; and Matthew Cuthbert ought to have been sowing his on the big red brook field away over by Green Gables. Mrs. Rachel knew that he ought because she had heard him tell Peter Morrison the evening before in William J. Blair's store over at Carmody that he meant to sow his turnip seed the next afternoon. Peter had asked him, of course, for Matthew Cuthbert had never been known to volunteer information about anything in his whole life.

And yet here was Matthew Cuthbert, at half-past three on the afternoon of a busy day, placidly driving over the hollow and up the hill; moreover, he wore a white collar and his best suit of clothes, which was plain proof that he was going out of Avonlea; and he had the buggy and the sorrel mare, which betokened that he was going a considerable distance. Now, where was Matthew Cuthbert going and why was he going there?

Had it been any other man in Avonlea, Mrs. Rachel, deftly putting this and that together, might have given a pretty good guess as to both questions. But Matthew so rarely went from home that it must be something pressing and unusual which was taking him; he was the shyest man alive and hated to have to go among strangers or to any place where he might have to talk. Matthew, dressed up with a white collar and driving in a buggy, was something that

didn't happen often. Mrs. Rachel, ponder as she might, could make nothing of it and her afternoon's enjoyment was spoiled.

"I'll just step over to Green Gables after tea and find out from Marilla where he's gone and why," the worthy woman finally concluded. "He doesn't generally go to town this time of year and he *never* visits; if he'd run out of turnip seed he wouldn't dress up and take the buggy to go for more; he wasn't driving fast enough to be going for a doctor. Yet something must have happened since last night to start him off. I'm clean puzzled that's what, and I won't know a minute's peace of mind or conscience until I know what has taken Matthew Cuthbert out of Avonlea today."

Accordingly after tea Mrs. Rachel set out; she had not far to go; the big, rambling, orchard-embowered house where the Cuthberts lived was a scant quarter of a mile up the road from Lynde's Hollow. To be sure, the long lane made it a good deal further. Matthew Cuthbert's father, as shy and silent as his son after him, had got as far away as he possibly could from his fellow men without actually retreating into the woods when he founded his homestead. Green Gables was built at the furthest edge of his cleared land and there it was to this day, barely visible from the main road along which all the other Avonlea houses were so sociably situated. Mrs. Rachel Lynde did not call living in such a place *living* at all.

"It's just *staying*, that's what," she said as she stepped along the deep-rutted, grassy lane bordered with wild rose bushes. "It's no wonder Matthew and Marilla are both a little odd, living away back here by themselves. Trees aren't much company, though dear knows if they were there'd be enough of them. I'd rather look at people. To be sure, they seem contented enough; but then, I suppose, they're used to it. A body can get used to anything, even to being hanged, as the Irishman said."

With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard,

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