

I was hunched over the crib at 1:14 a.m., Allen key sticky with leftover coffee, instruction sheet folded into something unreadable. The living room smelled faintly of cardboard and takeout pho, and outside my window the streetcar clanked past like it always does at odd hours on Bloor. I must have dropped three screws by then. I still don't fully understand how that one side is supposed to slide in, but the baby was finally asleep in the bassinet in our bedroom, so I kept going. This is the part no glossy store shows you.



The weirdest part of the shopping day

Yesterday morning started at 9:00 a.m. With me, half awake, trying to navigate traffic toward a place I'd only read about online: Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto. I had a list scribbled on a coffee sleeve — crib, dresser, glider, maybe a changing table — and a vague plan to actually stick to a budget. Of course the Gardiner was congested and then there was that detour through Leslieville because of a film shoot. The whole neighborhood smelled like frying onions and wet pavement. I remember thinking, "If this works out, we're set. If it doesn't, at least we tried."

Walking into the warehouse felt like stepping into a different city block. The air was warmer inside, and there were displays that tried hard to look like cozy nurseries. Sales staff were polite but busy; one woman gave me a quick rundown of their nursery package deals in Toronto and then disappeared to help a couple deciding between a white crib and a natural wood one. I liked that they had several cribs in Toronto lined up, because seeing them in person made a difference — one crib looked much sturdier than the pictures suggested, another was cheaper but felt wobbly.

Why I hesitated

I almost left when a salesman quoted a price that made my stomach drop: "The full nursery set with the dresser and glider is \$1,299 after the discount." I said, out loud, "Is that including delivery?" He nodded, then added, "Plus assembly if you want us to do it." My brain did the math poorly right there in the aisles: \$1,299, plus assembly, plus tax, plus delivery to the third-floor walk-up we haven't renovated yet. My hands started to sweat.

I was torn because I like the idea of one-stop shopping. The store felt like a trusted baby furniture store in Toronto — lots of stock, package deals, and someone to call if a drawer sticks. On the other hand, I remembered a friend who paid less for a crib picked up from a small shop and assembled it herself at midnight with a headlamp. There were no easy answers. I asked a lot of questions: warranty length, wood finish, crib mattress thickness, whether the dresser fits through a narrow hallway. Most of the answers were practical, some were vague. I still

don't fully understand how their delivery scheduling works, but they did promise a weekday slot within two weeks.

What I actually bought (short list)

- A solid wood crib that converts to a toddler bed (the saleswoman said it was their best seller).
- A three-drawer dresser in the same finish.
- A glider chair that reclines slightly and squeaks a little, but in a way that already feels "home."

The texture of the decisions

There were small, surprisingly tactile moments that stuck with me. Running my palm along the dresser's top and worrying whether the finish would stain after inevitable spills. Sitting in the glider and noting the angle felt a hair too upright, but then imagining late-night feedings and deciding I could live with that. The clerk wrapped the receipt in brown paper like a sandwich and said, "We can hold it if you need **Get more info** time." That felt human and oddly reassuring.

The thing about nursery furniture is it suddenly makes your life about ergonomics and dimensions. I measured the nursery three times with a phone tape and still misread one number. I learned that the door to [Babywarehouse](#) the room opens inward, which eats into the space more than I anticipated. A friend on the Danforth warned me to leave space for a diaper caddy next to the glider, which, in the store, looked like an afterthought purchase but at home will probably be life-or-death at 3 a.m.

Delivery day and assembly

Delivery arrived at 9:30 a.m., right when the rain started to stop and the light in our hallway looked forgiving. Two delivery guys were efficient. They moved everything into the third-floor walk-up, politely cursing once at the narrow corners. The crib boxes were heavy, larger than I expected. They offered assembly for \$95. I almost said yes. Then I thought about the 1:14 a.m. Screwdriver vigil and took a deep breath. We agreed they'd assemble the crib and leave the dresser boxed — I wanted to do at least some of it myself.

Assembly was a mess of parts and Allen keys and a YouTube tutorial I had to pause and rewind three times. The crib instructions used one of those exploded diagrams that assumes you have the experience of an IKEA veteran. At one point I realized I had put a rail on backward, so I had to disassemble half of it. The glider squeaked in a way that made me laugh — it was exactly that kind of imperfect comfort. Cost so far: \$1,299 for the package, \$95 if I'd taken assembly, \$0 for pride when I finally tightened the last bolt.

Why this felt worth it

There's a small, warm satisfaction now when I walk into the nursery. The crib feels solid. The dresser drawers glide, mostly. The glider gives enough support for a late-night slump. More practical things matter: having a local place with stock meant I could swap a mattress the same day when I realized our original was too thin. It also matters that they had nursery furniture sets in Toronto that matched, so the room doesn't look like a thrift store of mismatched pieces.

I'll be honest: I still flinch at the receipt. I haven't fully reconciled wanting quality and trying to keep other life costs in check. But there's a comfort in knowing where to go if a drawer gets stuck or if the glider's fabric tears. The staff at Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto were available and not pushy, which, after a morning on Bloor with honking cars, felt like a small mercy.

A lingering thought

Late tonight I'll probably sit in that glider with a mug of tea and listen to the muffled city — the 510 bus braking, someone shouting "taxi" down the block — and nudge the crib rail to see if it rocks. I'm quietly aware that this is just one small area where we're trying to make things easier for a tiny person who will eventually make our carefully measured plans irrelevant. For now, the crib stands assembled, the drawer holds freshly folded onesies, and I can pretend I know what I'm doing. If you want to shop and avoid the midnight screw hunts, maybe ask about delivery windows and assembly prices up front. I learned the hard way that a seemingly small line item can make you rethink a whole budget.

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+1-416-288-9167 Mon to Tue 10am - 8pm Wed to Fri 10am - 7pm Sat 10am - 6pm Sun 11am - 5pm