

I was hunched over the curb on a wet Dundas Street, rain seeping through my sneakers, staring at a stack of cardboard and instruction sheets that promised my baby's future sleep. It was 9:14 p.m., the baby monitor still blinking on the kitchen counter, and I had just walked back from the Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto after arguing with a delivery guy about which staircase qualifies as "narrow." The whole thing felt like a trust exercise gone sideways.

The weirdest part of the showroom visit

I didn't plan to spend two hours at the warehouse. I went in for a quick look at cribs in Toronto because nothing I'd seen online made sense in person. The showroom smells like new wood and coffee. It was loud in that suburban mall way, fluorescent lights humming, a baby crying two aisles over. A salesperson with a name tag that said "Sam" showed me a bunch of nursery furniture sets in Toronto, all staged like magazine photos but with price tags that slapped me awake. Sam was friendly but busy, juggling three customers and a tablet. I liked that he let me try lowering a mattress to see the latch; it snapped with a reassuring thunk.

Why I hesitated at the convertible crib

Convertible cribs are everywhere. They promise longevity — crib to toddler bed to daybed — and I wanted to be practical. But the convertible models were heavier and uglier in person. There was also a warranty card the size of a passport. I still don't fully understand how the warranty works, because the terms were explained quickly and then lost to the din of a crying toddler and someone returning a dresser. My worry was that converting the crib later would require tools and an afternoon that I do not have.

The thing that sold me, finally

I ended up buying a simple drop-side style that met the Canadian safety standards and fit the tiny second bedroom we plan to use as a nursery. It had a lower price than the convertibles and felt sturdy. The salesperson mentioned a nursery package deals in Toronto that included a dresser and a glider, but I said no because the apartment already had an old rocking chair I wasn't ready to get rid of. I also liked that the mattress fit snugly with no gaps. That sounds basic, but I checked it three times.

Practical annoyances on delivery day

Delivery in Toronto is its own small opera. Our address is on a narrow street in Leslieville, and the delivery scheduler asked if there were stairs. I said yes, two flights, but I'd later learn their definition of two flights includes the step down from a raised porch. The delivery team arrived late, which I understand happens, but they were efficient once they showed up. Still, they quoted an extra \$45 because some steps were "steeper than average." I argued, then paid. The pain of arguing at 8:40 p.m. After three months of sleep deprivation is real.



What I wished I knew before shopping

I wish someone had told me to bring actual measurements and a tape measure, not just my "eyeballing skills." I also wish I'd inspected dressers & gliders at Toronto's stores more carefully for drawer soft-closes. I tested one dresser in the store and it slammed shut at the slightest push. Not comforting when you're half asleep with a newborn.

A short list of what I took to the warehouse that morning

- tape measure
- a photo of the nursery wall
- a mental budget that I promptly revised

How the prices felt, numbers and all

Prices surprised me. Cribs ranged from about \$180 for basic models to over \$900 for designer convertible sets. The nursery sets in Toronto were sometimes discounted if bought as a package — the Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto had a package where a crib plus dresser plus glider came to about \$1,700 after a "bundle" discount, which sounded decent until you factor in delivery and tax. I ended up spending roughly \$450 on the crib and \$60 on a mattress that a salesperson swore was breathable. I could be wrong about the breathability claim, but it felt like a selling point they used a lot.

The smell, sound, and small comforts

Setting up the crib later that evening, the apartment smelled faintly of rain and baby detergent. I was alone, assembling parts by the light of my phone because the overhead bulb had blown. The screws were labeled in a way that made sense only after I had tried three wrong assemblies. My hands got greasy. The sense of relief when the final bolt tightened was disproportionate to the task, but real. The crib looked like it belonged there, which calmed me more than I expected.

On trusting stores and warranties

I still don't fully understand the warranty paperwork, but I did the sensible thing and kept receipts, took photos of the serial number, and emailed the store after assembly with the model number. The store's site lists them as a trusted baby furniture store in Toronto. I don't want to be dramatic about trust; I just prefer to have documentation if something goes wrong.

Why I didn't buy everything at once

I didn't buy a nursery package that included a dresser and glider because the apartment layout makes me think twice about big furniture. Also, gliders in the showroom seemed comfier than they were when you realize the fabric will collect spit-up and crumbs. So I promised myself to wait, try secondhand stores, and maybe buy a glider later with a sale.

If you're going out to shop baby cribs in Toronto, here's what I'd tell you casually

Bring www.babywarehouse.ca Canada tape measures. Wear something comfortable. Budget more time than you think. Expect odd fees for delivery if your building has quirks. Ask how the store handles returns and keep photos of everything. Check if the store has nursery package deals in Toronto if you want one-stop shopping, but don't let the package sell you on pieces you don't have space for.

As I tucked the crib mattress into place that night, lights dimmed, rain softened, I felt a small quiet confidence. Not the triumphant kind, just the "we did a thing" kind. There's still a to-do list — baby monitor placement, blackout curtains, sanity-restoring snacks — but the crib is the literal and figurative center right now. I swallowed my uncertainty like a pill and went to sleep sitting in the old rocking chair, the city noises of Danforth muffled by the window. Tomorrow I'll call about that warranty question again.

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