

I was hunched over the receipt at 4:23 pm, the store's fluorescent lights buzzing above me, while rain tapped a slow rhythm on the car roof. I had just driven home from the Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto off Kingston Road for the third time in two months, a receipt crumpled in my pocket and a notebook full of scribbles. The van outside honked because of the traffic on the Don Valley Parkway, and I felt ridiculous and stubborn at once.



The weirdest part of the morning

I walked in with mud on my boots and a stroller full of samples, because that's how parent-brain works now. The clerk recognized me, which felt both comforting and slightly creepy, like when your barista remembers your weird order. She remembered that I had hesitated about getting the convertible crib, mentioned the queen-size mattress option I couldn't stop fretting about, and told me there was a nursery package deal in Toronto that would shave off \$150 if I bought the dresser with the glider.

The store smelled like new wood and lemon cleaner. You could hear a baby monitor demo in the next aisle and someone arguing softly about the right height for a changing table. I tested three dressers, opened drawers, whacked a drawer front with my palm, and made the clerk laugh by measuring the dresser height against my own waist. She joked that these are the kinds of measurements parents don't think about until they assemble a dresser at midnight. I laughed because it was true.

Why I hesitated

Before we had this upcoming little person, I thought choosing furniture was supposed to be serene and Pinterest-adjacent. It is not. There are too many options and too many opinions. I still don't fully understand how their layaway billing works, but I know the numbers that made me pause: the crib was \$499, the dresser was \$349, the glider was \$429, and the nursery set with matching pieces would have been \$1,199 if I bundled it. Those prices felt reasonable until tax and delivery added about another \$120, and my mental math unraveled.

Part of me also worried about commitment. A crib is a big piece of furniture. Is it safe? Does it match the room in our 1920s semi on Dundas East? Will the finish chip if our toddler discovers art supplies inside the drawers? Lots of small, practical anxieties you couldn't sell me on with a glossy brochure.

The clerk — patient, real, not a salesperson robot — answered the safety question first. She showed me the crib's certification stickers, explained the mattress fits snugly with a 2.5 cm gap, and told me how they routinely inspect returned floor models. She also pointed out a slipperier point I hadn't considered, the delivery window. "Two to

three weeks," she said, "if you're in the city, sometimes sooner." Two to three weeks felt like forever and like nothing, depending on how you measure time when you're nesting.

What I actually brought with me

- a sketch of the nursery with exact wall measurements
- a paint swatch named 'Soft Fog' that clashed with half the cribs
- my partner's phone with the IKEA manual saved for comparison
- a budget: \$1,200 top limit

The pros I listed in my notebook were blunt and immediate. The store had several cribs in stock that matched our aesthetic, the dressers felt solid, and the glider was not a torture device like one I tried at another place on Queen Street. The cons were equally practical: parking at that strip mall is always a mess, the delivery fee fluctuates depending on stairs, and I couldn't get a straight answer about assembly fees over the phone.

Why I went back again

The first trip was research. The second was to try the glider for a full 20 minutes at 9:45 am, because that hour felt less chaotic and the staff weren't as busy. I learned that my neck hates certain cushions, and that my partner and I disagree on armrest firmness. The third trip, yesterday, I went to make peace with the cost and to commit.

Part of the return was emotional. When I left after the second visit, I still liked the place. It felt like a local shop with knowledgeable staff, not a big-box store that sells everything and knows nothing. They had the nursery furniture sets in Toronto we actually liked, ones that reflected someone had cared about proportions and drawer depth. They also had a small stack of floor model cribs on discount, which made me feel like a tight budget could actually get us a decent crib. The floor model I picked had a small scuff that the clerk photographed and knocked \$25 off without me having to ask.

The small frustrations that are real

The parking lot is a sore point. Finding a spot near the door is almost a sport, and on rainy days like yesterday, the lot floods in one corner. I pulled into a spot, jumped puddles, and then wrestled the stroller into the trunk while the clerk held an umbrella over her head as she walked a delivery team through stairs at [baby & kids cribs](#) 10:14 am. The delivery scheduler is another odd thing. They called me at 3:02 pm to confirm a 9 am to 12 pm window, and then sent a second text at 8:53 am saying trucks were running late, now expecting noon to 2 pm. I should be angry, but instead I made coffee and read the manual like a novel.

What went right

The final damage to my wallet was less dramatic than I feared. With a small discount and a \$60 delivery promo code they offered because I had visited three times, the total came to \$1,165 including tax and delivery. Not tiny, but manageable. The assembly option was \$80 and worth every penny to someone who has attempted flatpack furniture at 2 am.

There are some nitty-gritty I should admit I still don't get. The warranty felt vague, written in tiny type, and I didn't ask enough questions about what would void it. Also, I am still not sure how their return policy handles mattresses if the baby ends up preferring to sleep in our bed for six months. These are dumb, new-parent worries. We all have them.

Why I keep recommending them, quietly

I recommend the trusted baby furniture store in Toronto to friends who ask, but I do it with qualifiers. If you want a boutique look without boutique pricing, if you want people who will answer the small dumb questions like "will

this fit under my window?" And "is the finish kid-friendly?" Then this place is worth a drive through traffic. They also carry cribs in Toronto styles I liked, and when you're trying to shop baby cribs in Toronto with limited patience, having someone hold a sample mattress while you measure is unexpectedly helpful.

So I left with a plan: delivery on Wednesday between noon and two, a glider that folds up surprisingly well for a tight second bedroom, and a dresser that, fingers crossed, will survive our first art project. I still had mud on my boots when I got home, and there was a smell of lemon on the receipt. The rain stopped by the time the sun slipped through the clouds over Leslieville, and I made a small, satisfied sound that only people who have finally bought a crib understand. I am not an expert. I'm just someone who tested the glider for far too long and finally trusted a place enough to come back. That felt like enough for today.

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