

I was hunched over a crib slat in the back of my car, the trunk open to the rainy Leslieville morning, trying to line up a screw I somehow lost while crawling around like a human pretzel. The rain blurred the tail lights of the traffic on the Don Valley Parkway, and my phone said 10:42 a.m. I still don't fully know how Allen at the store thought those tiny screws would fit without an extra pair of hands, but there I was, knees wet, swearing softly and grateful I had brought an umbrella.

Why I went to three stores in one week

I had a list longer than my receipt from the coffee shop. My partner wanted something "timeless," and I wanted to actually fit a changing pad on top of the dresser without feeling like a contortionist. I spent two afternoons going from Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto near Dufferin to a small showroom in Roncesvalles and a chain outlet on the east end. The traffic between them made the whole thing feel like a scavenger hunt with an infant registry as the prize.

What I cared about, in practical terms, boiled down to a few stubborn things: safety, storage, how it would age with the kid, and whether I could actually assemble the thing without calling a friend. I know those are boring priorities, but they mattered more to me than a catalogue photo.

The weirdest part of the showroom visits

Showrooms have that smell — new wood and a trace of paint. One salesperson kept saying "nursery furniture sets in Toronto" like it was a magical phrase that would close the sale. Another insisted every crib certified to certain standards was equally fine. I still don't fully understand the differences between some certifications, but I did learn one thing quickly: test the mattress in the store if you can. Lay on it. Sit on it. Put your hand on the slat spacing. It felt ridiculous, but it gave me immediate clarity.

I ended up asking odd, specific questions that mattered to me. How high does the crib mattress go for those first months? Can the dresser drawers take the weight of folded towels and the toddler's toy chest? Do they sell matching dressers & gliders at Toronto's stores or only online? Salespeople were helpful some of the time, vague at others. One quote stuck in my head: "We can do a nursery package deal for \$1,199" — but then the delivery fee and assembly bumped it to \$1,420. I like numbers, even when they sting.

Why I hesitated on the convertible crib

The idea of a crib that converts into a toddler bed sounded sensible on paper. Save money long term, right? But when I measured my tiny second-bedroom-turned-nursery, the crib plus a toddler bed conversion would eat the room. I had to force myself to prioritize usable floor space for play mats and nighttime diaper changes over the romance of "grows with baby."

I spent an hour measuring, holding a tape measure against the baseboard heater, making a sketch with pencil lines that looked embarrassing next to the glossy brochures. That was when I realized a lot of the marketing is about selling you the idea of future convenience rather than the immediate reality of fitting a glider and a dresser into a 9 by 11 room.

My short list of what I brought to decisions

- tape measure, phone with photos of the room taken at midday light, and a small notebook with actual measurements
- a rough budget: \$800 to \$1,500 for crib plus dresser, with wiggle room for a glider if the deal made sense
- patience, which I probably left in a coffee shop somewhere near Yonge and Bloor

The day I bought something



It was a grey Saturday, the kind of low-contrast light that makes everything look softer. I finally walked into the Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto again, found a set that matched the wood tone we liked, and the salesperson remembered me. He pulled up a nursery package deal that included a crib, dresser, and a glider for \$1,350 with free local delivery if I booked the week. The glider wasn't the plushest I've ever sat in, but the dresser drawers had felt-lined top drawers, and the crib's slat spacing was solid. Practical wins.

I asked about return policies and assembly. The fine print had a 30-day return window, but delivery fees on returns are on you. Assembly for \$120 sounded fair, considering the time and the number of screws that had already betrayed me in the parking lot. I booked the delivery for a Wednesday between 9 a.m. And noon, knowing full well Toronto traffic would make that an optimistic window.

The delivery day, and the small disasters

Delivery crews arrived at 10:05 a.m., which was pretty good. They were two guys who moved furniture like people who had regretted their career choices once or twice. The crib came with an instruction manual that seemed to assume I could levitate. There were extra screws; that calmed me for reasons I can't explain. The dresser was heavier than it looked. The glider squeaked in a way that only stopped after one of the delivery guys tightened a bolt under the seat.

A minor frustration: the mattress the store recommended was one size off from the one I had at home, apparently because I had misread the label months ago when I bought it online. So back to the store I went. They swapped it without a fuss, which felt like a small victory in an otherwise screw-filled saga.

What I wish I knew before I started

I wish someone had told me to measure the doorframes and the hallway, not just the room. My first dresser choice almost didn't make it up the stairs because I didn't factor in the 90-degree turn at the landing. I wish I had pushed harder on warranty details and checked online reviews for after-sale service. I also wish I had accepted that a perfectly styled nursery on Instagram is not necessarily the most functional space for middle-of-the-night diaper blowouts.

Final damage to my wallet, roughly

The crib and dresser set: about \$1,100. Glider: \$250 as part of the package. Assembly and delivery combined: \$160. Mattress swap and small extras: \$90. Total around \$1,600. I can hear some friends groan; I can also hear

other friends say that's a reasonable, not flashy set. My partner and I agreed we paid more for the pieces fitting our day-to-day life than for a designer name.

A lingering thought

Now, two days after assembly, I keep walking into the nursery just to see how the light hits the crib at 7:15 a.m., when the sun slides through the blinds at that weird angle that makes everything look gentle. I still don't fully understand some of the safety labels and there's a drawer that sticks if you put too many onesies in it. But it feels lived in already. If you are shopping in Toronto, expect traffic, take measurements like you're in a geometry exam, and bring [You can find out more](#) patience. And if you want a practical place to peek at real pieces, Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto was where I found my set — they had most of the items I wanted in stock and were willing to show me matching dressers & gliders at Toronto's different price points.

I'll probably regret the glider squeak every time I sit down for a midnight feed, but I also know that in a year I'll forget the specific sound and remember the way the room felt the first time we swaddled the baby in that crib. Small victories, small frustrations, and a lot of screws.

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