

I was hunched over a half-assembled crib at 11:47 pm, Allen keys scattered like tiny metal confetti on the living room rug, and the hallway light from the building across the street flickering like it was judging my parenting choices. Outside, Bloor Street traffic was a steady hum — one of those nights where the streetcar brakes sing and a cab horn breaks through like punctuation. I had just come back from the Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto with a receipt warm [Baby Warehouse baby gear](#) in my pocket and a mild headache from negotiation.

The weirdest part of the store visit

The warehouse smells like pine cleaner and bubble wrap. I wandered in, and a salesperson who introduced herself as Maria asked if I wanted to see nursery package deals in Toronto. I thought package deals meant matching crib, dresser, and maybe a glider. Turns out, they mean you can pick a crib, dresser, and changing top and get a bundled price that convinced my practical brain to stop overthinking color palettes.

Maria was patient, which I appreciated because I still don't fully understand how crib conversion kits work, and I asked about it three times. She pulled up an iPad with pictures and a handwritten price sheet. The warehouse quote for the crib-dresser-glider combo came in about 30 to 40 percent cheaper than buying each piece separately at a boutique store downtown. I scribbled numbers on a napkin. The whole place smelled faintly of coffee and sawdust, which somehow made furniture shopping feel less like a decision and more like a craft fair.

Why I hesitated (and then caved)

I hesitated for two reasons. One, our apartment is small, and I was terrified of buying something that would make the nursery feel like it swallowed the living room. Two, I kept picturing delivery issues — elevators that were too narrow, delivery guys who would call and say "We're five minutes away" and then not show up for three hours. Both fears are legitimate here in Toronto, especially in midtown where delivery trucks jockey for space on already narrow streets.

What finally pushed me was the price and the fact that the package came with a solid, non-cheesy glider. My partner and I had agreed we needed a real place to sit while feeding and pretending not to cry. The salesperson said the warehouse has done dozens of nursery furniture sets in Toronto and offered to include white glove delivery for a small extra fee. White glove sounded extravagant, but the thought of assembly frustration at midnight sealed it.

What I actually bought

- a convertible crib labeled as "three-stage" that the salesperson assured would go from infant to toddler bed
- a matching dresser with a changing top attachment
- the glider chair, dark grey and surprisingly compact

I compared that to a crib-only price I found at a boutique in Leslieville and realized the package saved us roughly \$450. I still don't fully understand every spec, like the difference between JPMA certification and other safety stamps, but I read the safety label, checked for recalls on my phone in the aisle, and felt okay enough.

Getting it home was, predictably, a saga

Delivery day arrived on a humid Saturday. The scheduler called at 8:05 am to confirm, then called again at 9:43 am to say they were stuck in traffic on the DVP. I watched traffic cams and considered driving to the warehouse myself, but then the idea of maneuvering a crib through morning rush hour and into a stroller-laden elevator made me reconsider.

The delivery crew showed up at 2:30 pm. Two polite men who smelled faintly of cologne and diesel, armed with straps and confidence. Our building's elevator is the size of a broom closet, which should have been a red flag. They made it work by taking apart the crib partially and reassembling in the hallway. I stood in the stairwell like an anxious referee, offering water and direction. At one point, a neighbour stuck her head out and asked if they could lower the temperature in the building, which I thought was a fair request.

Assembly took longer than the promised "under an hour." There were extra screws, an instruction diagram that presumed architectural degrees, and a stray Allen key that disappeared under the radiator. At 3:58 pm, we finally had a standing, not-wobbly crib. I sat in the glider and felt like I should have cried or at least done a small happy dance, but instead I checked the mattress fit once more and made a grocery run.

Small frustrations that matter

I am not a perfectionist, but some things that would have helped: clearer communication on delivery windows (a two-hour slot would have been fine), better instructions for converting the dresser into a changing station, and not labeling everything only by SKU so I had to ask which leg went where. The glider squeaks a tiny bit when you lean back, which is the kind of thing you notice two weeks later at 2 am.

Also, sales tax and the way the discount was applied on the invoice? Confusing. I got a bundled number and then the invoice had line items that made my brain flip between calculator apps. The salesperson did explain it, but I still double-checked because, well, baby budget.

Why I liked using a package deal



The major plus was less decision fatigue. Picking paints and mobiles can be fun, but after a long week of prenatal classes and reading every blog post about swaddling, having a ready-made set was soothing. The pieces matched. The tones didn't fight the Ikea bookshelf we already owned. And the overall cost was reasonable for this city. For context, a comparable crib alone at a downtown boutique was about \$300 to \$500 more before taxes.

A short list of what I brought to the appointment, which helped later when we were comparing options:

- a floor plan photo of the nursery wall
- rough measurements of the elevator
- a budget range written on a napkin

How it feels now

At night, with the city muffled and the glow of the corner store across the street coming in, I sit in the glider and think about all the things we don't know. Will the crib convert as smoothly as they said? Will the dresser drawers hold more than tiny onesies? Will the delivery guys remember us if we need an extra screw in six months? I don't know. But the room looks like a room now and not a storage closet.

If you find yourself in Toronto and overwhelmed by choices, the Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto was a useful stop. You can shop baby cribs in Toronto many places, but for me, the nursery package deals in Toronto balanced price and convenience. I still have questions about warranty paperwork and I probably agonize over mattress firmness more than I should, but there is comfort in having the big pieces sorted.

Tomorrow I'll tape samples of paint on the wall and stare at them while the streetcar clicks by. For now, I close the bedroom door, listen to the faint squeak of the glider, and try to picture late-night feedings as something other than a logistical problem. It helps that the glider is just the right size for a sleep-deprived adult and a small, imaginary baby. The city hums outside, and inside, the nursery finally feels like it could hold [Babywarehouse](#) us.

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