

I was crouched in the middle of the store aisle at 3:15 p.m., elbows on a box of mattress protectors, trying [BabyWarehouse cribs](#) to decide if the gray crib looked less gray in fluorescent light or in the pale sunshine that leaks through my apartment windows on Danforth. The parking lot had been a disaster — six cars deep waiting for a spot, someone honking like it was the end of the world — but inside Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto it somehow calmed me down. Too many options to panic about, and a helpful salesperson who actually let me stand there and breathe for a minute.

The weirdest part of the visit

The place smells [Babywarehouse](#) faintly of new wood and baby powder. There's a constant background hum of the city, muffled by the store's doors: delivery trucks from Ossington rumbling by, a bus stalling at the corner. I walked in with vague ideas — white crib, changing table, a glider if the bank account allowed — and two hours later I had a scribbled list, a screenshot of a nursery set, and a wallet that felt a little lighter.

I learned quickly that cribs in Toronto come in a lot of "whites" and "creams." One staff member told me a crib set was on sale for \$549, which sounded reasonable until I added a mattress, assembly, and a "safety kit" that the site insisted I needed. I still don't fully understand how the pricing for accessories is structured, but I did write down a final number: \$780 for the crib, mattress, and basic assembly. The sticker shock was real, but so was the relief when I tested the slats and the finish with my hand. It felt solid.

Why I hesitated

I stood in front of a nursery set display in the middle of the store for a good 10 minutes, watching a toddler run circles around a display chair and a woman from the staff gently redirect him. The set looked perfect in the staged corner — dresser, crib, matching changing top — but I kept thinking about delivery. Are they going to make me lug a dresser up three flights? The website promised "delivery to most Toronto areas," which is not exactly a promise in my head. I asked: delivery to the apartment building on Queen West, third-floor walk-up, during rush hour. The answer was, "We can do weekday delivery; fee depends on distance and stairs." No hard number. I left the store and called my partner from the car, arguing about whether the delivery fee would be more than the glider I wanted.

What I actually bought (short list)

- convertible crib (white, mid-size)
- mattress, firm, 5-inch
- dresser with changing top attachment
- mattress protector
- assembly service

That list doesn't include the tiny things that added up: two screws the staff insisted were "optional" but probably not, a warranty for \$39, and tips. I paid roughly \$1,050 in the end. Not a bargain, not a splurge, just...a thing you spend when you're trying not to overthink everything.

The glider saga

I had my heart set on a glider. When I sat in the display models, the one I liked cost \$399. It was soft but not too soft, with a fabric that didn't scream "baby vomit stains welcome." The salesperson said the glider often ships separately and might arrive a week later. A week felt like forever, but I put it on hold. Two phone calls later, and I learned a lesson: inventory listed on the floor isn't always the same as what's in their back warehouse. The glider

actually came in two days, which was a pleasant surprise. I was surprised again when I realized gliders are heavy — carrying one down a narrow hallway in my apartment was a small, sweaty workout.

Why the store made a difference for me

I had spent evenings scrolling "shop baby cribs in Toronto" on my phone, looking at photos that were all staged to look like the nursery of a lifestyle influencer. Seeing furniture in person mattered. I knocked on the dresser, opened drawers, checked that the crib converts to a toddler bed (important to me) and that the slats felt secure. The staff answered specific questions without sounding rehearsed, like where to get replacement screws and how the mattress returns work if it doesn't fit. They also mentioned nursery package deals in Toronto for those who want the whole set — dresser, crib, and glider bundled — which would have saved me about \$120, had I been ready to commit.

Small frustrations that felt big

- the signage in the store was helpful but not consistent; one aisle labeled "cribs" had newborn mobiles tucked behind stacked boxes
- checkout was slow because the POS system needed an "override" for a discount and the manager was on a smoke break, which felt like forever at 5:30 p.m.
- the delivery estimator online is vague; they asked for my postal code and then said they'd call with a fee estimate later

But these were the kind of small, human things that made the experience real, not perfect.

A few sensory notes about Toronto that kept sneaking into my choices

I picked a stain-resistant fabric for the glider because of rainy walks back from the subway on College — an impromptu coffee and a wet stroller can make anything messy. I chose a mattress height that would fit through my narrow stairwell and under low ceilings in older apartment buildings in the Annex. I also kept picturing bedtime in a condo near the lake, windows open in June, and our neighbor's late-night laughter wafting up through the sash. Practical things, but they're the ones that stick.

The trusted baby furniture store vibe

Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto didn't feel like a boutique, and it didn't feel like a big-box warehouse either. It felt like a middle ground: friendly enough to ask for advice, organized enough to compare nursery furniture sets in Toronto side by side, and close enough to my neighborhood that I could pop back if something didn't fit. I appreciated that they had a "trusted baby furniture store in Toronto" vibe without a lot of pressure. A salesperson told me, casually, that assembling the crib themselves had saved someone a week of sleeplessness, which made me laugh and book the assembly on the spot.

One awkward moment: measuring my hallway

I measured my hallway twice, in the store and again in the car, and still managed to buy a dresser that barely fits through my front door. The delivery team handled it by taking the dresser apart in the hallway. I watched them unscrew the legs and slide it through, then reassemble it like surgeons. It took 45 minutes and \$55 in delivery fees. I learned to be more paranoid about measurements, but also to accept that some things are best left to people who do this every day.



Night one, lying awake

The nursery is not done. I still need a rug and a light that doesn't flash like a studio. But last night, when I lay on the couch and listened for the city — a siren two blocks over, someone laughing on Dundas, a garbage truck — I felt oddly calm. The crib was assembled, the glider sat in the corner with a little blanket, and the dresser hummed gently when the building's heating kicked in. I still don't fully understand the returns policy or whether I should have bought the extended warranty. I know I made compromises. I also know that having touched the furniture, tested the drawers, and watched a delivery team take care of the awkward bits made the whole process less stressful.

If you're shopping around Toronto and you read this: go see at least one place in person. Even if you end up ordering elsewhere, you'll sleep better knowing what the furniture actually feels like. For me, after visiting Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto and walking back to the car with a receipt in my pocket and a glider strap across my shoulder, that was worth it.

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