

I was hunched over the passenger seat at 10:14 a.m., wincing as a delivery truck squealed past on Queen East, because I had just realized my stroller did not fit in the trunk with the crib box. Rain tapped the windshield. My phone buzzed with two store confirmations at once. I had been bouncing between Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto and a smaller shop in Leslieville all morning, clutching a paper list and a coffee that was already gone cold.

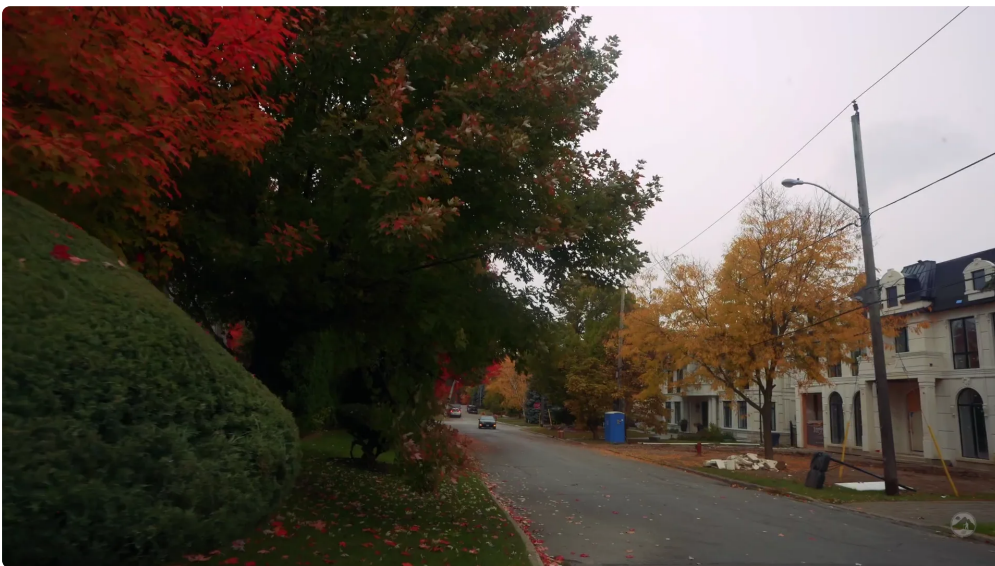
The weirdest part of the morning

Walking into the warehouse felt like stepping into a different city. The fluorescent lights, the smell of new wood, a line of gliders in various shades of gray and beige — some velvety, some like that cheap faux leather you try to pretend is fine. A salesman greeted [Babywarehouse](#) me, too cheery for the rain. He quoted a delivery window of "sometime Friday" and a fee that made me laugh out loud: 79 dollars for curbside, 149 for inside delivery. I still don't fully understand how their delivery tiers actually differ, but apparently "inside" might mean up the stairs if you live on the second floor.

At the other shop, tucked behind a bakery on Queen East, the vibe was quieter. The owner, a woman near my age, poured tea instead of pushing a tablet toward me. She'd stocked a nursery set that fit the tiny space of my apartment better than any of the displays in the warehouse, and she offered to assemble it for 80 dollars flat. The warehouse insisted assembly was extra per piece. I scribbled numbers in my notebook like a mad person.

Why I hesitated

I wanted a dresser that would double as a changing table, something sturdy with real wood drawers. I also wanted a glider that didn't look like it belonged in a dentist's waiting room. Easy ask, right? Not in Toronto traffic and not with the constant back-and-forth on price.



At Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto they had a three-drawer dresser that felt solid and looked good at first glance, tagged \$399. The salesperson mentioned a nursery package deal in Toronto that would knock off 15 percent if I bought a crib and dresser together. That was tempting until I realized their cribs were bulkier than the narrow crib I had measured for. The "nursery sets in Toronto" they kept suggesting were mostly larger pieces intended for bigger houses than my one-bedroom.

At the smaller shop, the dresser was \$520 but the wood felt nicer, and the finish had fewer knots. They didn't push a package deal, but they did offer a discount if I ordered the glider and dresser at once, which felt more like a neighborly nudge than a sales tactic. I liked that.

The weird smell in Etobicoke

I decided to swing by a mid-sized retailer in Etobicoke because they had a glider online that looked perfect. The drive out there was an hour because of a crash on the Gardiner. The city smelled like hot pavement and fried food from the drive-thrus. The Etobicoke location smelled faintly of cardboard and lemon cleaner.

Their glider was comfortable, borderline dreamy, but the fabric sample I asked to take home was small and the salesperson said returns on upholstery were final. That made me nervous. I asked if I could try it in the store for an hour, and they actually said yes, as long as I didn't bring the baby. I sat, rocked, and imagined late-night feedings. Comfort won some points.

What I brought to the decision table

- my tape measure, which I used obsessively
- three photographs of the nursery from different angles
- a budget number I pretended was flexible

A short list felt necessary otherwise I would have been paralyzed by choices.

The negotiation dance

Negotiating prices in Toronto furniture stores is weirdly personal. At the warehouse, I asked if they could beat the online price. The guy checked his screen like he was reading a weather forecast, then gave me an extra 5 percent off for "showroom stock" but warned it had a small scratch on the top back corner. At the small [more info](#) shop, the owner asked what I cared about most and knocked 30 dollars off because I mentioned my partner was starting night shifts soon. That felt more human than a percent off.

Delivery was the other hidden surprise. One store quoted three weeks, another said ten days. One offered a Saturday slot for an extra 40 dollars, which was tempting because moving a crib is not something you want to coordinate with a weekday. I have no idea why delivery windows are so inconsistent between shops, but each explanation involved contractors, storms, or "the schedule filling up." I accepted that answer because I didn't have a better one.

How the glider actually felt in the apartment

I finally brought home a glider from the Leslieville place at 3:22 p.m. It just squeezed through the door, which was a nail-biting twenty minutes of angling and cursing softly. The glider's fabric gathered a little under the arm and there was an odd squeak on the third glide, but it rocked well and the seat felt deep enough for night feeds. My partner tested it and declared it "good enough to sleep in," which is high praise.

The dresser arrived two days later, from the small shop that offered assembly. The assembler showed up at 10:05 a.m., no drama. He set the dresser down, attached the changing top, and even fixed that small squeak on the glider with a random hex key. He wouldn't take a tip, which annoyed me because I like tipping people who save me time.

Why I kept comparing and why the warehouse still matters

It would be easy to write off the warehouse as big and impersonal, but I kept going back because of selection and price. If you need a very specific crib model or you are trying to piece together a whole nursery quickly, Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto had options I couldn't find elsewhere. Their "shop baby cribs in Toronto" inventory is vast. But if you want someone to match paint chips, handle small defects kindly, or offer a friendly assembly, the smaller stores win.

A tiny, honest admission: I still don't fully understand warranty differences. One store gave me a two-year limited warranty, another offered lifetime on certain frames, but said the upholstery was covered for only one year. The paperwork felt like a Rorschach test. I kept the receipts in a folder and told myself I would read them later.

The final damage to my wallet

Total out-of-pocket ended around \$1,120. The glider was \$450, the dresser \$520, delivery and assembly combined about \$150. Not cheap. I had hoped to spend less, but the glider was where I wanted to spend, and the dresser had to be right.

A small comfort: the nursery finally looked like a place where a tiny human could nap. The glider faces the window where the light gets soft around 4 p.m., and the dresser drawers glide smoothly, even with the changing top on. I keep opening and closing them for no reason, like a kid testing doors.

What I'll tell friends

If you live in Toronto and are hunting for nursery furniture, go to a big warehouse first to see the range, then visit a small shop to feel the pieces and ask about assembly. Trust the places that will actually come into your apartment and measure the doorways for you. And bring a tape measure. Trust me on this.

I'm going back next weekend to return a pillow I didn't need. I still have a half-formed plan to repaint the dresser knobs to something less beige. Small things. For now, I sit in the glider with a mug that's finally warm and listen to the city rain, feeling slightly better about decisions made under pressure.

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