

I was hunched over my steering wheel at 7:42 p.m., parked under a flickering streetlight on Queen West, scrolling through a Craigslist message [Babywarehouse](#) thread that smelled faintly of regret. The seller had said the crib was "solid wood, no stains" and then sent a photo that showed one slat with a hairline crack and what looked like dried paint chips. The bus behind me honked twice, the cold air smelled like bus exhaust and hot pretzels, and I realized I had spent the last hour balancing a ball of anxiety, a budget spreadsheet, and a very convincing Pinterest nursery board.

I had gone into this thinking secondhand cribs in Toronto were a practical choice. I'm not extravagant. I like the idea of saving money, reusing things, avoiding new manufacturing. But after two weekends, three showings, and one visit to a place that called itself a baby furniture outlet but looked like a garage sale in a mall, I backed away. Slowly. Relieved.

### The weirdest part of the hunt

The first secondhand crib I saw was in Leslieville at 11:15 a.m. On a Sunday. The apartment was warm and smelled like garlic. The crib looked fine at a glance. The seller — a friendly guy who worked remote IT — mentioned they'd used it for six months and their toddler outgrew it. He said he'd sanded and repainted it. He said it was "all good." I tried to sound calm while asking the question that kept circling in my head: was the paint lead-free? He shrugged and said he thought so.

I still don't fully understand how to verify paint safety without a test kit, so I made a list of what to look for and what I actually did that day. It helped me keep my head.

### Things I took to showings:

- a small magnet to test for modern hardware, a flashlight to check for hairline cracks, and my phone to call a friend for a second opinion.

Small list, very practical. The magnet trick worked more often than I expected. The flashlight found a crack I would have missed in the living room light. My friend, who knows nothing about cribs but a lot about worrying, talked me down.

### Why I hesitated

There are straightforward reasons and then there are little gut-things. Straightforward: I visited one place where the mattress measured 54 cm across, which didn't match any standard crib mattress I could find online. The seller said "it'll be fine," like measurements are negotiable. Another seller quoted me 120 dollars and then, when I asked about the hardware, said they had "lost a screw or two" and would just leave you to find replacements. I don't like to build stuff with a loose screw when a baby will be sleeping inside it.



Then there are the tiny invisible things. I couldn't shake the idea of something unseen — termite damage, a mattress warped from mold, crib slats too close together. Toronto's weather doesn't help. I kept imagining damp basements in older houses in Parkdale, or that time last winter when the house across the street had a burst pipe and you could see mold creeping along the lower floor. All of that felt like an unnecessary risk.

#### The nursery furniture store that changed my mind

On a rainy Tuesday I ducked into a place I had passed dozens of times without going in: Baby & Kids Furniture Warehouse Toronto. The sign is not flashy. It's practical. Inside, it smelled like new wood and lemon cleaner, which somehow felt like a promise. A salesperson greeted me at 3:05 p.m., not too aggressively, not like they were trying to win me over for a high-pressure upsell.

They showed me nursery sets in Toronto and had a variety of crib styles, some with nursery package deals in Toronto that included a dresser and glider. I liked that I could see the mattress fit right there, test the mattress firmness, and inspect screws and glue joints under good light. The price was higher than a Craigslist find, obviously, but the numbers didn't feel ridiculous. One convertible crib they recommended was 450 dollars, and it came with a 5-year warranty. The salesperson wrote down model numbers, explained assembly simply, and didn't make me feel like I was being judged for asking about standards or Canadian safety regs. That mattered.

#### Practical frustrations, real talk

I kept thinking about the two mattress options: spend 70 bucks on a used mattress with an unverified history, or 160 on a new one from the store. The used mattress seller I met by the Don Valley said "no stains" but then insisted they'd only used mattress protectors sporadically. I flinched. I liked the idea of thrift, but not at the cost of waking at 2 a.m. To wash bedding because I'm paranoid.

The logistics of buying new in Toronto surprised me in small, pleasant ways. They offer delivery to my condo on College Street for 35 dollars. The delivery window was a two-hour block on a Saturday, which is annoyingly slightly inconvenient, but at least it's clearly scheduled. The store also did mattress disposal for an extra charge, which I appreciated because I did not want to wrestle an old mattress down three flights of stairs.

I still don't fully understand all the warranty details — I had to ask three times about what exactly "manufacturer's defect" covered. The paperwork is fine, but the language drifts into corporate-speak in spots. I asked them to show me where on the crib the hardware was guaranteed and they did, right there, in person, with a small hex key in my hand so I could test it.

#### The final damage to my wallet

I ended up spending 740 dollars total. That included the crib (450), a new mattress (160), basic assembly (60), and delivery plus mattress disposal (70). It was more than the 120 dollars I could have spent on Craigslist, and more than the 300 dollars total I had penciled in when I first started hunting. But I slept better that night than I had in weeks.

There's a small satisfaction in being able to call a store if something goes wrong. Two days after delivery I found a tiny scratch on the crib's leg. I called on a Wednesday at 9:12 a.m. They offered to send a touch-up pen. It arrived on Friday. The touch-up fixed the thing that had been nagging at me.

What I learned, and what I'll tell friends

If you're in and thinking about secondhand cribs, hear me: the thrift route can work, but it demands time, a better-than-average eye for structural details, and a willingness to accept uncertainty. For me, the combination of a clean, tested mattress, a warranty, delivery, and a salesperson who didn't make me feel dumb tilted things.

I also ended up visiting other shops and comparing prices. I found that a trusted baby furniture store in Toronto can sometimes match the total cost of secondhand items once you factor in mattress replacement, hardware kits, and the mental cost of worrying. It surprised me.

My next step is to pick a small mobile and actually hang it, carefully, over the new crib. I still browse posts for nursery furniture sets in Toronto, just to see what's out there. But when friends ask whether to shop baby cribs in Toronto used or new, I tell them about the magnet trick, about bringing a flashlight at 11 a.m., and about how much it meant to be able to call someone if the crib needed a <https://livepoi.navmii.com/p/view/5d4c5171-1c55-402e-96ff-99786f5ae1b7> touch-up. Not glamorous. Very practical.

I don't feel like I made a flashy, morally superior choice. I mostly traded a few more dollars for hours of peace. That counts for something.

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